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Greenwood, Walter L.
The Greenwood's [sic]

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THE
GREENWOOD'S

Written and produced by
Walter L. Greenwood
Part One

Mignon A. Greenwood
Part Two

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Brush Colorado
1960

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PREFACE

Some relatives, or some of the following generations, might question some of my dates and places which have been recorded in this writing; I will try and explain a few of them.

All dates are as nearly correct as possible, and descriptions are just as they were at the time I quoted.

The family stone in the Fairbury, Nebraska Cemetery, lists Father Greenwood's date of birth as June 19, 1830. It should read June 19, 1828.

My brother Bert had the stone installed and was responsible for the inscription. Later he told me he got confused on dates and that he had made an error.

In support of this I will quote from a letter written years ago to us from half brother Dave.

Dave was Father's oldest son in his first family. He gave Father's birth as the year 1828.

I have, at the present time, Father's old sea chest. On the inside of the lid are several pictures, mostly Sunday School pictures, and a printed hand bill of a New York stage play. It reads June 15, 1838. That would be when he was ten years of age, the year when he came to America.

It was also the custom at the time Father died to have a large polished metal name plate on all caskets, engraved with the name and age of the person.

It was also the awful custom to remove this plate before burial and have it framed like a picture, and hung on the parlor wall.

As a small child just learning to read, I remember two of those ghastly things that hung in our old farm house; one was my mother's mother, the other one was from my father's casket.

It said. "Phillip Greenwood, age 61 years, 6 months, 3 days, rest in peace." Father died on December 22, 1889.

After reading that gruesome thing for several years, it was embedded in my memory forever.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

It is hard to write what all of you would like to read. Some of you will wonder why I included some parts of this story; others will wish I had told more about the life and happenings of that time.

I have tried to give you a small insight of the life I lived, and no one is compelled to read any part of this.

I will not make any excuse for my writing, for it would not be like me if it were any different.

I respectfully dedicate this writing to my grandchildren as of now, and to any more in the future.

They are listed as to ages.

GRANDCHILDREN

Ruth Campton

Lynda Mann

Lucille Scott

Charlie Campton

Stanley Greenwood

Bill Greenwood

Karen Greenwood

Ellen Scott

Kathy Culbertson

Bonnie Greenwood

Bert Mann

Bobbie Culbertson

Treva Greenwood

Timothy Greenwood

Lorilee Scott

Shirley Scott

NEBRASKA

My father, Phillip Greenwood, moved to Nebraska from Sandwich, Illinois, in the year 1879.

He had signed a contract to purchase 240 acres of land at \$2.50 an acre. It was all raw prairie land in Jefferson County, about eight miles east of Fairbury; Southeast Quarter of Section 24, Township 2, North Range 3, east of the 6th principal Meridian. Settlers were just coming into the country when he arrived.

He shipped all of his possessions in an immigrant railroad car to Endicott, Nebraska, which was the nearest town to his land.

Endicott was located on the Little Blue River and the St. Joseph and Grand Island Railroad. The town boasted of having two flour rolling mills, run by waterpower on the river. It was also the largest town in the county, and was in line to be the County Seat. Later some men in Fairbury pulled strings and got the court house, after one of Endicott's two flour mills burned to the ground.

It was rumored at the time that some of the gang at Fairbury had had a hand in starting the fire that destroyed the Endicott mill. They got the County Seat, anyway.

When Father arrived in Endicott and unloaded his freight car, he loaded his wagon with some lumber and tools and a crate of chickens, and started out going north and east to his land.

He had some trouble finding his land. There were very few settlers at that time, and no roads or survey lines for guidance. When he arrived at what he thought was a hill on his land, he unloaded his wagon and started digging a cave in the side of the hill for a place for the chickens.

He got quite a large hole dug before another settler happened along, and after talking with him, Father decided he was a half mile west of his land. He moved on east to his land and started digging again.

Over the years no one has ever filled that hole that he dug by mistake. That excavation, although it is grassed over, can be plainly seen on the unbroken prairie today, after eighty years, to anyone that knows the story.

The part of Father's family with him at that time, were his wife, Lucetta, Mary and David, who were part of his first family, (Will stayed in Illinois), Joe, Ella, and Bert of his second family - seven in all.

Father Greenwood was born June 19, 1828 in Gloucester County or Shire in England near or on the river Severn. He left home at the age of ten years, leaving his mother, sister Mary, and a stepfather. We do not

know the stepfather's name. There seemed to be some difference of opinions between Father and his stepfather that caused him to run away from home, and not telling anyone where he was going.

Father had seven cousins by the name of Greenwood, living in America. He did not know how large America was when he left home. He believed if he got here he could very easily find his relatives. In some way he was led to think some of them were in Illinois.

Years later he found out about a man in Blue Springs, Nebraska, who answered the description of one of his cousins, but this man was wealthy so he never had the nerve to make himself known to him.

He went down the Severn River in England to the coast where the ocean-going vessels were docked. He got a job on a Trans Sailing Vessel bound for America, working as a cabin boy for board and passage.

The trip across the ocean was about a three months trip in those days. After getting to New York, he got a bad case of homesickness so he got another job on a sailing vessel returning to England.

On his return to England, and home, he found that his family had moved to Canada during his absence, leaving no trace where they could be found. Again he worked his way back to America and later, at different

times, tried to find his mother by writing letters back to England. He heard that his mother thought he had drowned in the Severn River. He never heard from his mother again. That was a loss Father never got over; years later he always told his sons to never leave home without telling their mother where they were going.

Father worked in New York for a merchant as his coachman for some time. He also worked for a widow lady by the name of Lady Dashwood in Westchester County. This county joined New York City and now is part of Greater New York.

Then he decided to go west to Illinois mainly to try to find his cousins.

I have Father's old sea chest in which he carried everything he owned across the ocean three times. It is put together with screws and hand wrought nails; on the inside of the lid is pasted several bills and a letter, a hand bill of a New York Opera dated Friday, June 15, 1838. It can be plainly read today. These are a collection of a boy his age. It is now over 120 years ago that Father left home, and the chest belonged to his father before he got it as a boy. So figure it out for yourself as to its present age.

Sometime after getting to Illinois, Father met and married his first wife, Margaret Leacock. She was born in Ireland.

To this union was born Mary, David,

Jennie, and Will. Shortly after Will was born the mother died. Jennie died when she was ten years of age; both are buried in DeKalb County, Illinois.

My mother was born July 4, 1852 near London, Canada. Her girlhood was spent in the Michigan woods near Traverse City, Michigan. At that time Michigan was the largest timber center in the United States.

My mother, Lucetta Morton, met and married my father when she was 16 years old. They lived at Freeland Corners, DeKalb County, Illinois, near Sandwich, Illinois.

They lived near Hinkley, Illinois, in 1874, the year of one of the great Chicago fires; they could see the light from the fire from their home.

Four children were born to this union in Illinois; Joe, Addie, Ella, and Bert.

Little Addie was burned to death in a field fire on the farm in Illinois.

After moving to the farm in Rock Creek Precinct in Jefferson County, Nebraska, four more children were born; Charlie, Dora, Cora, and myself.

I was born September 30, 1888. The Statue of Liberty was just a little two year old girl at that time - the same year they started to use horse-drawn streetcars in Denver, Colorado. I was the twelfth child of my father.

When I had just passed one year of age, my father was seriously injured by a falling tree while cutting our winter's supply of firewood. It happened on our west forty in the timber. He never recovered, and died on December 22, 1889; burial was in the Fairbury Cemetery.

I was too young to ever remember my father. I greatly missed not having a father like other boys had.

A railroad was built through our country in the year 1880; it went from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Oxford, Nebraska. It was called the Burlington and Missouri, or the B and M. It was later changed to the Chicago Burlington and Quincy, or just Burlington. It was built a half mile south of our farm; the grades and cuts were all made with horses and mules. Each cut through the hills between creeks was sub-contracted to different men who had their own crews. Almost all the sub-contractors were Irishmen, and they could talk the language the men and mules understood.

For years afterwards the large cuts were called by the name of the man that did the job. This country being on the breaks of the Blue River, made the cuts very deep and they were mostly in soft stone which was nice for carving. After being exposed to the air for some time the stone hardened.

As a young boy I wondered how so many

names could be cut on a sheer wall of rock about 40 feet high. Mother explained to me that the men working on the cuts carved their names and dates as they removed the material.

The railroad went across the old Oregon Trail at the Rock Creek Stage Station about a mile and a half southwest of our place. Our west forty joined on the corner of the Dave McCanles ranch.

At this Stage Station Wild Bill Hickok received the start of his famous name as a killer. The story of that fight has been told many times, mostly in dressed up style. Some writers have claimed he killed as many as ten men at that place.

When I was a small boy I heard it told many times from men who were in the county at the time it happened. The way a small boy with all ears heard it, was that Wild Bill was considered a frontier dandy, and the men he killed were not desperadoes, but common settlers. Hickok was about 24 years of age and was a horse wrangler at the station.

It happened in the year 1861; that was 27 years before I was born. A few years before this happened, David McCanles had established the Stage Station on his ranch which was on the Oregon Trail; later the Overland Stage Company bought up a lot of the stations along the line, including the Rock Creek Station.

The Stage Company kept a large stock of horses at the station for replacement as they changed all horses on the stages at that place.

In settling up on the purchase of the station and horses, Dave McCanles and Horace Wellman, the agent for Overland, got into a quarrel; Hickok was inside the station behind a curtain and McCanles and Wellman in the doorway, with two men employees of McCanles outside.

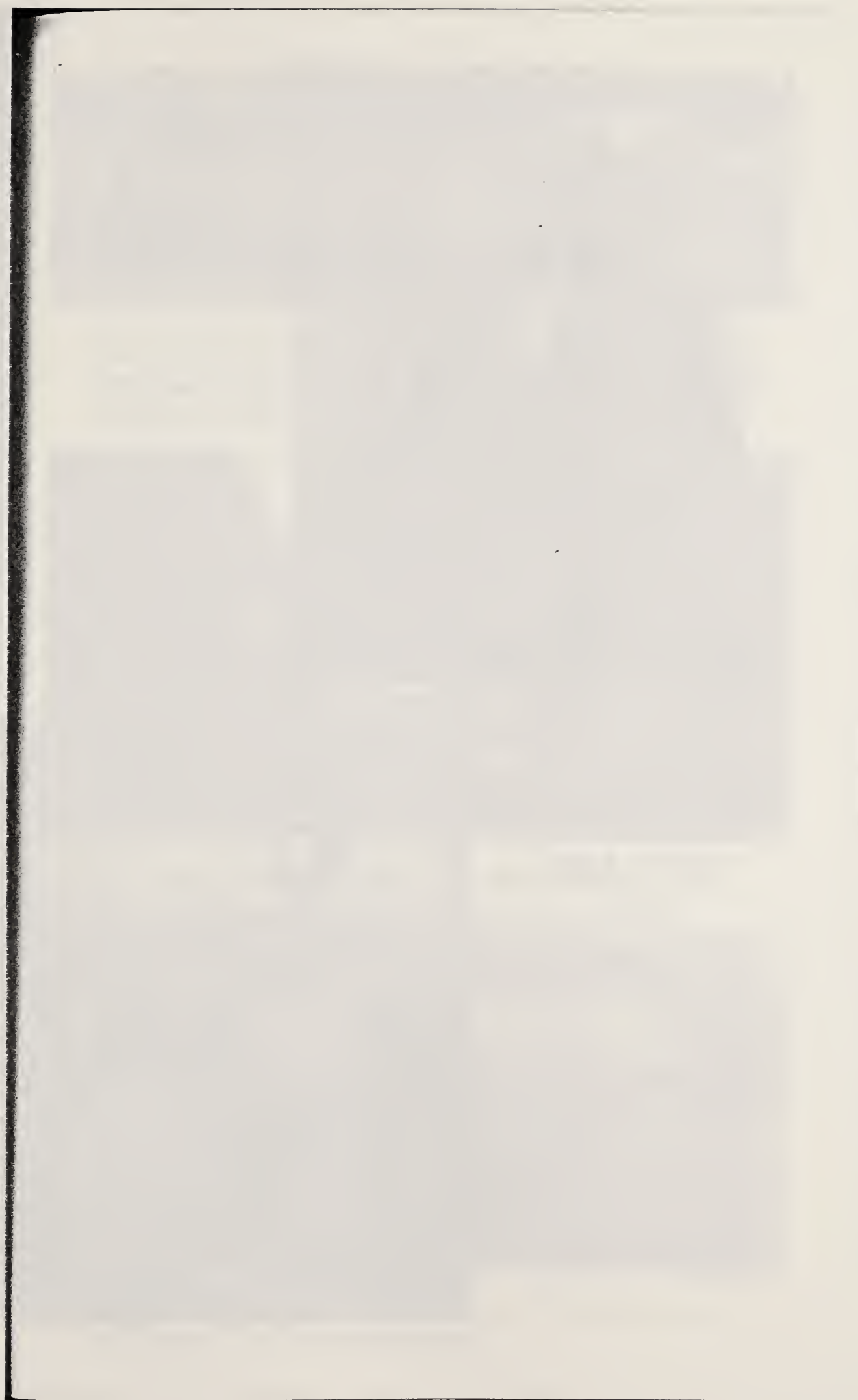
Hickok started shooting and then they were all at it. When the smoke cleared, Dave McCanles lay dead at the door of the station; his cousin James Wood, and James Gordon, another employee of McCanless were dying in the yard in front of the Station.

It looked like Wild Bill Hickok simply bushwhacked them without warning.

There were also stories being told at that time that McCanles and his gang had gone that day to the station to rob the mails and steal the horses. That might have been a fact, but I doubt it very much, for in later years I got to know several members of the McCanles family and they seemed to be good citizens.

A family named Peterson lived on the old McCanles ranch when I was a child. Mother was a good friend of Mrs. Peterson and her daughters, and visited them at times.

I remember going there with Mother





Phillip Charles
Greenwood
1873



Lucetta Greenwood
holding Addie
1873



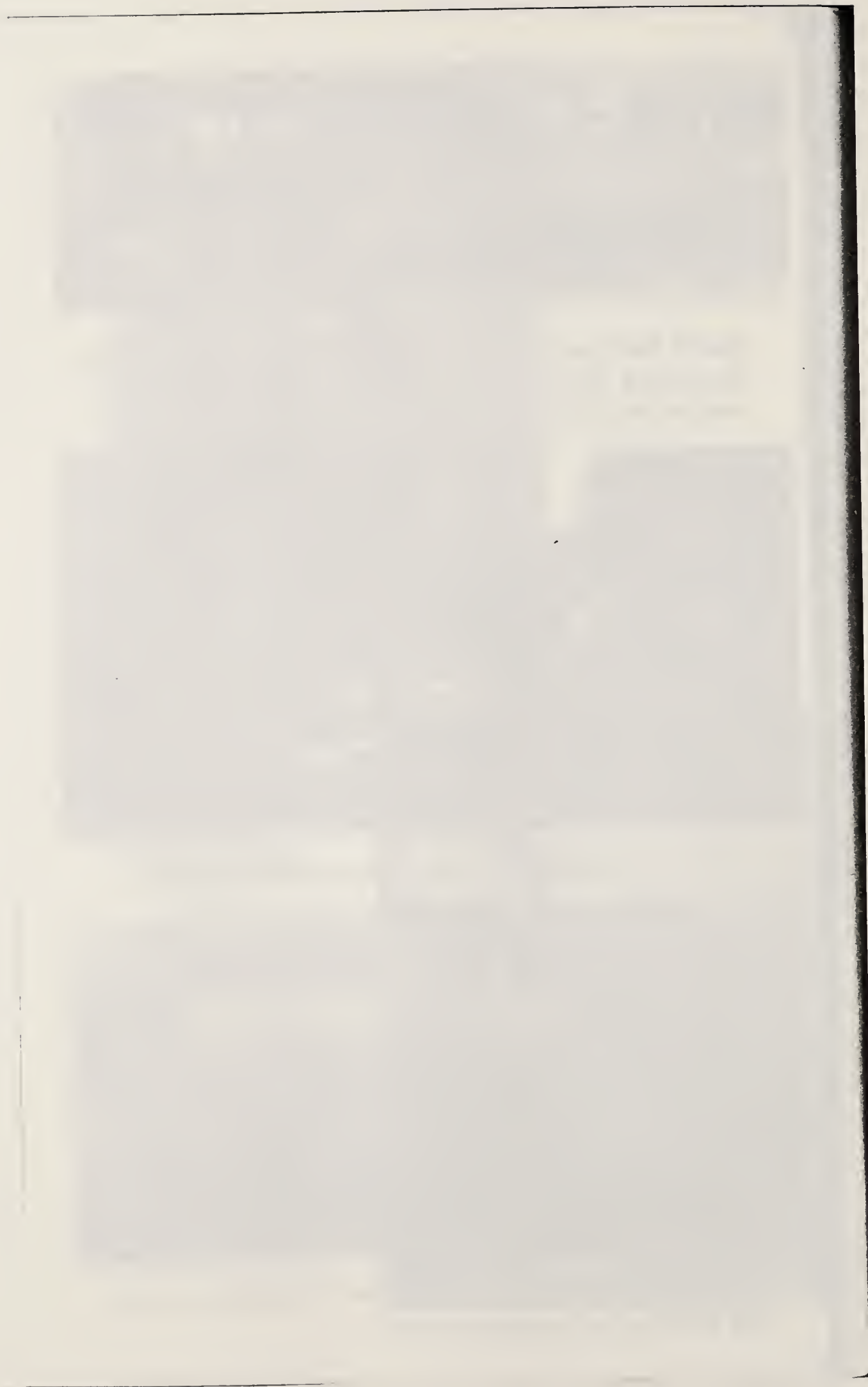
David McCanles is shown drinking a toast to the Overland Stage as it pulls up in front of his station at Rock Creek.



Inside kitchen, during blizzard March 1913



West side of Main Street, Diller, Nebraska, 1911.
Old Brush Car in foreground.



before I started to school and playing with a little girl, Maude Wiley, my age. She was the child of one of the Peterson girls. She was a cute chicken and I liked to play with her. One day we were playing on the creek bank where the hogs had been rooting up the ground. We found a large round object covered with dried mud, and we started a game of rolling it to each other. About that time my mother and Maude's mother came looking for us. They saw what we were playing with and with some aahs and oohs they told us to leave it alone. I found out afterward it was a human skull; it might have been an Indian or a white man, as lots of shooting scrapes had happened around that old stage station.

The McCanles bodies were buried on the hill just south east of the station, and when the railroad was being built they had to move the bodies as the railroad went through where they were buried. The remains were moved to the Fairbury Cemetery.

My brother Joe heard when they were moving the bodies and he, boy like, was on hand to see the sights. He came home that night with a prize boot heel which he kept with his boyhood keepsakes for years. I don't know what did become of it.

-In 1887 David McCanles's brother, Charles, lived in Endicott, another brother, Jule, was deputy warden of the Colorado Penitentiary, and Oling McCanles was a guard at Canon City, Colorado. Monroe McCanles, a son of David, lived in the

county for several years. I got to know him when he was about 45 to 50 years old.

Later while I was carpentering I did some work south of Steele City on a farm house where a sister of Dave McCanles lived. She served us our dinner on the day we were there.

Hickok was killed by Jack McCall on August 2, 1876, at Deadwood, South Dakota. So ended a long career of shooting and killing.

Father built a small house on his land; it was one large room and one bedroom, then a shed-kitchen and bedroom on one side of it. I don't know how everyone could get into it for there was a large family. Later he built an addition of two rooms on the end to form a T; it included an upstairs room for sleeping. This was all built before I was born. The one room in the new addition had an outside door and was called "The front room." Some people called it the "Sitting room;" rich people called it "The Parlor." Today they would call it the "Living room."

Bedrooms in those days were called "Chambers." Almost every house had a "pantry" or "buttery," where food, dishes, pots and pans were kept. It was just a small room about the size of a clothes closet with shelves. They had no large cabinets or cupboards.

Heat, winter and summer, was an iron

Scott

cook stove fired with wood or hog pen cobs.

We had a wood stove in the front room, but it was never fired up except in times of sickness. The front room had a rag carpet made from strips of cloth, usually torn from the best part of worn-out garments. The strips were sewn together and wound into large balls. When you had enough balls of rag to make a carpet you took them to a weaver (usually the loom was owned by a widow) to be made into carpet about 30 inches wide, and as many yards long as you had rags for. You paid for the weaving and for the carpet warp. The carpets were quite colorful, being made from dresses, shirts, or any material that could be cut into strips about an inch wide. The carpet was cut the width of the room and then the strips were sewn together with warp, making a wall to wall cover.

When the carpet was ready to lay you covered the floor with several inches of straw, then you spread the carpet over it and tacked it down with carpet tacks on all four sides. The carpet had to be pulled and stretched very tight. It felt good on bare feet when it was freshly laid, and was a good place to scratch chilblains, which every kid had, in winter in those days. In the rest of the rooms the floors were just plain boards. No paint, plenty of splinters for barefoot kids.

When settlers came to Nebraska they built their homes of several kinds of

material, like is always done in a new country. Native stone was plentiful along the banks of the creeks. It was used for all foundations, for at that time cement and concrete were unknown.

The red sandstone was used for some buildings, being laid in the wall with lime and sand mortar.

A popular way to build a house was to locate it at the base of a hill on the south slope; they would dig back into the hill for a fair sized room with the sides walled up with stone and using the ground for the floor.

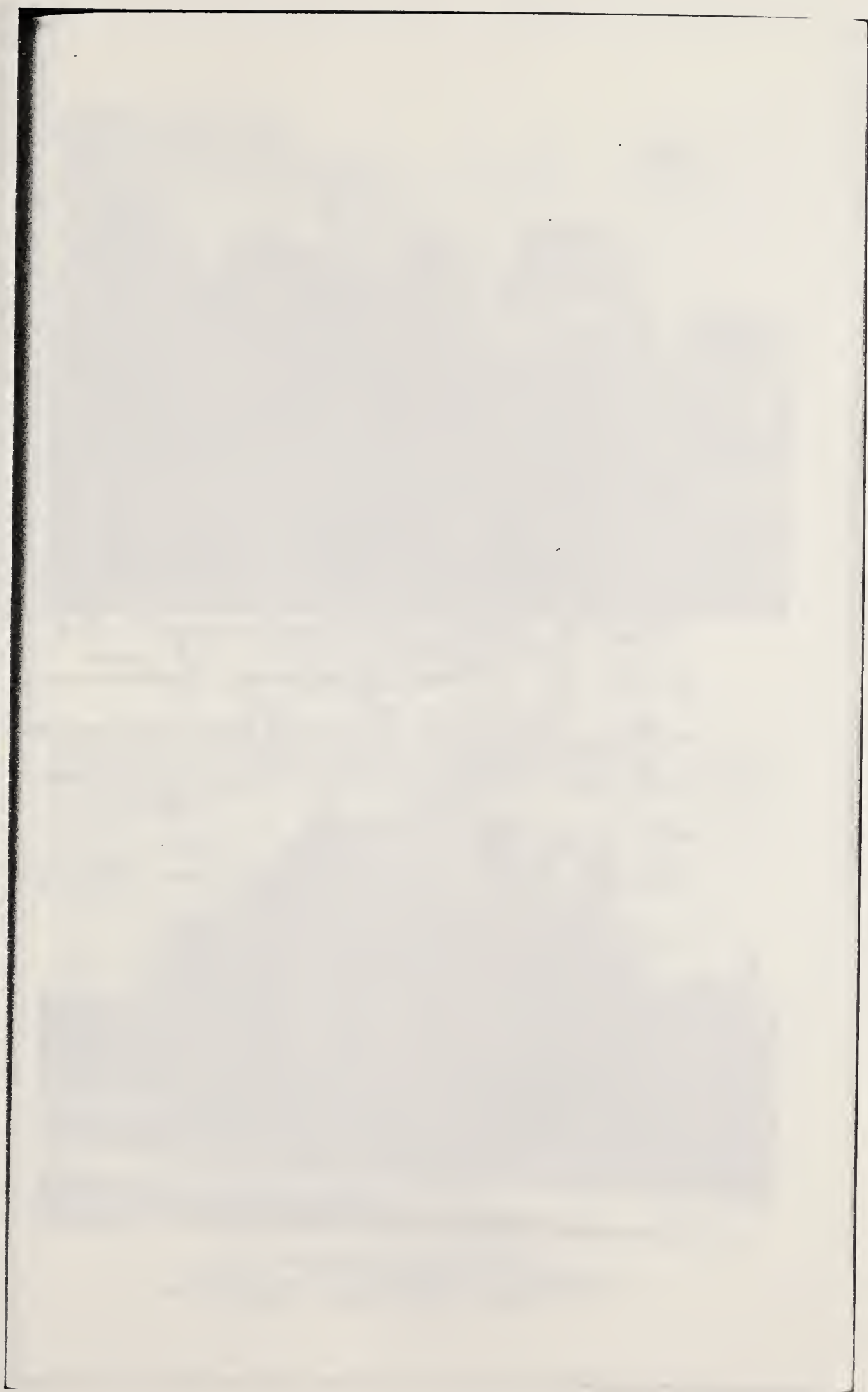
Those old rock walls were a wonderful retreat for mice, rats, and snakes.

Above this room they built a room of lumber with a wood floor and a north door opening on a level with the top of the hill. The lower room door was on the south on a level with the excavation.

Water wells were dug by hand down near creeks or close to the bottom of a draw, as the water was nearer the surface at those points. A home-made windless was used with a long metal bucket to draw the water up from the well.

All wells were open, and no provision was made to keep dirt from blowing into them.

Mr. Steinmetz lived over the hill south



State of Illinois
De Kalb Co,

This certifies
that I have solemnized the
rite of Matrimony between
Mr. Philip Greenwood and
Miss ^{Lucetta} ~~Lucetta~~ Norton, accor-
ding to law
This 29th day of October A.D. 1868,

W. J. Moffet.



Wedding Certificate of
Lucetta and Phillip Greenwood



Greenwood farm home
1899



Mrs. L. Greenwood's residence
Diller, Nebraska, 1910



of the old stage station. His well was about four feet across and the water came almost to the top, and level with the ground. It was lined with stone. When you got water you just dipped your pail into the well.

No wonder there were so many cases of Typhoid fever every summer.

My father dug a well down the hill east of our house, near the barn, but later he had one drilled on the hill by the house as it was a long drag with two pails of water up that hill: at least it was for Mother on wash days.

The well near the house was 156 feet deep and he put a windmill over the well 40 feet high. The well being on a hill, I never could figure why such a high windmill on a hill.

My father was listed as the first "Cash" subscriber of the "Endicott Record," a weekly paper that in later years moved to Dillier. The reason this is listed as cash subscriber, in those days lots of deals were made by barter or trading one article for another.

The editor, from some subscribers, would receive some eggs, chickens, corn fodder for his driving horse, firewood, homemade wine, and many other goods in return for his paper or some printing.

Editors were not the only ones that

used the barter system. Almost all preachers received only small amounts of cash, but did get lots of everything else he could use.

I remember when the preacher that came and preached at our country school house once in two weeks lived in Endicott. Our neighbors heard that he had a family of children that were poorly clothed. The neighbors of ours met and gathered up about everything you could imagine and hauled it to his house in Endicott. I'll bet they got some junk they never used.

Endicott had a brick kiln, (a place to burn bricks), about a mile east of town on the east side of the road as you came from the north; in going to Endicott we drove by it, on the west side of the yard.

I have often heard the family tell of once when Bert was driving the team to the two-seated spring wagon, taking Mother and Mary, each with a baby on her lap, to Endicott to do some trading. This spring wagon was about like an overgrown open top buggy. It had two removable seats that were supposed to be fastened down when used on the road.

At the brick yard they used black powder to blast out the clay used in making brick. This day as Bert was driving along he had seen the men at the brick yard run from the clay bank, and told Mother and Mary, who were sitting on the back seat that they were going to blast.

About that time the old black powder went off with a terrible bang. Bert's team jumped and ran; Mother with her baby and Mary with her baby went over backwards, seat and all, onto the road. You could not blame Bert too much, for he was a very young boy at that time and it was not his job to see that the seats were fastened.

Endicott had several Characters in those days. One was Ed Hawkes; he was a big man, a bachelor, and had a housekeeper to take care of his meals and house. He made wine from wild grapes which he purchased from anyone that had gathered them on the river bottoms.

He sold the wine to anyone regardless of age. Most of the mothers of boys around Endicott always wanted to raid his wine cellar.

When I was a teenager, several of us boys went there to buy some wine. His cellar was large and long, with barrels holding 50 gallons each on racks along one side. He sold both sweet and sour wine in gallon clay jugs for twenty-five cents.

He said that when he died he wanted a couple of barrels rolled out and everyone could have all the wine they could drink. I never heard what did happen when he passed on, as I was gone from that part of the country when it happened.

When the Rock Island railroad was

building west through Nebraska it went from Lincoln to Fairbury, later on it was extended to Colorado Springs, Colorado. Homesteaders and land buyers followed the railroad. With the rush came a large colony of immigrants from Russia. They established the town of Jansen which is a Russian name. They bought their land on one road between Jansen and Harbine, (which was five miles north of our place,) the most of them bought 160 acres and to be close together they divided the land on both sides of the road into strips 1/4 mile wide and one mile long. That gave each side of the road four homes, on each section or eight homes to every mile.

Their homes (house and farm buildings) were very unique, it was one long building. The first division of the building was where the family lived, next came the horses, there was a door opening from the house into the horse apartment, next were the cows chickens, sheep and hogs, in that order. This gave warmth and cheaper construction. When I was a small punk I went along that road with an older brother, by that time a few of the Russians had started to build houses separate from the livestock. They were a very thrifty people and the most of them got wealthy as their land was rich and today the second and third and fourth generations own most of the land and business in the surrounding towns.

An old Indian lived on a creek close by the Russian settlement, I don't know if he had any real name, everyone called him

Indian John. He was a medecine man and dug roots and collected herbs along the creeks to make a concoction which he sold in gallon clay jugs to the white man for 25 cents. It was supposed to cure anything.

One spring brother Bert thought he needed a tonic so he drove to Indian John's shack and brought home a gallon of the medicine and parked the jug in our old shed kitchen. The next morning I saw Bert tin up the jug and swallow some of the contents, I never say anyone make such a face as he did, he also spit out a few bad words. After he left the shed I thought I should try it, the jug was heavy for an 8 year old, but I got it up to my mouth, I only wanted a taste, but somehow the stuff run out faster than I intended and I swallowed a lot. Then it was my turn to dance. I'll bet I looked as bad as my dog did when I threw a red hot pancake for him to catch. That was the most bitter stuff I ever tried. I know it would cure anything, for it cured me of wanting any more.

One of the outstanding memories of my childhood were trips to Fairbury with Mother from our old farm on Rock Creek. The eight miles seemed a long drive with Old Prince, a sorrel horse, hitched to the buggy. Prince knew the road well. He needed very little driving, but to a boy of four or five years-an hour and a half was a very long trip. During the school term, I being under school age and the

older children in school, Mother had no choice but to take me with her wherever she would go.

We went to Fairbury about once every two weeks to get our mail and to take eggs and butter which Mother would trade for groceries. Some trips to town were for the purpose of finding a way to raise enough money for taxes and to pay the interest on the mortgage on the farm.

I don't know how or why that mortgage was placed on the farm, but I suppose Father used the money for improvements and to buy machinery to start farming. The mortgage was held by the Harbine Bank of Fairbury. John Hole was cashier.

Mr. Hole was one of the rare few of white bankers, and he tried to help Mother with her financial difficulties as well as he could, but the hard fact remained that she did not have enough money to pay taxes and interest, and to feed and clothe seven children.

To make matters worse our old farm was very poor soil, and with drouth, grasshoppers, and a depression on in this year of 1893, she was discouraged.

Driving along the road to town, Mother would sometimes start talking to me, or to Old Prince, the horse, or to herself just to try to come to some conclusion on some of her problems, and so many times she would finish with these words, "Oh, if I

didn't have that mortgage, I think I could manage everything."

After hearing that remark repeated over and over and over so many times, I came to regard a mortgage as some terrible monster and I decided then and there, at the ripe old age of five years, that if I ever owned a farm it would never have a mortgage on it at any time. That impression has remained with me throughout my life.

Some of you might like to read about the home doctoring in those old days. If anyone was sick enough to get a doctor, it meant hitching up a horse or team and driving into town to hunt up a doctor. After you found him, he would hitch up his rig and come to your place over mostly bad roads, sometimes in rain or snow. It used up lots of time, and by the time the doctor arrived you were either better or dead. His fees were twenty-five cents for town calls, and about a dollar and a half for country calls.

All families had home remedies they used, such as honey and pine tar for coughs, goose grease and turpentine to rub on for chest colds, and cover with a red flannel cloth. Niter for kidneys, smoke from a pipe for earache, Laudanum for earache and toothache. I have seen people with an ulcerated tooth when their jaws were swelled terrible.

There were no dentists. When you had a tooth pulled, it was a home operation

or you went to a medicine doctor where he just pulled it without any sedative.

Burnt alum for canker sores - Mother would place a small lump of alum on the back of the kitchen stove to burn it before using on canker sores. The alum would bubble up and then settle down to a small flat white cake, which had to be dry and white in the center to be properly burnt. This cake was then powdered and used.

Slippery elm, taken from red elm trees, was used as a medicine. Us kids chewed it for pleasure.

Senna Tea for physic, and OH BROTHER! It contained more bellyaches to the spoon-full than anything else on earth.

Honey and whisky for whooping cough. I remember Mother sending me as a small kid, down through the timber about two miles to Mr. Lowe's place for some honey for Cora when she had a bad case of whooping cough.

I never had to take any castor oil; Mother tried it with me once, and she never tried it again.

I did take gallons of sassafras tea, and some sulfur and molasses which were fed to kids as a spring tonic.

Some kids came to school in winter with a small tobacco sack tied with a string around their necks. The sack was filled

with asafetida. It was supposed to ward off disease but about all it would ward off was other kids, for it stunk to high heaven.

I had about all common kinds of disease from worms to small pox. I got vermifuge for worms, nothing for small pox.

Long chicken feathers were used for swabbing the throat to oiling the clock. They were the poor man's small brush.

Also used were lots of wild and garden-grown herbs.

Warts were common; I suppose caused partly by the diet. There were as many ways to remove them as there were warts. Few of the ways worked. Some people used witchcraft; some rubbed raw potato on them; and some old girls had dish rags that smelled strong enough to remove anything, with which they treated warts.

Going into Fairbury with Mother was always a treat for me; I well remember the smells of the town; the general smells were cigars, roasting peanuts, coal smoke, and a blend of several things. Walking on the street I could tell most of the business houses by their smell. Livery barns, saloons, grocery stores, clothing stores, and many others all had an individual smell.

My childhood on the farm was fairly normal. Mother provided enough for us to eat. The largest share of it - including meat,

poultry, eggs, milk, butter, was raised by us; and in summer a large garden. Wheat and corn were taken to mills on the river to be ground into flour and corn meal. White flour, shorts, and bran were made from the wheat. The miller got a percent for milling the grain.

For clothes I had mostly hand-me-downs and in summer I wore a home-made cloth sun-bonnet on my head which was the same kind all little girls wore at that time, but I did not seem to mind the bonnet; and many of mothers friends remarked, "My what a white little boy." I guess it did keep the hot sun off me.

Those were the days when bicycles were new; the first one I saw was in Fairbury where a 'dandy' was riding it around the court house square. It had a large front wheel with pedals and the seat was above the wheel; the rear wheel was very small.

In winter there were sleds, which were mostly home-made, and large horse-drawn bob-sleds with strings of sleigh bells around the horse's bellies. Rich people had sleighs what were called 'cutters'. They were made of bent wood, highly varnished and looked real swell with the people in them covered with fur robes.

On winter evenings there were lots of gatherings at our country school house, such as Literary Society meetings once a week, where they always started the meetings by "Resolved that this or that is

is better than so and so." They would debate on it for hours.

I saw one of the first shows of stereopticon slides, or magic lantern views, at our school house.

We had candles and kerosene lamps in the house and lanterns for barn use. There were knitting and quilting bees for the ladies of the neighborhood and butchering and husking bees for the men, usually at some neighbors farm where they had some sickness or bad luck of some kind.

They had electric arc lights on some streets in Fairbury but the stores and homes were all lighted with kerosene lamps.

There was a 'Mad Stone' at Blue Springs. It was used on a person that had been bitten by a rabid dog. They applied the stone to the wound and if it stuck fast it was drawing out the poison. If it did not stick you did not need it anyway. I believe they got those stones from the stomach of a deer.

There were no telephones or mail deliveries; we got our mail at Fairbury when we went to town.

Everyone had home-made soap, curling irons, and wood husking pegs. Railroad cars were fastened together with a link and pin; there were no air brakes. Going down hills, brakemen were out on top of

cars turning the wheel brakes with a hickory stick about like a short fork handle.

I believe it would be proper to describe some of the town stores.

Grocery stores had everything in bulk; there were no packages at all. Crackers were in a large wooden box about the size of an egg crate; they were sold at ten cents a pound. Cookies, prunes, dried apples, dried peaches, and raisins all were in large wooden boxes and were displayed on the counter or floor with open tops. Sugar, salt, etc. were in wooden barrels. Everything was sold by weight or measure as it was purchased. There were no government tested scales in those days, either. Usually, when you sold butter, it took more for a pound than when you purchased it. In warm weather all raisins and oat meal and lots of other articles got wormy.

Grocers took butter in trade. It was dumped into thirty-gallon barrels in the back room and shipped to cities for cooking and baking. It was sure ranc after being in the hot sun on depot platforms waiting on slow freight trains.

Stores also took eggs in trade. Most town people kept their own chickens, but a few bought eggs and the balance was shipped out to the city market. People did not know enough to look through an egg with a light in those days. When you bought eggs, it was a guessing contest, wondering when they were opened what you would get, 'fruit

or animal.'

Kerosene and molasses were sold from barrels. You furnished your own jug. Home-made molasses was usually 25 cents a gallon. Sometimes a careless clerk would get edibles too close to the kerosene, and then what a taste!

Toilet paper, as it is now known, was unheard of at that time.

Every town had two or more livery barns. The office of most of these was a gathering place for card sharps and drinking liquor.

Meat markets were the only place you could buy meat. They did their own slaughtering outside of town, in a small building they called a slaughter house. They cut the meat just as you bought it. The meat was kept in a walk-in refrigerator, usually insulated with sawdust. Behind the meat market building was the 'ice-house', a house in which was stored great quantities of ice packed in sawdust, to be used in summer to keep the cooler room cool for the meat. Ice was cut in the winter from ponds or creeks, and then stored in the ice house.

Racket stores were the forerunner of present day ten cent stores, and about as junky, only cheaper.

Drug stores sold only drugs and medicine, they had no fountains, but sold some bad

whiskey in 'dry' towns.

Blacksmith shops had no power; it was all hand work. Blacksmiths shod horses in winter. The description of the 'smithy' in "The Village Blacksmith" was typical, with the bellows, forge and anvil, even the picture which was usually shown of a horse being shod.

Signs along the street were colorful; in front above the door of a boot and shoe repair shop was always a large boot displayed. Leather boots were worn that extended to the knee, not these little shorties of today. We had one boot and shoe repair man in Diller called "Pie Belly Hadley." I don't know how or where he got the name, but everyone called him by that name.

Diller was a small town to the east of us about six miles.

Cigar and tobacco shops had a life-size wooden Indian standing just outside the front door. Very few cigarettes were sold, anywhere - none in most states, as they had laws against the sale of cigarettes. Small boys often got hold of some cigarette papers and using dry corn-silks as tobacco, tried smoking. Chewing tobacco was cut from a bar of tobacco as you ordered it; it all had tin tags on it, such as a tin star, horse shoe, battle axe, etc, to tell the brand of tobacco it was.

Harness shops had life-size wooden horses to display saddles and harness. They

were on a platform equipped with casters and were rolled out in front of the store during the day. The smell of so much new leather is something one never forgets.

Merchants all displayed their wares out in front of their stores on the plank walks. Concrete walks were unheard of then.

Watches and clocks were sold and repaired in a separate store. No other store sold any.

Opera house stages had a front curtain made of canvas and painted with scenery and advertisements of business houses in the town. Opera houses were used for any stage show or program.

After the Iroquois Theater fire a federal law was passed requiring an asbestos front curtain.

Saloons were in most towns; they had a long mahogany bar four feet high and a brass rail fastened to it 8 inches from the floor. No seats were allowed in the building. If you could not stand up and take it then you had had too much. A large sign on the wall above the big mirror back of the bar read, "It is unlawful to serve Indians, women, minors, and idiots." This law was strictly enforced. Women objected to being classed with idiots.

Dry goods stores sold lots of calico for dresses and mens shirts, felt boots, and

corsets. The corsets were the old stiff type. No wonder our grandmothers always sat up so stiff and prim.

Every town had at least one milliner where the lady had her hat made to order. Some were plain creations, others very fancy with ostrich plumes, flowers, fruit and vegetables, and lots of lace.

Some women spent more on a hat than all the clothes cost for the rest of the family.

FARM

A family story of this type should include a tale of buried gold by some member of the family.

Well, there wasn't any buried gold in our family for the very good reason we did not have any extra gold to put in the ground. There were plenty of gold coins in circulation at that time.

The five-dollar gold piece was the most common. There were several eagles, or ten dollar pieces, and the double eagles, or twenty pieces. There were a few one dollar and two and a half dollar gold coins.

There were several stories that went the rounds when I was a small child that some gold was buried near the Rock Creek Stage Station during or after the Stages had been robbed. Several people tried to find it,

but if it were found, we never heard about it.

On one of our trips to Fairbury, Mother drove a pair of young bay horses that were only about half broken. They were a classy team for us to own. They were very quick and foxy. When you picked up the lines, they were off right now, either forward or backward, whichever direction they were supposed to go.

Mother could handle all horses, broken or unbroken; she drove into town that day and tied the team to the hitching rack on the west side of the court house square. We had the spring wagon that day to haul some chickens, eggs, and butter she was trading to the stores. I, as usual, was the only one with her, and I was about pint-size at the time.

When we got ready to go home, I climbed up on the seat on my side, and after untying the team from the rack Mother got in and picked up the lines. At the same time a man driving a horse with a buggy drove up behind Mother and stopped to talk with a man on the other side of his buggy. Back came Mother's ponies like a flash and slammed into the man's buggy and tipped him, buggy and all, over on the side. He rolled out on the ground into the street. The man who was standing by the buggy had to do some fast foot work to avoid having the driver and buggy on top of him.

Mother, by cracking her team with the

whip got them ahead to the rack again. Those men righted their buggy, doing lots of talking in the meantime, and drove away using some bad words about Mother. Mother had told them that she was sorry, but they had rather black looks when they left.

After we started home Mother started to get peeved about it. And said they deserved being upset for stopping right behind our rig, when it was easy to be seen she was just ready to leave. After she talked some, she got to thinking how funny they looked and she started to laugh.

The court house square is almost the same today. The street is paved now; then it was just dirt.

In Rock Creek school house I heard my first graphophone. The machine was a very small affair with a small horn. They had about half a dozen cylinders of music and jokes; mostly squeaks came out of it with Uncle Josh laughing.

There were camp meetings in summer and medicine shows in winter, where they always had a so-called Doctor that sold bottles of medicine that would cure anything.

In politics we had Grover Cleveland, Mark Hanna, Senator Foraker of Ohio, and William Jennings Bryan and the free silver issue, also Coxie's army.

Campbell Brothers of Fairbury started

out with a medicine show. There were six brothers, and they built up over the years to a three-ring circus with their own railroad train.

The first school house built in Rock Creek Precinct was built of logs down near the creek. By the time I entered school they had built a frame building and this one was a half mile west of our farm. It was almost a new building when I started to school and it did not look much worse when we moved away. It was heated with coal and corncobs. On the grounds was a small coal shed and two other small buildings, one for "him" and one for "her."

My first teacher was a Mr. Ferris; I liked him very well but he remained only my first year and I did not see him again until after I was twenty years old. I met him on the street in Steamboat Springs, Colorado in 1908 while I was on one of my ramblings.

A man named Morgan Holdridge owned the first Steam Tractor engine in Jefferson County. It was used to run a grain threshing machine, all other threshers and corn shellers were powered by horse power.

For threshing grain, the circular powers had six two-horse teams to operate them. The corn shellers used a smaller power using only four two-horse teams. These powers had a platform in the center above the wheels where the power driver stood. I drove powers lots of times, and

winter I drove power for a shelling crew all over our country.

The horses on these powers went in a circle which drove a tumbling rod to run the machine. The driver on the power platform had a long whip to keep the teams all pulling their share of the load.

When I was a child on the farm, the country was new, and almost every man carried a gun, especially when they went out at night. There were lots of "trigger-happy" young fellows and it was much worse when they had had something to drink; for the whiskey in those days was real "fire water," and took a strong man to down it.

In November, 1898, my brother Charlie, 19 years of age, was shot and killed coming home from a dance, at night. The dance had been held at the Bill Barton home. It was about four miles from Bartons to our place. Investigation showed that the shooting took place about two miles from home.

Charlie was driving a single iron gray horse hitched to a buggy and the horse brought him home up to the stable door where they were found the next morning by my brother, Bert.

Testimony at the inquest showed there was no trouble at the dance. Laws in those days were very lax with no experienced men at all to find out details. A coroner's jury was impaneled and lots of people

were examined. Also several so called detectives worked on the case for some time, trying to get the reward posted, but no arrests were ever made. The crime remained unsolved as far as the law was concerned.

Three young fellows were questioned that were at the dance, and they had traveled, by horse back, the same road that Charlie had traveled. They all had guns on them. Charlie did not have his gun that night.

Our family was agreed on the man that did it. There was no proof. We also believed it was wild shooting and not intentional, only some more "trigger-happy," hoodlums with a drink in them.

I will not state here who the fellow was that did it, for it would serve no purpose and might hurt some innocent ones. For, years later, a younger member of our family married into one of the families involved.

A short time after brother Charlie's death, the neighbors, accompanied by their wives, all came to the farm with their teams and husking wagons. There were so many men and wagons that they husked out a large field of corn east of our house in one day. The ladies came with baskets loaded with good things to eat, and they had everything needed for a hearty meal at noon, besides some leftovers left for us.

I might explain that all corn at that time was husked by hand, in the field, and tossed into a wagon, pulled by a team that required no driver. Some of those horses knew about as much as anyone, and would keep the wagon by the side of the husker who was husking two rows of corn each trip through the field.

This husking bee of our good friends, was very much appreciated in our time of trouble.

Mother Greenwood was a remarkable woman. I believe all boys think that of their mothers; but Mother had extra sensory perception at times to learn by means other than the five senses. She told us children about having a terrible dream, so life-like she could not get over it. It was a presentiment before sister Addie was burned to death in Illinois. Then she had another terrible dream just before Father was killed by a falling tree.

Mother never mentioned common dreams, but these were so terrible that she told us in detail about the dreams she had before those two deaths.

I remember mostly what she said, but I won't repeat it here for it was too ghastly. Then a few days before Charlie was shot and killed, Mother told Dora, Cora and me one morning that the night before she had had another one of those gruesome dreams, similar to the ones she had had before the other two deaths. Knowing of her

former bad dreams, the girls asked her not to tell them about it. A few days later Charlie was killed. Mother, to my knowledge, never mentioned the dream afterward.

One spring while I was attending country school, a large drove of Texas Longhorns went by our school house, traveling west. We could hear the clack of their horns before we saw the cattle. They started to pass the school before morning recess and were still going by after our noon luncheon. They filled the road from fence to fence. A couple of men on horses led the way with horsemen scattered along the sides. At the rear were several horsemen and a small drove of extra saddle horses and a chuck wagon.

They moved very slow, and were very thin. Their horns looked to me like about five to six feet from tip to tip, with very graceful curves. The most of them were a light tan color with a dark stripe down their back. Lots of cattle were trailed from Texas to northern pastures at that time.

One summer a tribe of Indians camped for some time on the creek a half-mile south of our place. I think the government had ordered them to move to a new location as several bands had been going through before and after that time.

I went down to their camp and got to know an Indian boy about my age. We could not talk to each other, but we could make

out what each other meant. One afternoon I was at their camp and it was getting late. I saw a couple of squaws cooking something over a fire in a big kettle. They stirred it with big wooden paddles. It smelled good so I made it known to my playmate that I wanted some of it. He went up to one squaw and after lots of jabbering she picked up a tin can and dipped me out a can full.

It was mostly soup with berries of some kind and small pieces of meat. It tasted just as good as it had smelled.

I got home that night a little late for supper, and the kids started ragging me about not eating much supper. I told them that I ate at the Indian camp and I wasn't hungry. After some questions from my brothers and sisters, my brother Charlie said, "Kid, do you know what you ate with the Indians - it was dog meat." It didn't bother me for I thought it tasted good anyway.

On the farm I had a burro, named Jerry. He was coal black, and rather slim and small. I rode him; also, I drove him to a two wheel cart. He had been tormented so much by older people that he was quite ornery. One habit he had was to kick whenever the crupper was put under his tail. I soon learned to stand to one side when I lifted his clipped tail. Sometimes someone else would put the harness on him and that was what I liked to see, because just as they lifted his tail, he would let go with both barrels and if you were back of him it was just too bad.

Jerry had the run of the place; he was never tied up for long. One day he was missing. I looked all over the place and asked close neighbors about him. Several weeks later a man told me that he was over to Pond City.

That was part of the Fitzgerald Ranch. I walked over there. It was about two miles, and there he was, close to a shack.

Several of the ranch hands had shacks around a large pond or lake, and their wives and kids lived there. The ladies told me Jerry came one day and they had fed him. He went from place to place getting handouts. They said he liked pancakes best.

We owned several small young mules. One day one young mule was in the barn and had his head lowered in the manger eating hay. I had always wanted to try riding him and I decided this was the time. If I crawled above him on a two-by-four, I could let myself down easy and straddle him. All went well; I got on the timber and he bent his head in the manger not knowing what I was going to do. I started lowering myself and got a splinter in my hand. I let loose and landed on the mule's back, but in the next fraction of a second, I was in the manger, head first.

The battleship, Maine, was blown up and war declared with Spain in 1898; calls were sent out for volunteers.

Several boys from our neighborhood joined. For a short time they trained on our school grounds and us kids tried to immitate their drilling long after they had left.

My oldest brother, Joe, was the only one of our family to get an education. He went to the State University at Lincoln and became a railway mail clerk.

That left all the farming to Bert and Charlie, until Charlie's death. I helped as much as a boy of my age could - such as herding cattle, driving teams for different farm jobs, running a one-horse planter, drilling, cultivating and husking corn, cutting bands on a threshing machine, hauling wheat, oats, corn and hogs to market.

We hauled our grain to Fitzgerald Siding, later named Shea. The siding was placed on the Fitzgerald Ranch when the railroad was built. Fitzgerald was one of the sub-contractors, and received four sections of land for part of his pay from the railroad.

There was no elevator at the siding. A box car would be placed on the side track and grain would be shoveled into it by hand.

I always drove a team and wagon when we sold hogs. The neighbors would all haul the same day to make up a carload. Sometimes hog buyers were at Harbine or Jansen, on the Rock Island R. R. At other times they would have us deliver to Endicott or Steele City on the St. Joe and Grand Island Railroad.

After the hogs were unloaded at the stock yards, the men would head for the saloon. Some of the men would see that I got lots of candy or fruit while they got their beer.

One time Mother heard of a large baptismal service to be held in a church in Steele City. I believe some of our neighbors were going to be baptized, and they sure needed it. Mother and I went to the church. It was in the afternoon and we drove the old one-horse buggy.

The church, to me, was a massive affair. It was built of yellow sandstone by good stone masons. This building is standing today, but it does not look so massive as it did to a small boy's eyes.

When we arrived, the church was almost full of people and Mother led me up to the front for a seat.

After lots of talking and singing, which I didn't mind, they opened up a big door in the floor of the preacher's platform. Amid much talking, the minister led an old sinner down two or three steps into the pit. Then he doused her under water. When he raised her out of the water, in full view, and so darned close to us, she was a sight to behold. I raised right out of my seat, and my hair went on higher. With a yell I grabbed my mother and wanted to get out of there and fast. Mother had her hands full trying to shut me up, and getting me calmed down some,

but one thing I was bound to know, before I was quiet, "was she going to take me down in that hole" or try to? She assured me she was not going herself, nor would she take me to the tank; then I partly settled down and enjoyed the rest of the program, as much as I could after having the hell scared out of me.

When I was about six or seven years old, brother Bert sometimes let me go with him to the Steele City flour mill. The mill was built on the Little Blue River and of wood construction - mostly of home-sawed timbers. It was a very high building with a wooden shaft coming into it from a wooden water wheel that was outside, at the dam on the river. Inside were all wooden wheels with leather belts, and everything from contents to the building itself shook like it had chills. They had built a sort of dam across the river, just above the mill, of logs and some stone. It was about six to eight feet high. In the normal flow of the river the water flowed over the dam except what went around the end and over the water wheel.

One day the miller took me up numerous stairways and ladders to the top of the mill and showed me around. There was machinery going everywhere, some shaking, some rolling, and wooden chutes that contained the wheat in its different stages of flour. There were slides the miller opened so you could see the process. He explained the process to me.

The noise was terrible - the water roaring over the dam, the water wheel groaning, and all the pullies, belts, and sieves shaking. Everything was white with flour dust, including myself.

One time when we went there, Bert took some sacks of wheat to be ground into flour and bran. Another sack contained corn to be made into corn meal, and he had one sack of dirty wheat that was bin sweepings and he told the miller it contained mice pellets, and he would like to trade it for something we could use. The miller said he would trade for it and made a remark that a few mice pellets made no difference to him, as he could put it into a bin where wheat was used for graham flour and no one would know the difference. I have never cared for dark bread since.

We had several interesting people as neighbors on the farm. One family that lived close to us was the Catlin family. The first that I remember of Mrs. Catlin was her coming up the hill to give me a bath when I was born. (Ahem, Smart Child!) Mother and Mrs. Catlin visited each other quite often and, of course, I was always along. I liked to hear Mrs. Catlin talk, for she was a rather fat lady and she purred with her talk, and sounded to me like our old tom cat when he was sleeping.

Mother Greenwood went to visit one of our neighbor's, Mrs. Clem; when we got to their farm her husband, Riley Clem, was churning cream with a barrel churn.

Those barrel churns were a ten or twelve-gallon wooden barrel with one end which opened to pour in the cream; then the lid was sealed tight. It was mounted on a stand with a crank to turn the keg, end over end until you got butter. Mr. Clem was bare footed and he had been turning that handle some time before we arrived. He was a rather rough old guy and after churning a while longer, he said, if that darn butter didn't come soon he would get into the churn with his feet. I, being a small fry at the time, thought he would do it and I was very disappointed when Mother started home before Riley got his big feet in that churn.

We had another family southeast of us named Maker. They were always spoken of as Pa and Ma Maker; they had a son, Jim, that had the biggest feet I ever saw.

I had two sisters just older than I was, and they were always picking on me - I don't remember of ever bothering them at all, but when they got after me real strong I would yell for help; it was "Ma, make her quit." Then Dora and Cora would start a chant, "Ma maker quit, Ma maker quit," so I never gained much in calling for help.

One of my boy friends, John Claussen, lived one mile south of our place. He had white hair that didn't look natural. I found out later why it looked the way it did. It seems the Claussens, like most people in those days, didn't have much choice of food. For supper it was hot corn mush and milk. John did not like it

and one night refused to eat. His dad was rather crazy anyhow and flew into a rage at the kid and ordered him to eat. When John refused, Mr. Claussen grabbed the bowl of hot mush and slammed it upside-down on John's head. It almost cooked the kid; his hair turned white and always remained the same color afterward.

I had another close boyhood friend, Charlie Adams, who lived a half mile from us. The only remarkable thing he did was one time he was shooting sparrows with a muzzle-loading shot gun. He poured the black powder down the barrel then dropped in a round wad which was made for that purpose. Then you were to push the wad in place with a ramrod. The wad, being a flat disk, sometimes landed on the powder on edge. Charlie could not tell with the ramrod if it was flat or on edge. He lighted a large wooden match and held it in the end of the barrel so he could see down to the powder. He saw the wad was on edge. Somehow he dropped the lighted match down the barrel and at the same time jerked back his head; he hardly made it, the powder went off and hit him on the forehead; he had blue powder marks forever after.

One time Charlie Adams was coming home and old man Hudson's hounds scared him. He was just a little fellow and he tried to crawl up on a post away from the dogs. He slipped and fell. The seat of his pants hooked on the top wire and there he hung, feet and head hanging down. A man happened

along and got him down or it would have been all over with him before long.

On the farm we raised cane, I mean sorghum cane; in the fall of the year we would strip the leaves from the stalks, then cut, and take a load to the sorghum press, owned by a neighbor.

The sorghum press was two iron rollers turned by an overhead sweep with an old grey horse going around in a circle. A man on his knees fed the stalks of cane into the rollers and the juice ran in an open trough outside the circle the horse traveled, to a pan. When the pan was full, it was taken to a shed and boiled over an open fire until it thickened.

We usually had from 25 to 50 gallons of sorghum to start the winter. It was used for sweetening, on pancakes and for making taffy and popcorn balls.

We had lots of apples; some of the windfalls we would take to the hand cider press. Here we would grind them and press out the cider. While sweet, the cider was used for cooking. After it turned hard, it had lots of pep to drink. Next the cider turned to vinegar.

I was short changed on names; Mother never gave me a middle name. When I started to country school, the teacher wanted my full name, and I didn't have any in the center. My older sisters had at times

called me, in a teasing way, "Walter Quincy." I didn't know where they got it, but I didn't like the sound and besides I could only print letters at that time and I couldn't print the letter "Q". I told Mother my troubles and she told me to pick a letter that suited me; so I picked on letter "L" because I could make it easy. And it is "L" today.

In the summer, Mother would take us kids on trips down in the timber. Sometimes we would get wild strawberries, gooseberries, plums, and grapes, which were used to eat fresh or to make up into jellies or butter.

In the fall of the year we would go for black walnuts. On our trips, Mother would show us the roots and herbs that were good to use. We always took home some catnip for the cats to love. We kids ate some of about everything we found on those trips—including wild onions, slippery elm bark, roots, herbs, etc, if they tasted good or not. There were several springs of nice clear water on the creek where we could get a cool drink.

We raised lots of chickens by setting hens on eggs. After the chicks hatched, they followed the mother hen everywhere unless the hen was cooped up. A common practice was to tie a long carpet rag around one leg of the hen and tie her to a coop to keep her from traveling too far.

Chickens were not too far removed from the wild stage. Young chickens would

roost in trees rather than go into the hen house. When fall came, it was a nightly job to catch the young chickens from the trees and train them to go into the chicken house at night.

When cold weather came, no eggs were laid until warm days came again, partly caused by poor housing. Some people stored eggs in salt to use for cooking during the winter.

When Ella was still at home, she owned a trunk in which she kept her clothes. Father's old sea chest was used by Charlie and Bert in their room.

When I was about four years old, Mother had a large flannel cloth and was covering it with goose grease and turpentine. I asked her what she was going to do with it and she said she was going to put it on Ella's chest. I told her Ella didn't have a chest, just a trunk; that Charlie and Bert had the chest. After the 'smoke' cleared, they explained to me that Ella had a cold and what a chest was. When I was carpentering, after I was grown, a lady stopped me on the street one day and she said, "I have a cedar chest," then she hesitated and I said "I am sorry to hear it." Of course she only wanted me to repair the chest.

When Ella finished our country school, she taught school in another district for a short time. Ella was my oldest sister. She married Charlie Tonnemaker and they

lived in Diller, where Charlie owned a dray line, hauling coal and merchandise.

Bert married May Riddle and they lived with us on the farm until we moved to Diller. They were married before brother Charlie's death.

We moved near Diller in the fall of 1899 on what was called the Clark place. It was one mile west of Diller, Nebraska. "We" included, Mother, Dora, Cora, and myself.

We had a white driving pony and a red milk cow. We kids enrolled in the Diller School. I was put in the sixth grade. Miss Armstrong was my teacher. She was an old lady in my eyes, along about 19 or 20 years old.

We walked to and from school with the Friday boys and girls. They lived about a mile north and west of us.

The next spring, 1900, Mother bought a home in town, which we always called the "green house" because it was painted green. She paid \$1000.00 for it. It had seven rooms, two 50 foot lots, a small barn, chicken house, cob house, and a garden.

It was across the street south of the Presbyterian church. The church, I believe, is now the Congregational church.

During the latter part of 1900 Mother sold the old farm to John Scott for \$25.00

an acre. After paying off the mortgage and other expenses she had interest on the principal to live on, amounting to the magnificent sum of \$125.00 a year. Not a month, a year!

I don't intend to put on paper all about my living and growing up in Diller, for I don't believe it would be of any help to my grandchildren; they can think up their own devilment, without my help.

I worked, at about everything after school and on Saturdays where I could get a dime.

Several old widows gave me work such as blackening coal stoves, cleaning yards, or hauling out trash with my pony.

I bought, sold, and traded several ponies; mostly gaining cash or a better pony. I was janitor of the Methodist church at one time, did some painting on buildings during the summer.

I helped dig lots of graves; when we started we didn't get paid anything; but later the local undertaker started collecting some money for us. About two dollars for a grave, for two of us kids. It took one day to dig it and part of the next day to fill it after the funeral.

There was a state law at that time, that any one that died with certain contagious diseases must be buried at night without funeral or attendance at all.

A child of John Adams died with diphth-
eria in town and I and my pardner John
Claussen dug the grave. The undertaker,
Charlie Waggoner, told us he had to take
the body out to the cemetery, about two
miles from town, at night. We would have
to be on hand to fill the grave.

It was one of those dark, dismal, rainy
nights. We rode with the undertaker in
his buggy. I drove the horse and he held
the small casket on his lap.

It was a darn spooky place out there in
the middle of that cemetery in the dead of
night and raining. No lights except for
lanterns. We lowered the casket and start-
ed filling the grave. I'll bet no grave
was ever filled as fast as that one was
filled.

If we had heard only one small noise
behind a tombstone I know I would be run-
ning yet.

Those were the days that they put al-
most a life history on some tombstones.
One in the Diller Cemetery had this in-
scription, which I copied at the time John
Claussen and I were digging graves:

William H. Mathias.
born in West Morland Pa.
Jan. 11, 1828
lived there 22 years
moved to Illinois in 1851
Married in 1853
Drafted li 1864

Moved to Nebr. in 1872
Died Oct. 21, 1895
he was a blacksmith by trade
and a true democrat all his life.
Now at rest.

* * *

This man's two sons and their families
lived near Diller when I was growing up.
Mignon knew the one family too.

Late in the summer of 1900 Mother wanted
to go by train to Lincoln to see Joe and
Clara, and she wanted me to go with her,
partly so she would know where I was, and
what I was doing. I had been working on a
farm since spring and had just received my
wages, which was \$15.00 a month. I was 11
years old at the time.

We left Diller on the noon train and ar-
rived in Lincoln in the evening. That was
my first trip to the city and all the sights.

Joe and Clara lived at 3133 R Street, a-
bout a mile east from the center of town;
we walked the entire distance because we
did not know how to stop a street car or
what one to take. We were real hay-seeds.

The next day Joe took us by street car
to see the main sights around the city.
The sights that seemed to impress me the
most was a small museum on the University
campus. It contained quite a display of
different things; one thing was their amount
of petrified turtles; they were all sizes
from

from large to small, all just an off-white in color.

Also several mummified remains of Indians. In one corner sat a mummified squaw with a papoose in her arms. Just like it had been found in a sitting position. It was horrible and I could hardly keep my eyes off of it. That night, sleeping at Joe's house I had the darnedest nightmare about that awful squaw and her kid.

Years later, after I was married, we lived about 15 miles from that museum and we always wanted to visit it again, but we came west and never entered the building again.

In the fall of 1907 I helped Chas. Tonnemaker build a steeple on a German church about a mile southwest of Diller; Charlie wanted my help as I could climb anything and height did not bother me. Later years the congregation moved that church into town and the steeple did not fall off. That was my first carpenter job.

During that winter we built a cottage in town for Mother Greenwood; she had sold the 'green house' that summer. Both Roy Geer and Chas. Tonnemaker worked on the house; the next spring I planted trees around our place. Some of them are standing there today.

The summer I was 14, I worked part time

in a lumber yard, bought a gold watch with part of my earnings. Also went on a trip with another kid, bumming our way on freight trains. We got as far as Elm Creek, Nebraska before we ran out of change to buy eats; we asked for, and received, handouts at some places, then got a job washing dishes for our board in an old hotel. A lady ran the joint and she was feeding a railroad extra gang of men. We had mountains of dishes to wash after each meal; we stayed with that for about ten days, and I have never liked to wash dishes since.

A few years ago we went by this old hotel in Elm Creek and it doesn't look much different than it did at that time.

Sometimes I drove for the livery barns, driving traveling men to other towns, or salesmen around to farm houses. One day I took our county sheriff home to Fairbury.

I sometimes drove the hearse for funerals, we always used a black team for older people and a white team for a child's funeral.

The undertaker rode outside on the seat with me; one bitter cold day we had a funeral at Harbine; Chas. Waggoner was the undertaker with me at the time. I wasn't dressed too warm and on the way home I got off and walked to keep warm. Then I got to thinking the inside of the hearse might be warmer. I opened the glass door in the back end - a hearse in those days was just a glassed box - about three feet high, the

driver of the team was on a high seat in front. I crawled in and shut the glass door; I had a good view through the glass sides, but I began to realize it smelled peculiar, the longer I stayed in there the more I felt that was no place for me. I crawled out into the wind and decided it would be better to freeze than to ride inside of that glass box.

We had one interesting neighbor in Diller. she gave her husband and large family of kids, hell all the time; in between times she would get out in the back yard and sing at the top of her voice, "Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam".

Mother was a good Methodist. When ever a new preacher came to town it was customary for one of the congregation to entertain him until his freight car arrived with his household goods.

A new preacher arrived and it was Mother's turn to feed him; after supper that night I went out to shut the chickens in the shed and the Reverend went along with me. Mother's chickens were very nice large hens and the day before, she had sold some of them for a good price.

The preacher remarked on the large size of the hens and asked me what I thought they would weigh. I told him they weighed about fifty pounds each.

He said, "my, my, I never saw hens before that weighed fifty pounds!" I told

him if he had been here the day before he could have seen some, for Mother had sold some that weighed fifty pounds.

About that time, it came to me that I was mistaken, instead of weighing fifty pounds, she had received fifty cents each for them.

I thought, "Oh well, I just as well stay with my story." I did not think he knew enough to know the difference.

I'll bet that preacher thought I was the biggest liar in town.

Those were the days of the big traveling circus; they went by special trains. P. T. Barnum, Sells, Bailey, Ringling Bros., Campbell Bros., Buffalo Bill Wild West, Miller Bros. 101 ranch, Pawnee Bill, and many others.

Buffalo Bill's show featured him on his Indian pony riding around the rings shooting glass balls with a rifle; a lead man tossed the balls into the air for Bill.

Later, I saw Bill Cody on the streets of Denver a few times; that was where he made his home in later years.

Cody had lots of horses and Indians with his show. Miller Bros. had a different tribe of Indians with them; they were real wild and tough.

I saw every circus that came to our town, and to towns nearby; they always had

a long parade before noon, than an afternoon show and an evening show. By the time the evening show was over, they had begun packing and loading the trains so as to be at their next stop by the next morning.

The parade was on the main street of the town; the leader was the owner in a fancy open buggy with a fancy team. Next came a brass band on top of a big open wagon pulled by six to eight matched fat horses, then the animal cages, and the larger animals walking, such as camels, zebras, ostriches, etc. They were intermixed along the parade. It was always about a mile long and there were three or four brass bands at different times. Bringing up the rear was a herd of elephants and the final wagon was the steam calliope.

All the big wagons and cages were very highly colored with lots of gilt and all were pulled by three to four horse teams. When the bands started playing those big fat horses started to prance and dance like they were trying to keep time with the music.

Teams were always matched, some all black, some white, bays, sorrels, dapple grays, and buckskins.

While we were living in the 'green house', my sister, Dora was married to Roy Geer; they lived in Diller after marriage, and Roy took up carpenter work.

My sister, Cora married Will Friday, they lived in Diller for a while. Will was in a restaurant, and had a dray line. Later they moved to a farm.

The office of livery stables was a loafing place for teen-age kids; in winter they always had a good fire in an old coal stove and a greasy deck of cards.

One winter day several of us kids were there playing poker and as none of us had much money, they kept dropping out of the game as they went broke. I seemed to have a lucky streak and one other kid stayed in the game until he lost all his change. Then to stay in the game he said he would put up his saddle against all my winnings. I took him up on his offer; the game was soon over and I had his saddle.

I took the saddle home and hung it beside mine in our barn. The next day, Bill Friday was going after some cattle in the country and wanted a saddle to use. I told him to take the one I had won in a poker game. Bill saddled up and left and did not get back to town until in the night. The next morning I went out and fed my horse and I noticed the saddle had not been returned. Later on in the morning Bill came out of the house and we were talking about his cattle, then I asked him where he had put the saddle.

He told me he had ridden on it for several miles, and it was so darn hard riding on it he had taken it off his horse and

put it against a post up north of town and he had ridden back to town without it. He never went after it, and I thought if it rode that hard I did not want it either. So if someone found it, he got a poor saddle cheap.

After school hours and Saturdays during the winter I, with John Claussen, went to the creek and cut fire wood. We would buy a large tree and cut and haul it to town. One winter, while we were living in the 'green house', Grandpa Norton, Mother's father, came to visit us; that was the only time I ever saw him. I had a large pile of logs and limbs I had hauled up from the creek to cut for fire wood. I was going to school and the only time I had to cut wood was after school.

The morning Grandpa saw the logs, he asked me if I had a backsaw and axe. After looking over my tools, he started to sharpen them. Then I went to school; when I returned after four O'clock, my pile of logs were all cut and split ready for the stove. It would have taken me a month or longer to do what he did in one day, and I believe he was 84 that year. He had worked in the Michigan woods the most of his life.

We sometimes got a job helping cut and put up ice for the butcher. It was sawed into blocks on the creek and hauled to the ice house, and packed in sawdust for summer cooling.

My two sisters and I had smallpox. I did not have it very hard; the doctor told Mother that I must stay in bed, and away from other kids. After the doctor was gone, I got up, dressed and went out the window and was gone quite a while before Mother knew I was gone. It was warm weather and she never made me go to bed again.

The last time William Jennings Bryan ran for President, his special train made a short stop in Diller. His five minute talk was about a bank guarantee, which he wanted to see made into a law. Billy Bryan was a wonderful speaker and a very smart man, but he was ahead of our times then. It was at least thirty-five years later before another Democratic President, Franklin Roosevelt, got a law through Congress for a bank guarantee.

In 1901 I saw our neighbor, Jake Zook, coming out of his house, which was across the street from ours. He had a large American flag, which he fastened on his porch, then he wrapped a black cloth around it and tied it into a bow. I went across the street to find out what he was doing.

He told me that a wire had just been received at the depot that our president, Wm. McKinley was shot and killed.

In those days all towns had a meat market which was the only place you could buy meat. Our butcher shop had a small brick building at the back of the store with an outside door; here they made and cooked

bologna. It was cooked in a large iron kettle over wood and cob fire.

Boys are always hungry and we sometimes ganged up on the butcher; one boy would go into the front of the shop to draw his attention, then one of the gang would slip in the back door in the bologna kitchen and get a ring of bologna, then someone with a nickel would buy a sack of crackers from a store and we would have a feast. I knew afterwards that we had not fooled the butcher as much as we thought we had.

Years later, while I was homesteading, one of our gang got to Canada and had joined some religious sect. He wrote back to the butcher and sent twenty-five cents, saying he had gotten religion and while he was a boy at Diller he had stolen a ring of bologna from him and he wanted to make everything right, so the twenty-five cents. My brother Bert told me about it when I was in Diller during my homestead days. I told Bert I hoped I never got that brand of religion, at least until I got through homesteading, because my supply of money would not stand the strain.

One day I was perched upon a baluster of a low bridge that spanned a low spot of ground close to the R.R. depot. There were several of us sixteen year olds waiting to see a train go by, or to see anything else. A pretty little girl about ten years old came by us clasping a music roll. She was on her way to take a music lesson of Mrs. Watson, the depot agent's

wife. They had living quarters over the depot.

I asked one kid who the girl was, he did not know, then another kid said: "Oh I believe that is Frank Hale's kid, they live northeast of town."

That was the first time I saw my future wife, and your grandmother.

In a small town like Miller there was very little work for boys. The summer I was 16, I decided to try for a job on the railroad section gang.

The job paid \$1.27 $\frac{1}{2}$ for a ten hour day, from seven in the morning until six at night. We carried our own lunch, in tin buckets, no thermos jubs in those days. I asked Lambert, the boss, for a job and he told me to come to work the next morning at seven.

I went down to the section shed and helped pump the hand car out where we worked that day. The next morning, my second day of railroading, we went about three miles west of town to put in some new ties. Shortly after we started work along came a work train from Wymore and they stopped where we were by the side of the track.

The train was made up of a string of open cars filled with crushed rock which was used along the track for ballast.

There was a large crew of laborers on the cars to shovel the rock from the train when they got to their destination, which was several towns west of us.

The train was picking up all section crews as they went along to help their regular extra gang unload the cars.

The division superintendent, Bull Dog Smith, so called as he was a hard-boiled Irishman with a mug that looked a lot like a bull dog, was standing on the rear platform when the train stopped beside us. He 'barked' to our boss Lambert to get our crew with our shovels and lunch pails and get on one of the cars.

There were six men in our crew and two of them told Lambert they would not go unless they received the same pay that the extra gang received, which was \$132 a day.

When old Smith heard them, he got his irish up and told Lambert to fire all of us.

The train started on west and we put our hand car on the track and returned to Diller. By the time we got the hand car and tools in the shed, Lambert had become really sore at Smith for firing all his men and he told us he would make out our time and send it into Wymore demanding our money at once. In those days the Railroads only paid once a month, (on the first) when they ran a pay car over each division and paid all help in cash.

In a few days we got our checks; mine was for one full day and one hour, which amounted to the large sum of \$1.39.

A few days later the big brass in Wymore decided that Lambert was to blame for our demanding more money so they sent a wire to him relieving him of his job as section boss and blackballed him from the Burlington lines forever.

It was over a year afterwards that they granted Lambert a hearing on his case. Later they gave him a smaller station at Lanham, Kansas.

This is just a small sample of how labor was treated in those days, and why Labor Unions were organized and are so strong today.

Men worked for less than 13 cents an hour and only \$23.15 for a month of 26 ten hour working days. Women and girls got from twenty-five to fifty cents a day, and often a seven day week.

The Burlington sent a new section boss, Harris, at once to take charge at Diller and he hired us all back on the job. I stayed with it a short time and then quit before I had another chance to get fired. That was the end of my railroading.

I always had a desire to own land, somewhere, and I knew my only hope was in homesteading.

Several things got me interested in homesteading. My oldest brother, Dave Greenwood, had homesteaded in Graham County, Kansas, north of Hill City. He, with his family, were living on the land at that time.

Two of our neighbors on the old farm, the Adams brothers, went to Indian Territory during that opening in 1897 or 1898 and both got land.

A few miles north and east from Diller, near Beatrice, Nebraska, was the first homestead in the United States. Daniel Freeman filed on it on January first, 1863. His entry was recorded as application number one; certificate or Patent number one, signed by U. S. Grant, President; on September first, 1869. All in section 26 Township 4 north, Range 5 east, in the district of Brownville, (now Gage County near Beatrice) containing 160 acres. This would be 31 miles north and 348 miles east from my homestead.

I did not know Mr. Freeman, but I did know his son, Sam Freeman, and some of the grandchildren of Daniel.

Mignon Hale attended high school in Diller with some of the grand-daughters of Daniel Freeman.

While I was growing up, the west was being settled. lots of covered wagons going west in the spring, and some coming back in the fall, discouraged.

I thought I never would get to be twenty-one years old, so I could get a homestead. I just knew all the land would be taken up before then.

During the year, 1908, Joe and I made a few trips looking for homesteads; we were in Denver and Steamboat Springs on one trip, but all I could do was just look as I was only 20 that fall.

Joe found nothing he wanted on our trips, which was probably just as well, for he had a wife and some children at the time.

HOMESTEAD

I was living in Diller, Nebraska, working at carpentering and the first part of April, 1910, my brother Joe and family were living in Fairbury, with his wife's mother, Mrs. King. Joe was a railroad clerk working out of Lincoln. He had sold their home in Lincoln, and had bought 80 acres of land under the Clary reclamation act, near Mimitare, Nebraska, on the North Platte river.

This strip of land was just being opened to settlers and was under the Tri-State Ditch Company. The canals were in place, but no water had been run in them.

Joe was quitting his job as mail clerk, to move on this land he had contracted to buy; he had bought up some odds and ends to take out to his place, which included

an old team of mules - I don't know how the mules should be listed, odds or ends. Also he had a dog, of course, household goods and some farm equipment.

He asked me to take his freight car of household goods and the stuff he had bought, to Minitare for him, and he would follow later, with his family.

I took the job and left Fairbury by way of the old St. Joe and Grand Island Railway, (it is now Union Pacific.) They took the car to Fairmont, then east to Lincoln, then to Alliance, south to Bridgeport and on to Minitare; I was a little over a week on the road. In those days, the railroads would send you all over the country just to keep you on their railroad.

The country around Minitare was not settled except on the first river bottom; Joe's land was on what the old ranchers called the second bench, which was northeast of town. I had the legal numbers of the land and a crude pencil drawing showing a dry irrigation canal close to where his land was supposed to be located.

When I got to Minitare I unloaded the mules and wagon, and then loaded the wagon with what I thought the old mules could pull over prairie without a trail or road of any kind. With the dog for company, we started out. I had some trouble finding the right spot; 80 acres of ground is a darn small spot to find in all of western Nebraska.

Arriving at what I felt was the right place, I unloaded the wagon, fed the mules, dog and myself, spread out some hay for a place to sleep. After picketing the mules I tried sleeping. You can guess how comfortable I felt in the middle of a prairie country I had never seen before, and did not know what kind of wild animals were there. I found out there were plenty of coyotes, for they tried to sing me to sleep and sleep I did. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a terrible snort right at my head. I had a loaded '32' under my pillow, and I had it out and pointed at the noise in no time flat. I got stopped just in time to save one of the old mules from having a trip to mule heaven, or wherever mules go. The old cuss had gotten loose from his picket and come and snorted in my ear.

Joe and family came in a few days. I stayed and helped him lay a wooden floor, over which we raised a tent. This was their home until Joe built a shack later in the summer.

When I left Minitare, I went to Brush, Colorado; I stayed overnight in Brush at their best hotel. I paid twenty-five cents for my room. This old hotel is standing to this day, 1959, and looks about the same as it did 49 years ago.

The next day I went on to Akron where I met Clark Blauser and Walt Patten, who had just arrived by immigrant car from Diller. Blauser had filed on a homestead, southeast

of Akron, the fall before, and he wanted me to build his shack on it for him. Patten and I went out with him and stayed a few days, building his shack with corrugated iron roofing. "I'll bet it was hot in summer."

Patten and I had talked some of homesteading while we were in Diller. When we left Blauser's place we returned to Akron, about in the notion of taking up some land. We had gotten acquainted with a locator, by the name of Bob Shook; he told us he thought the land was better southwest of Akron, and he would find us a location to suit us for \$35.00 each. There were lots of places open to homesteading. We were wanting a good section where we would both have a good half section which was the amount of land we were entitled to take under what was called 'The Mondell Act'. We made a deal with Mr. Shook to locate us a claim, and he thought it would be better for him to hire an automobile to take us out, for the distance was too far to drive horses and return in one day. He hired an auto at Dave Rowland's livery stable, and our driver was a Mr. Downey; he owned half interest in the car, and a Mr. Henderson, the other half. Autos were new at that time, only two were in Washington County, the other was owned by Dr. Lett.

We started out of Akron early the next morning going in a southwesterly direction. After going a few miles, there were no trails, fences, or anything except buffalo

grass, as far as you could see, and you could see what seemed unlimited distances.

Tires were not much good in those days, and it wasn't long before we had our first flat tire. From then on every few miles we were compelled to stop and patch tires; pumping up those high pressure tires with about 50 pounds of air, with an old hand pump wasn't any pleasure. The worst was yet to come - Mr. Downey used up all of his patches, so we went into Newt Koser's sheep ranch on two rims.

Newt Koser was a bachelor; his sister, whom everyone called 'Aunt Ide,' kept house for him and she cooked us a real ranch dinner. I don't ever remember a meal that tasted as good.

Koser had a so-called Barbed wire telephone connected to Akron. Our driver called Akron to have Mr. Lett bring us some tire patches. He had to yell into that phone loud enough to be heard half way to Akron, but he made them understand what he wanted.

Mr. Shook asked Koser to hitch up his mules and take us on to see the land. We were fortunate to have a man like Mr. Koser with us, for he knew the good land from the bad. He also knew where some corners were located, as the country had been surveyed several years earlier by a government surveying crew.

We had gone about four miles when Koser showed us what he thought was a good section.

We looked for old survey markings on what we thought was near one corner, but could find nothing. Then we drove about another mile and got out and looked again. What we were looking for was the spot where the survey crew had dug up a spade full of sod about four feet apart, one each on the north, east, south, and west and put the four pieces in the center where the corner was to be. Also they were supposed to put some charcoal under the center. Later years, after digging into some of those old corners, we would more likely find a whiskey bottle than charcoal. We finally found a corner and decided that section would suit us. I asked Koser how we should divide it, and he said cut it north and south. Patten and I flipped a coin on the spot - I got the east half and Patten the west.

When we returned to the sheep ranch, Downey had somehow patched up the tires and was ready to start back to Akron. It wasn't time for Mr. Lett to get there. We thought we would meet him on the way. We got several miles before we met Lett and by that time, it was getting dark, so both drivers decided to light their lamps. This was a big job. The cars were equipped with acetylene lamps which required some fast foot work from the tank on the running board, where you turned on the gas, to the lamps, where you lit them with a match. Downey got our lights going, but Lett found out his tank was empty, so we had one set of lamps for the two cars.

We went a few miles with Lett ahead, so

he could see our lights, and then they both tried racing across the prairie; our driver had just pulled into a trail behind Lett's car, when Lett saw ditch and slowed up for it. Our car went right into him. Then neither one had any lights. Downey said, "Only two autos in Washington county, and we had to have a wreck."

We trailed the other car into Akron, late, tired and hungry.

The next morning, we went to a deputy for the U. S. land office and put down \$14.25 each for the filing fee on the land. April 28, 1910. Mine was the east $\frac{1}{2}$ of section 4, township 3 south, range 54 west of the 6th principal meridian.

In some Nebraska Counties, Townships are called Precincts, and were given names, such as "Elmwood Township." or "Rock Creek Precinct."

Here in Colorado, all Townships are known by numbers, as 1 or 2 or 3 etc., North or south of the base line, which is the 40th parallel.

HISTORY OF HOMESTEAD COUNTRY

Frenchmen came through this Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska country in the year, 1739. They established trade at several points and at this time gave a name to the Platte River. Later, during the French and Indian wars, in the year 1754, the French asked

Spain for help to fight the Indians, and pledged some of this territory to Spain for this help.

After trouble broke out between France and England and Spain, the French made a treaty with the Spaniards, whereby they deeded all of the French holdings west of the Mississippi River to Spain in the year 1762.

When Napoleon Bonaparte came into power in France, he forced Spain to recede this territory back to France by treaty, in the year 1800. All of this country again became French soil, but not for long as France and England were starting another of their numerous wars. Napoleon needing money, sold it all to the United States for 15 million dollars in the year 1803. It was called the Louisiana Purchase.

Boundaries of this purchase from France were not very definite, but called for all the western drainage of the Mississippi River.

Kansas territory was created out of part of the purchase, and it included what now is part of Colorado. Later, Colorado was made a separate Territory and at that time was called Jefferson Territory, later changed to Colorado Territory.

The first county in Northern Jefferson Territory was St Vrain county, created in 1859; it was changed to Weld county in 1861. It was about 150 miles from east to

west, extending from the Kansas border to the mountains, and about 75 miles north and south, from the present north line of the state southward.

After several years, they started carving new counties out of Weld. Washington was the first. It was created in 1887 and extended east to Nebraska line; later Yuma county was cut from Washington's eastern part. The southern boundary of Washington county changed, moving it south to take in part of Adams county on April 10th, 1903 where the boundaries remain to this day.

My homestead is located in the southern part of Washington county, in the part which was taken from Adams county. My land has been governed by first France, then Spain, then back to France and finally to the United States, then Adams county to Washington county.

We celebrate the Declaration of Independence day as July 4th, but this country was never under British rule at any time.

I told Mr. Shook that if I paid him the fee for locating that I wouldn't have enough money to leave town, but I would write him a check on the Diller State bank for his \$35.00 if he would hold it until I got back to Diller to cover the check, and he agreed.

We went back to Diller and I got some money I had coming from a man, and I covered the check before it came into the bank.

That was the first, last, and only short check I have ever written, and I have the old cancelled check today.

I worked that summer building some houses around Diller. Patten and I each bought a horse, also a wagon and harness, and each got a saddle.

We gathered quite a sizeable pile of old lumber, doors, and windows, etc. Our folks helped us out on lots of items of furniture, some canned fruit and vegetables, also some chickens. We inherited a collie pup from someone. I don't remember the person.

We loaded out our immigrant car from Diller the first part of October. It took us about a week to get to Akron. Clark Blauser was in town to meet us and we loaded up our wagon and hired Bob White, with his mules, to haul another load out for us.

Clark went along just to see our place. We started late in the day and followed a wagon trail over the prairie that went southwest. After about eighteen or twenty miles, it got dark, turned cold and began to snow. We saw a new homesteader's dug-out, but there wasn't anyone at the place, which was not locked. We went in and started a fire and cooked our supper, after feeding our team. After supper, we talked about half the night, then slept on blankets on the dirt floor. The next morning, we awoke to a bright snowy day, about two

inches of snow had fallen during the night.

The sun came up bright, and the prairie, as far as you could see, was a blank, bright, rolling white. Not a tree, fence, house, animal, or anything in sight. We took off after eating and ran out of trail, so we went by guess. We remembered enough about the country that we found our section without any trouble. October 10, 1910.

After unloading the wagons, Bob and Clark started back to Akron, and Patten and I started to nail up a temporary shelter from some old lumber we had brought with us. We got the sides up in a fashion, and put a piece of canvas over one end, where we put a cot. It was only about 10 feet square, but we put our horses, chickens, dog, and ourselves in it for the night. It turned colder and started to snow again, but we were comfortable.

Toward morning, I awoke and the canvas had blown away, also the storm was gone and the stars were shining above us.

The following morning, we went to Akron, about 35 miles, for material for my shack; it took a long, hard day to get to town. Then we got our supplies loaded ready for an early start home the next morning.

We decided to build our shacks on the north side of the section in the center; Patten's on the west, mine on the east. That way we would be living on our own land, but be close together.

We built mine first, then we built one for Patten. The homestead law required a habitable house, 10 feet by 12 feet, or larger. Wanting to comply with the law and be generous about it, we made ours 10 by 14 feet. They were alike, except I had two windows, where Patten had only one. Each had one door, which was both front and back.

They were made of 8 inch mountain cedar shiplap on the sides and floor. After one summer's shrinkage the wind would blow out a kerosene lamp with door and windows closed. Most of the time, it was rather nice, and later I improved mine by putting on blue plaster board inside on the walls.

The settlers were coming in fast - some built sod houses, some just dugouts in side hills, some used lumber. It wasn't long until you could look out on a clear morning and see smoke from lots of stove-pipes, streaming in the air.

Some people came and built a shack of some kind and then left. That would hold the land for six months, without living on it.

After we got partly settled, one evening we went to the Koser ranch, where we were to get our mail; it was called the Abbott post office. The original Abbott was an inland town west of us that got it's start when some of the old timers found out a railroad was proposed through there. They built quite a town, they had a bank, church,

saloon, besides stores, livery stable and houses.

It was all gone when we got there. The most of the buildings were moved to Akron when the railroad plans blew up. On one trip by saddle horses, we visited the town sight; we could see all of the former streets, and holes where they had dug cellars, also lots of tin cans and bottles. It was on the Gun Barrel Trail from Akron to Pueblo. Called Gun Barrel, as it was laid out straight and looking at it, the two wagon ruts looked like a double barrel shot gun, straight as a line up and down hills.

The ranchers rather than lose their post office, had it moved to the Koser Ranch. Mail was brought by star carrier from Akron three times a week. Later the Abbott post office was changed several times.

We didn't get any mail, so after renewing our acquaintance with Aunt Ide, we mounted our saddle horses and started for home.

It was dark, and the prairie at night looks all alike. We soon discovered we were lost, but we kept going in the general direction of home. When we were about to give up finding our shacks, we saw some buildings, but there was no light, so we were going to pass them up when our horses turned in to them - "Yes", it was our own place.

About the first thing after we arrived

on our land, we rode our saddle horses around the section, as nearly as we could guess the boundaries. Later, they surveyed the country and lines were established.

On the South end of my land, there were rows of what had been small trees planted; several years previous a law was enacted to permit settlers to take up land under the old homestead law, if they planted a certain amount of acres to trees. Someone had planted several rows of trees on my land and given it up as a bad job.

That was some nutty law, for settlers were not equipped with the power to plant trees, and they did not know what kind would grow. All that was left when I came were several rows of dead stubs.

The Abbott Post Office was moved to a place north of us and the Star Carrier, Dan Seward, drove south one mile east of our place, on his way to the Lindon post-office. Seward's father-in-law, Mr. Deihl, lived just one mile east from my place; that was where I received my mail three times a week.

Star carriers haul freight and passengers, and during bad weather, Seward drove four horses - two abreast - and Mr. Deihl's was the station where they changed horses each trip. Seward's wife and children lived with her father.

When warm weather came, one of the first

things we noticed was, there were no house flies. We had been in Nebraska where flies were everywhere; at that time, in houses, barns, and on stock. We had no flies on the homestead for over a year, but after the settlers came, we had plenty.

At first the air was so fresh that fresh meat would not spoil if hung on the shady side of a shack up about eight feet from the ground. I had some fresh meat hanging on the north side of my shack all of one summer, and it remained good.

We found that we could not get water where our shacks were located. I bought a two-inch test auger with 50 feet of rods to test for water. One rancher told me if I would get on a south or east slope, I could get a well. I found a place on the east side of my land and ran a test in the ground and got water at twenty feet.

Then we dug the well by hand, using a rope and windless to pull the dirt out of the hole. I had good water, but not a very large quantity.

Patten ran test holed all over his land and never got any water.

Every country had what we called a 'water witch', and even homestead country was no exception. Edgar Whittaker, who lived several miles north of us, said he could witch and find water. We drove over to his place to try to get him to find water on Patten's place.

He picked up a two-pronged branch from a willow tree and got into the back of our wagon. When we got close to the place in the road where we drove along the creek bottom, he said he would show us something. He sat on the bottom of the wagon holding the two-pronged loosely with both hands; as we started down the bank the branch started to turn in his hands and by the time we were on the creek bottom, it was revolving quite rapidly in his hands. The team was trotting along and when we started up the opposite bank his 'wand' started to revolve slower and slower, until it stopped completely by the time we got to higher ground.

I have seen lots of people witch for water, before and since, but I never saw anything like the show he put on for us on that trip.

He walked over the most of Patten's land and never got a wiggle from his magic stick.

After I found water on my place, we moved my shack to the well by putting two poles under it and pulling it with four little mules, which belonged to a neighbor.

We borrowed a mower and hay rake, and cut quite a stack of hay in the lower draws around us.

Not having any fence yet, we hobbled our horses and turned them loose on the

prairie. They got so good at jumping with their hobbles on, that we were compelled to catch them with a lasso.

For fuel, we gathered cow chips, and under about half of them was a centipide. We found by going to sheep camps we could get fuel out in large slabs four or five inches thick. It was tramped down hard and made much hotter fire than cow chips.

I have never tasted pancakes that were as good as some baked with cowchips.

Chips would get scarce around snacks where people lived and I had about cleaned all of them out close to my shack. Then one day, I saw a large herd of Hereford cattle being driven across the prairie from the southwest, and I knew they would pass close to my place. When they were getting close, I got my camera and went out to meet them. It was the Buchanan Brothers that lived several miles away. I asked them if I could get some pictures. Of course, they were glad to oblige, so they circled the herd and got them to stop. I took my time taking pictures from different angles and talked with them for about an hour. They started the herd again and I had a winters supply of fuel right in my front yard, and they never did know that I had no film in my camera.

One of the first things to be done in a prairie country is to plow a fire break around the buildings. We plowed about six rounds with a 14 inch breaking rod plow.

Everyone tried to be careful of fires that first winter, as there was lots of dry grass; but every few days, a prairie fire would break out and men and teams would rush there to help put it out.

The winter of 1910 and 1911 was very dry, and one day we were coming home from Akron rather late in the day, and when we were about 8 or 10 miles from home, we saw there had been a prairie fire during our absence that looked like it started at our place.

When we got nearer home, it was getting dark, but we could see it had not burnt our shacks, but it had burnt around our fire guard. The next morning, I went out to look things over and found it had started by my place and from where it had started, it formed a large V, covering about 3000 acres. I went to the point of the V and saw an empty beer bottle where the reflection on the sun on the bottom had started it all. (I wonder who drank the beer?)

Loco weed was quite common on the prairie; horses seemed to be the animals most affected by eating it. A horse, after he started eating the weed, would get a craving for it, and would travel miles hunting for the weed. It caused the horse to act like a drunk and he would go crazy with blind staggers. Several homesteaders got gipped by buying one of the horses affected, before it became generally known.

On one of our trips to town, we got to talking of the effects of Loco. Soon we came on a large plant by the side of the trail. I got off the wagon and pulled it up, then we tried eating it to find out the effect. After chewing a mouthfull of leaves and swallowing the juice, we decided it tasted like any other weed with no effect on us except it left a dark green taste in our mouth.

Homesteaders were so busy building their houses and breaking sod so crops could be planted, they neglected some things that were very necessary, such as building a privy. Some men put up a makeshift affair.

I built a good one on my place, and it was strictly modern, including a Sears, Roebuck Catalogue, and a sign inside of it that read, "Enjoy yourself". Some people that came to my place thought that sign was just right, knowing what they had at home.

I painted several signs for want of something to do, my front door had a complete story of homesteading; on the north-corner of my place I placed a sign on the corner post which read:

"35 miles to Akron
10 miles to a well
200 feet to water
one fourth mile to hell.
Smile, damn you, smile."

Everyone stopped to read it, and several pictures were taken.

I lived one-fourth mile south.

I mention "we", in living on the homestead, for Walt Patten was always broke and he never had any groceries. I tried to keep a good supply on hand. But one time we ran completely out of grease of all kinds. We tried to get by for a few days as we had made plans to go to town with a neighbor.

Every morning, we had pancakes for breakfast, and that morning we were without grease for frying them. Patten asked how he could bake them without grease. I told him I thought that old skillet was saturated with enough grease to do the job.

Patten mixed up some batter, and fired up the stove, then poured some batter in the skillet, but when he went to turn the cake, it just rolled up - when he got it loose our dog, waiting in the doorway, caught it on the fly. I told Patten that I had heard somewhere, to sprinkle a little corn meal on the skillet and it would keep it from sticking. He tried it, and then the pancake was really cemented down. He picked up the skillet and started to swear. Going to the door, he heaved skillet and all out to our hungry dog, for him to get it loose.

At the same time, he said, "You and your bright ideas", then he added, "I'm going to town right now." That was once we went to Akron without any breakfast.

After the homesteaders had been on their claims a few months, and had built their shacks and done some fencing, they began to run out of money. Their trips to Akron for supplies meant an overnight stay in town. In summer, they would sleep under or in their wagons, which they parked in a feed yard. In winter, it was another story. It meant getting inside someplace for the night.

The Erb Hotel had one main building for regular guests, and they had an adjoining building with a stairway leading to the rooms.

The homesteaders soon got on to the layout and they would wait until late at night then proceed to go up the stairway and try the doors of the rooms until they found one unlocked. Then they would go in and sleep until morning, getting up early to get away before there was danger of being caught.

Of course, Patten and I would never do anything like that - get caught I mean.

There were some stories told of some embarrassing situations that developed by some roomers not locking their doors.

Our neighbor, Mr. Olson, lived about a mile north of my shack. He liked to come in the evening to visit us and one night, we heard him coming. I believe he was a little afraid of us with our guns, and our promiscuous target shooting. He always carried a lighted kerosene lantern and

brought his dog along. As he neared our place he would start yelling at his dog, but we knew it was to let us know he was coming.

One night, to play a joke on him, we doused our lights and got our shot guns loaded; we waited until he was about to our gate, then we opened up with our bombardment in the air.

His dog started to Ki-ya and run for home, with Olson trying to keep up with him. Then Olson stumbled and fell down, knocking out his lantern. We kept quiet thinking he would return, but he went back home.

We expected he would mention it the next time we saw him, but he didn't, and we did not have the nerve to say anything either.

The spring of 1911 we fixed up a covered wagon and started out to drive overland to Diller Nebraska, where we could get work.

It took us a week to make the trip of about 400 miles down the Republican Valley and over the divide to the little Blue Valley.

On our trip near Indianola, we came upon a terrible train wreck, which had just happened. Two Burlington passenger trains had met head on and several people were killed.

We stayed there one day before going on. When we arrived at Diller, I got work on some houses. That summer, Patten and I ran two steam threshing rigs. We threshed mostly north and east of town, ranging nearly to Beatrice. At one farm home where we were threshing, we went in to supper and there was Mignon Hale serving our meal for the lady of the place. She looked better to me every time I saw her, and that time was after dark, even if the home was only lighted with kerosene lamps. (That explains the 'better') That fall I bummed my way back to Akron on freight trains. I needed what money I had to live on.

We had filed on our homesteads under the five year homestead act. It required among other things that a homesteader would break 80 acres of sod and put it into crop within five years, in order to make final proof.

Senator Boreh of Idaho got a bill through Congress called the three year homestead act. It was signed by the President on June 6, 1912. The act provided relief for all homesteaders, as they were granted five months leave out of each year to find work. It also provided for less land to be broke and put into crop.

I traded my horse to a man in exchange for breaking sod, and a neighbor planted it to sod corn. I wasn't there when the corn was harvested, but after the range cattle helping themselves, and the neighbor getting his share, there was a surpris-

ing amount left for me.

I tore down my sod barn and built an addition to my shack with the roof boards from the barn. I mixed up some concrete and plastered over the buffalo grass for the floor; in one corner I dug a hole about three feet square and four feet deep for a cellar. I put a wooden lid over it. I hung several things by strings on the under side of the cover, such as cured meat, etc. Apples and potatoes, I dumped into the hole and used a stick with a nail in the end to harpoon them out as needed.

The rare times I had any bottled beer I would tie strings onto them, letting them down in the hole with the strings hooked to the lid.

Mother Greenwood came out to see me in the spring of 1912; I was building a house a couple miles away for Pete Ehlers. This house has since been moved, but looks fairly good yet.

I had a gun rack, by the side of the front door, containing lots of guns. (I had a front door then, after building the other room which included a back door).

One evening, when I came home from work at Ehlers house, Mother Greenwood told me that during the afternoon she saw two antelope, very close to the house. She got a 22-rifle and watching them cut the window while loading the rifle, she had gotten excited and the gun went off, shooting

through the side of the house and scaring the antelope.

She said she felt awful, shooting a hole through my house. I let her tell all of her story, then I told her not to feel too badly about it and to come outside and I would show her something. Walking around the house, I showed her hundreds of bullet holes where I had sat in a chair inside and shot flies on the walls and ceiling for pasttime.

Mother stayed a short time and then returned to her home in Diller. I believe she enjoyed her stay, for it brought back memories of her frontier life on the Nebraska prairies of some years before.

Getting trails started from place to place on the prairie, was quite a problem. When a man started for another man's house he would let the team wander across the prairie, and it was getting so all roads were very crooked.

We had a neighbor that was a former section boss on the U. P. Railroad and he was used to having everything straight; he would take his wagon and four mules and lock the back wheels with chains, and start out driving straight, where the section lines were, and with him and his mules, we got started on straight roads which was a great help after the homesteaders started to fence their land.

Lots of men built houses of sod. I helped build several of them. We would plaster

them inside with soil mixed with water; using soil from under the surface of the ground. After they dried out, they were a light buff in color and really looked fine.

The buffalo were all gone, but we could find skulls and bones of them lying mostly along the creeks.

Our collie pup, on a windy day, was always chasing tumble weeds - he would chase one for quite a distance, then he would see another he didn't like the looks of and take out after it. That may be why he was always hungry. You could give him almost any amount of food to eat and he would always want more. One day I thought I would fill him up. After giving him a good meal, he stood and looked at me, licking his chops for more; I went inside and got a half loaf of bread and gave him. It went down in no time flat, so I went in and got a big round loaf of home-made bread and threw it out for him. He cocked his eye on it, then strode away. I guess I finally got him filled up.

We had a neighbor lady that baked bread for us. She was a good Swede, but she always baked too much bread and told us we did not eat enough. We were afraid to not take what she baked, for fear she would quit and there was no one else to do it. So we always had lots of big round loaves of home-made bread, which we kept in a box under the bed. That was the best place we had to keep it.

Albert Willis was a young man homesteader who lived a few miles southeast of my place. During fall winds the tumble weeds would roll past your place, like waves on the ocean, for there were no fences to stop them. Some were huge things, so large I better not say how big, for you wouldn't believe me.

On one of those windy days, with the wind coming out of the north, Albert Willis, watching them roll by his shack, decided to tie a large cardboard tag on one of the big ones with his name and address on the tag. This he did, then turned it loose to tumble on, stopping on one knew where. A couple of weeks later, he received a note from a lady school teacher and homesteader. Her note explained how she had rescued his note from the tumble weed. Naturally, she explained where her homestead and school were located, which was several miles south of Albert's.

Naturally it was no more than common courtesy for Albert to call on the lady. And of course you guessed it, it was romance on the prairie, as soon as she proved up on her claim, they were married.

A number of years later they moved to Brush, where he died.

We had some very bad blizzards in winter, the winter of 1912 and 1913 was extremely bad and the settlers did not have much feed for their stock. Our neighbor, Aaron C-kane, on the south of us, started the

winter with 12 milk cows and no money. He would sell a cow and buy baled hay in Akron to feed the rest; when spring came he had one cow left, he had fed the proceeds of the others, so all he had for his winter's labor was one cow.

One blizzard we had near spring was a three day affair. Patten was at my place when it struck. We had plenty to eat but not much fuel. the second day we were almost out of everything to burn. I had some ear corn in a shack about 100 feet west of my house and we thought we would try to get some corn to burn. We had two 50 foot lariats which we tied together, then we tied one end to the outside door knob. We started out bailing out rope as we went, Patten went first and I followed. When we got perhaps 20 feet from the house, my eyes froze shut and my ears plugged with frozen snow. I knew I could go no farther, so I started back hand over hand on the rope; when I hit the door I had trouble opening it. Patten stumbled right into me. We were both blinded until we could remove the ice from our eyes. The roar of the wind was terrible.

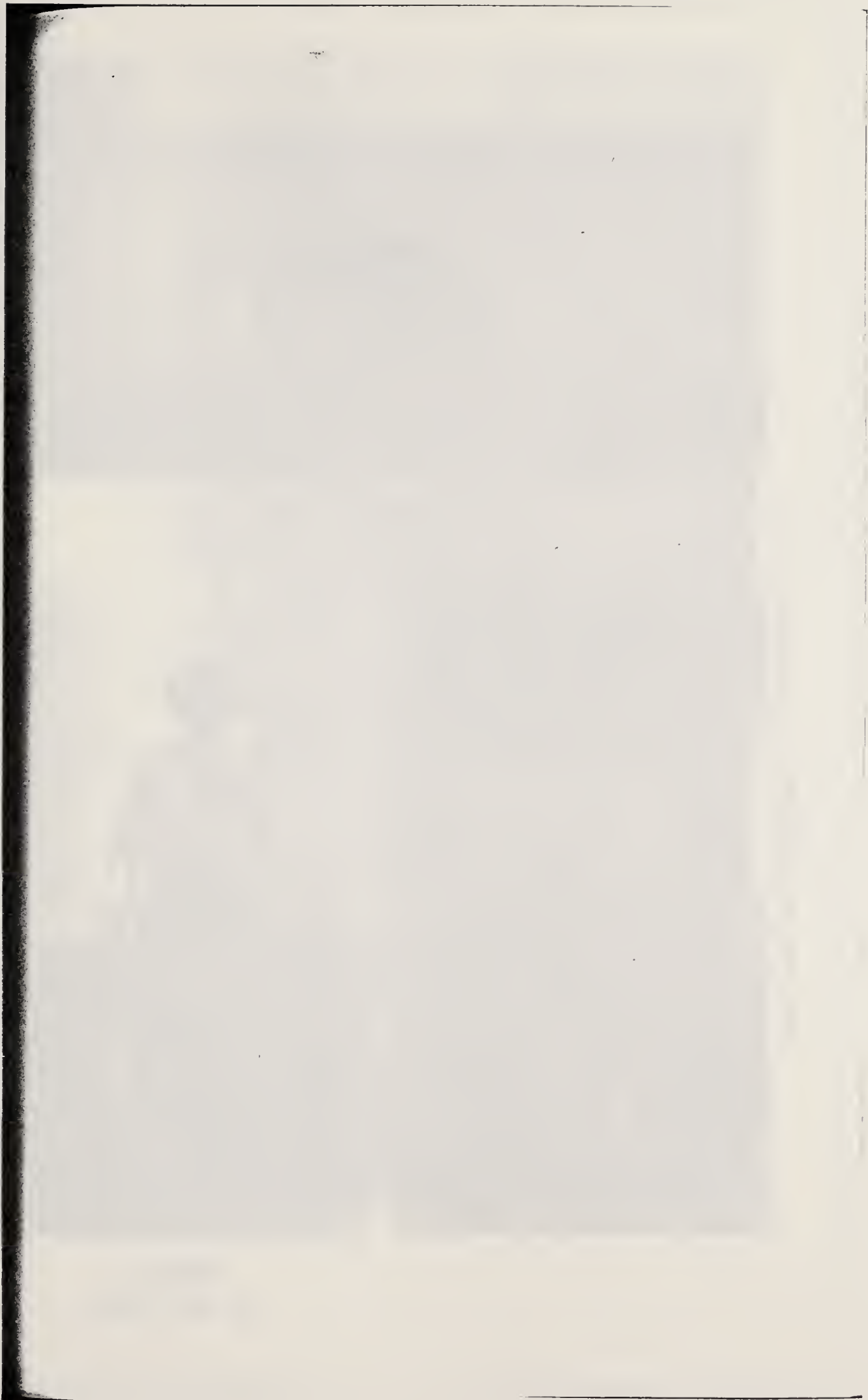
We decided to make the best of it and keep what little fuel we could scrape up for cooking. We put on all the clothes we could, I felt fairly comfortable, but Patten could not keep warm, so he crawled into bed with his overcoat and cap on and covered up. Then he picked up a Montgomery Ward catalogue to read, all the time cursing the damn country.

After that blizzard stopped, the addition I had built of just boards, was about full of snow, and we had been putting our dirty dishes out there until we wanted to wash them. After the storm, I started scooping out the snow, dishes and all. Later, when the snow melted, we went out in the yard and recovered our dishes. Until then, we had to wash dishes oftener than we had been used to.

The snow in that blizzard was so fine, it would pour in even a small hole, such as nail holes or very small cracks. Our neighbor, Olson, had two sows in a small shed, only about four foot from the bottom to the roof. During the storm, snow came in and the sows tramping it under foot kept them going higher and higher, until they pushed off the board roof, and they were gone.

Fires were not uncommon; the way some shacks were constructed, fires would break out and burn their house. Then the family would be in very bad shape, for no one had any extra room. It was not a housing shortage, it was a 'short house', sometimes an entire family had but one bed. When a house did burn, we would all go and build another house, usually from sod. A gang could build one in a day. There was always the cost of roof boards, a window and door, and if there was money enough, boards for a floor, but more often they just used dirt floors.

Several people started little stores at their homes, and they served a good purpose for people that could not get to town.





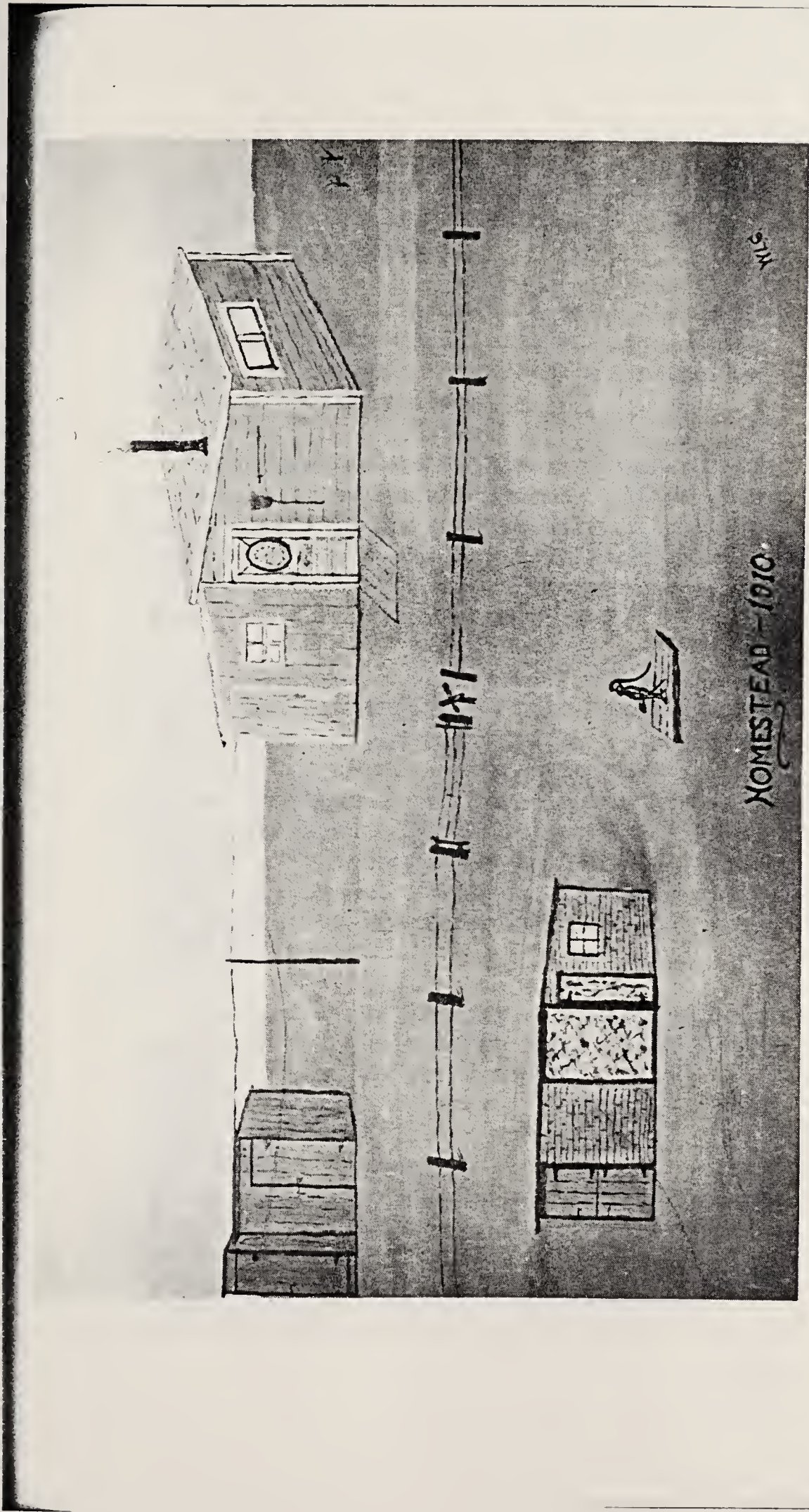
Abbott Church, 1913



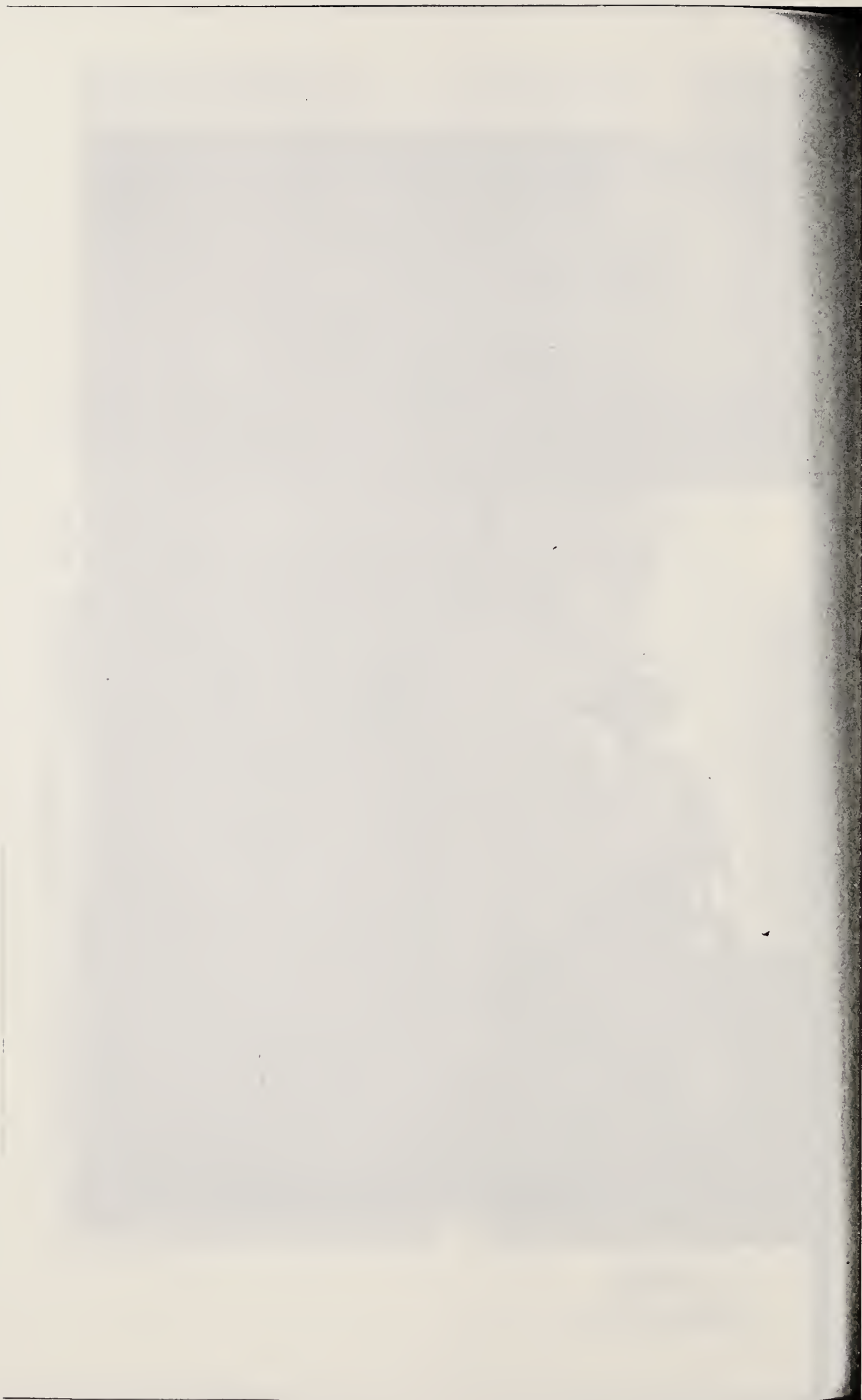
Mignon in doorway



Walter
at the pump



Homestead, October, 1913



There were lots of single men and women that did not have a horse and did not get to town very often.

The small stores made a good meeting place where you could hear all the news, mostly second and third handed, and sometimes a little stale.

Lots of homesteaders were women school teachers from eastern states. After they made final proof, they would sell out for what they could get, usually about \$1,000.00. Some married bachelors who were homesteaders and then they got no money at all.

Sometimes the wind would blow a gale for there was nothing to stop the sweep across the prairie. One day it was blowing terrible and my shack started to move. I moved my stove, tool box and everything to the north side, to hold it down. I even parked myself on top of it all and stayed there all one afternoon. The shack stayed put, and I was very thankful when the wind went down.

Over on Dry Gulch, west of my place, a squatter, by the name of Bert Jefferies, lived. He was a cousin of the prize fighter, Jim Jefferies. He ran a horse ranch until settlers crowded him out. Sometimes on Sundays, we would go to his place, where several natives would gather and ride wild horses. It made a good show and was lots of fun. It would be called a rodeo today.

Cooking was quite a problem for me, usually pancakes and eggs for breakfast, potatoes and meat for dinner and supper. I got so I made fair pies; I never tried a cake but once. One stormy day I was alone and got to thinking about cakes my mother made and decided to try baking one. I made a large four-layer cake and put on lots of frosting, then as soon as I had completed the job, I took the butcher knife and started in on it. It was really a wonderful success, but no one ever saw it but me. It went very good with 'holy' coffee.

Several homesteaders tried eating prairie dogs. I ate some one time at a neighbor's place; they tasted fairly good if you could forget what they were called.

Hunting was fair. Some mountain wolves were on the prowl, antelopes were numerous, although it was unlawful to shoot them, almost all homesteaders killed them when they could, for they needed the meat. There were lots of Jack rabbits and lots of them were the black fan tail, not many of that kind seen anymore.

In the spring of 1912 Mignon Hale came out to our country with her mother, and they stayed with her brother. She said she wanted to find a school to teach, I escorted her over the prairie via horse and open buggy. We went to several places, contacting school board members. She found a school to teach, at \$40.00 a month, then I went to Diller to work at my trade, building

houses. Later on in the summer, Mignon showed up in Diller and said she had given up teaching, at least for the coming term. She was keeping house for her father, as Mrs. Hale had remained in Colorado for the rest of the Summer.

Naturally I had to see her quite often, to sympathize for her giving up teaching school.

When we took trips, we used a team of matched sorrel ponies, they were good for spooners. If you were not in a hurry and did not urge them, they would walk so slow that you could hardly see them move. After we were married and living in Diller, the man that owned this team at the livery barn, set the barn on fire for the insurance, and it burned all the contents, including the horses, except our spooning team of sorrels. They were hired out on a drive at the time of the fire, so they were saved. We were always glad they lived for we had lots of affection for those ponies.

The spring of 1913, the homesteaders around Abbott decided to build a church, about one and one-half miles north of my place. They were all enthused the first few days; like most gatherings everyplace, their enthusiasm waned, and Albert Willis and I did most of the work gratuitous.

I made the corner stone; inside of the concrete block, I put a steel box that had been a tool box on an old McCormack mowing

machine; at the ceremony of laying the stone they placed inside the box - papers, names, coins, etc. Naturally there were not many coins.

The building with its corner stone is there today but in poor repair.

Later that spring, I got a job near Prairie Home, Nebraska - building a new house and barn on a farm for Hubert Willis. Hubert was Albert's brother. After finishing those buildings, I worked on some buildings at Eagle, Alvo, and Greenwood, Nebraska.

My five months leave of absence from my homestead would be up on September 26. Mignon and I had decided to get married on the 24th of September. That would give us time to get to the homestead before my time expired.

We were married at the hour of sunrise on September 24th, 1913. I don't know if the sun rose that morning, as it was dark and raining. We stood in the bay window in the parlor of her parent's home, across the street north of the Methodist Church. Our families were both Methodists, but the Methodist minister was at the bedside of his mother, in University Place, Nebraska. Mr. W. N. Gillis, of the Presbyterian church, a bit Missourian, tied the knot in the presence of her family and Mother Greenwood.

It rained almost all that day and that

evening we took the train at 5 O'clock for Colorado. The next morning we went out to the homestead.

We enjoyed our honeymoon on the homestead, going a few places, except the mile for our mail three times a week. We could not travel much, as we were on foot.

Winter came early with deep snow and high winds; on top of it came a freezing rain, the crust on top of the snow would hold up a man. Our well pump was covered with six feet of hard snow; I dug steps down in the snow to it, like going into a cellar.

We had plenty of fuel and enough to eat so we were real comfortable.

Early in December, I went to Akron with the mail carrier to file papers for final proof. Mignon stayed that night with Mrs. Seward and her children - that was the place we went for our mail, and the place the carrier changed horses.

My final proof was set before the clerk of the district court at 10 A. M. on December 17, 1913 for homestead entry No. 12588. Notice was published in the Akron News.

Two witnesses were required to be present and swear I had complied with all regulations. Every homesteader had slipped a little on some requirement. My witnesses were homesteaders, so a witness was no problem as they were all anxious to make final

proof.

In making final proof, the clerk would ask what kind of house you had, and the acres and kind of crops raised. Most of what I raised while homesteading should not be included in a government paper, but I had raised some corn; also I had planted beans, melons, and popcorn. The clerk asked me how the popcorn turned out. I told him fine, then he asked me to bring him some as he liked popcorn. I promised, but I knew I would never see him again. Popcorn I had none - I had just planted it.

My Patent came to me in Diller, Nebraska, the next spring. It was marked: East half of section four, Township three south, range fifty-four west of the 6th Principal Meridian, Washington County, Colorado, consisting of 321 and 51/100 acres, signed by Woodrow Wilson, President of the U. S. I have the patent and the land today.

After making final proof in Akron, we were free to go where I could get some work; the storms on the prairie increased, but we got a man and team with a home-made sled to take us the 35 miles to Akron. It was a terribly cold slow trip, with blowing snow, and we did not have proper clothes to keep us warm.

After getting to Akron, and getting thawed out with heat and food, we took the evening train to Diller, on December 31, 1913. We saw the old year out and the new year in on the train.

Between Akron and Otis, the snow had blown off a part of the prairie and the space was filled with antelope feeding on the grass. I estimated the herd at from 200 to 300 head. They were close to the railroad track.

In Diller, we just existed. Work there had come to a complete standstill for the first time I could remember.

When spring came, we were without money, or job. Phillip was born in Mother Greenwood's home on August 9, 1914.

Just to show how I tried to get work that summer - I worked at small jobs for 43 different people and received a total for the year of \$499.15. At the end of the year, we had \$49.29 in cash, a new baby boy, no home, no furniture, but we were young, and didn't worry too much.

WAVERLY

Early in 1915, I went east of Lincoln, Nebraska to build a house. The first part of August, we moved into a small rented house in Waverly, paying \$7.00 a month rent. I was contracting, not only in Waverly and vicinity, but in Alvo, Prairie Home, Eagle, Greenwood, and up to Havelock.

ElLauree was born here on January 11, 1916. It turned so cold that afternoon, a blizzard blew in, snow drifted, telephone lines went down, trains were stalled;

really it was a good thing she was born in the morning, or we would have had a hard time getting help.

That night was so cold that we had to move our bed and Phillip's bed into the dining room, to keep warm.

Phillip was so thrilled with his baby sister that if she as much as grunted, he would giggle.

Two years later, Ethel was born here, on January 19, 1918. We had spoken to a young girl to help us at that time; also Mother Greenwood was with us. This did not bring a blizzard, however, the hired girl we were to have had, had stopped by the house about a week before the baby was born to tell us she was going to be at her sisters in the country. The day after she stopped, she took down with German, three-day measles, and about two or three days later Ethel was born, then Ellauree and Mignon broke out with German Measles.

About a year and a half later, the place where we lived was sold. The house just north of us was for rent, so we rented it. This time the rent was \$15.00 and we felt that was high. We added two luxuries in changing houses - a bath tub, and electricity. We got us a new washing machine, electric.

We began to plan a home of our own. I drew plans, which I kept for years. We

picked out a location, but would up buying the house we were in, for \$2000.00. It was a large old house, a story and a half. I mentioned the bathtub, a summer kitchen, which we used for a wash house, and a long porch, a hole under the house for a cellar, a barn and lots of shade trees.

We improved it somewhat, and it made a nice home.

Cinda Lu was born here on January 27, 1920. We had really been doing all right. We had purchased a new Ford, and the day Cinda Lu was born was the day it was first driven from the garage. I put the three older children in the car and started out in the country for the hired girl. We had gotten out of town, when Ethel began to sob. Upon being asked what she was crying about, she explained, "I just don't want to leave my mamma and that new baby". So she was brought back and the two older ones and I went to the country for the girl.

Ruth was born here on October 12, 1921. The first of the children to be born on an odd year. The others had all arrived on even years. Then on November 12, 1923, our second boy and sixth youngster, Lynn, arrived. He rounded out the Greenwood six.

There were my three brothers, Dave, Joe, and Bert - who had all had six children, and no more.

In the winter of 1915, I had some jobs by contract which paid well, and we got what

we considered lots of money and were able to pay off some of our debts. I needed some form of transportation, for I had a crew of three to four men to take to and from jobs in nearby towns and country. Times were changing, we no longer wanted or were expected to stay at the place where we were working until the job was completed.

I bought a Model T Ford; it was a 1914 touring car, with a cloth top and side curtains; it had a windshield and carbide lamps, and a Klaxton horn that when you pushed the plunger down, everyone jumped.

I paid \$160.00 for that car, in Lincoln, and the next day I bought another one in Havelock for \$150.00 and sold it to brother Bert. He gave me \$10.00 profit. I have the key for my first car yet.

If I told all I remember of our living in Waverly, it would fill a book. Our babies and their growing up is a story in itself. We enjoyed every minute of the time. I was busy making a living for our family and Mignon had more than her share taking care of a family of eight. I will pass over that time and let our children tell their own story.

The flu struck in 1918. About everyone had it in some form. The government that fall passed a war order restricting construction of buildings for stock and grain storage. That order about put me out of the contracting business.

I was hired to help out in the local Lumber Yard while their help were down with the flu; later the manager retired and I was hired as manager, a position I held for seven years -- until the entire string of the company yards was sold. That was in the summer of 1925.

I got a job with the Brush Lumber Company, in Brush, Colorado. We sold our home in Waverly and moved to Brush in July, 1925.

When we left the homestead, we always wanted to return to the west. So eleven years, and six kids later, here we were in the country we liked.

I was manager of the Brush Lumber Co. until I resigned in 1950 - that totaled 32 years as manager of Lumber yards. During that time, we raised our children and saw all of them married.

Our first home in Brush was at 208 Clifton Street. Our rent there was \$20.00 monthly; that same winter we moved to 1017 West Edson Street, where we had more room. That rent was \$25.00 a month.

In September, 1927, we bought the Munn Addition place, paying \$2700.00 for it.

ElLauree was married to Joe Culbertson there on April 2, 1938 by Rev. Clyde Keegan

Phillip to Grace E. Herman Oct. 26, 1940.

Ethel and William Campton and Cinda Lu
and Willis Mann were married June 29, 1941.

Rev. Fred Edwards married Phillip, Ethel
and Cinda Lu.

On January 1st, 1943, we bought and moved
to our present home, 318 Carson Street,
Brush.

At this home, Ruth and Alan Scott were
married June 9, 1943, by Rev. Fred Edwards.

Lynn and Geneva Sarles were married
June 4, 1944 by Rev. Copley.

Rev. Copley was the new Methodist mini-
ster; Rev. Edwards had been moved to Colo-
rado Springs.

CONCLUSION

I feel it has been a privilege to see a
large part of the development of Jefferson
County, Nebraska, and to see all of the de-
velopment of Eastern Colorado. From buffa-
lo grass into a rich farm and stock count-
ry and then on into a good oil district.

Also to see the wonderful changes that
have been made in living, from the old farm
home to our modern homes. Our transporta-
tion and power machinery, from crude light-
ing to electric lights. Our planes, tele-
vision, radios, telephones and daily mail
service.

I loved some of the olden times for they

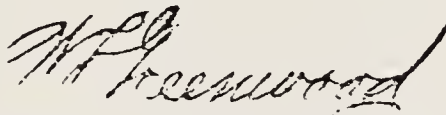
were relaxed times; but I would not turn things back, even if I could - except for one thing - people in those days took time to be friendly, and they were not trying to break their necks going to the next place as fast as high-powered machines could take them.

Our children are all happily married to good partners. They have families of their own. Their children's names appear in the beginning of this manuscript, and all are progressing nicely, for which we are thankful.

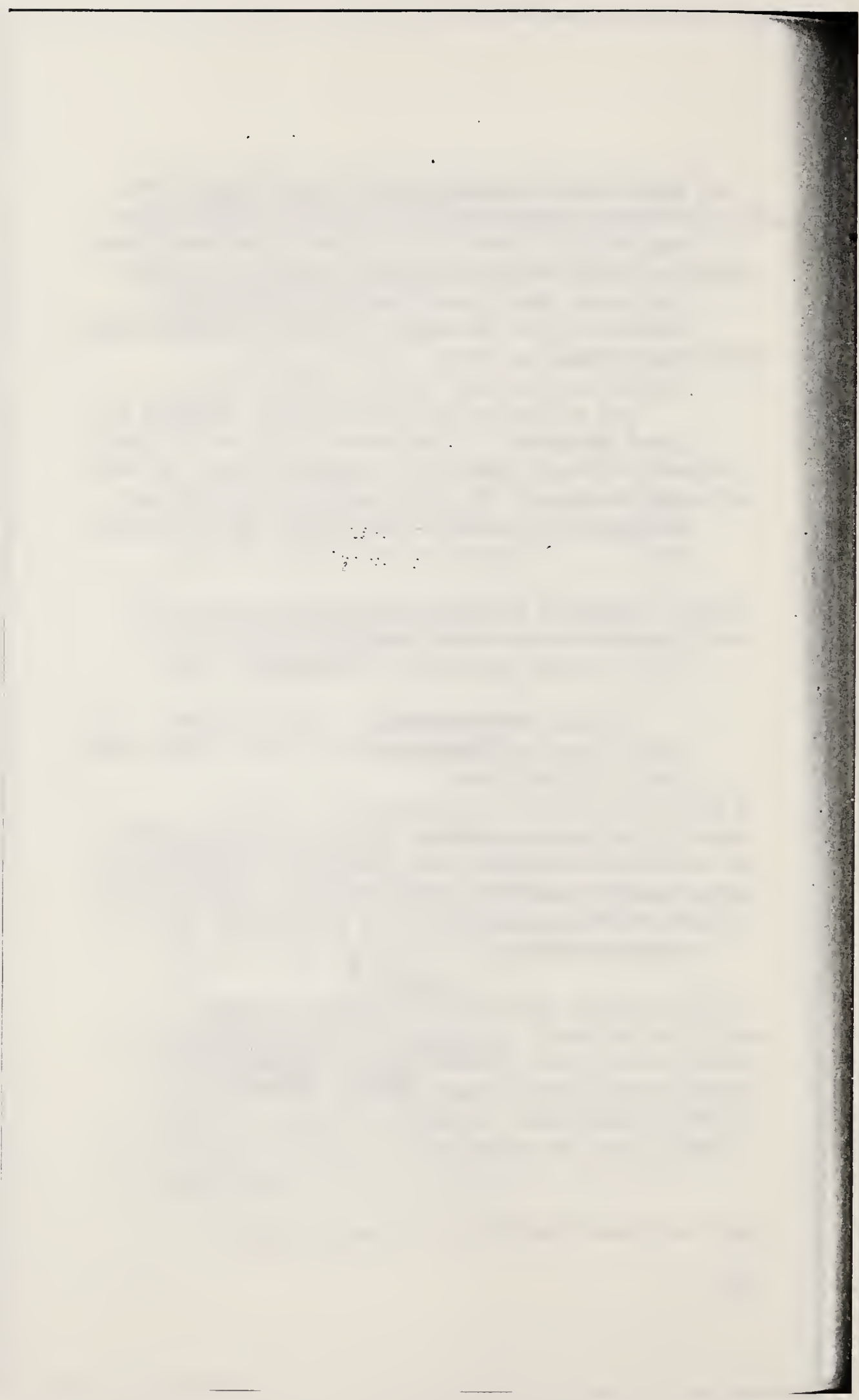
We have a fair share of this world's goods; we are very comfortable, and for all this we are doubly thankful.

We have the homestead, only larger. It now includes Patten's homestead, which makes the full section.

In this writing, Mignon, or your grandmother has been very helpful, with typing, suggestions and encouragement. Now I will turn the next part over to her, to tell of her girlhood.



Walter L. Greenwood
Brush, Colorado

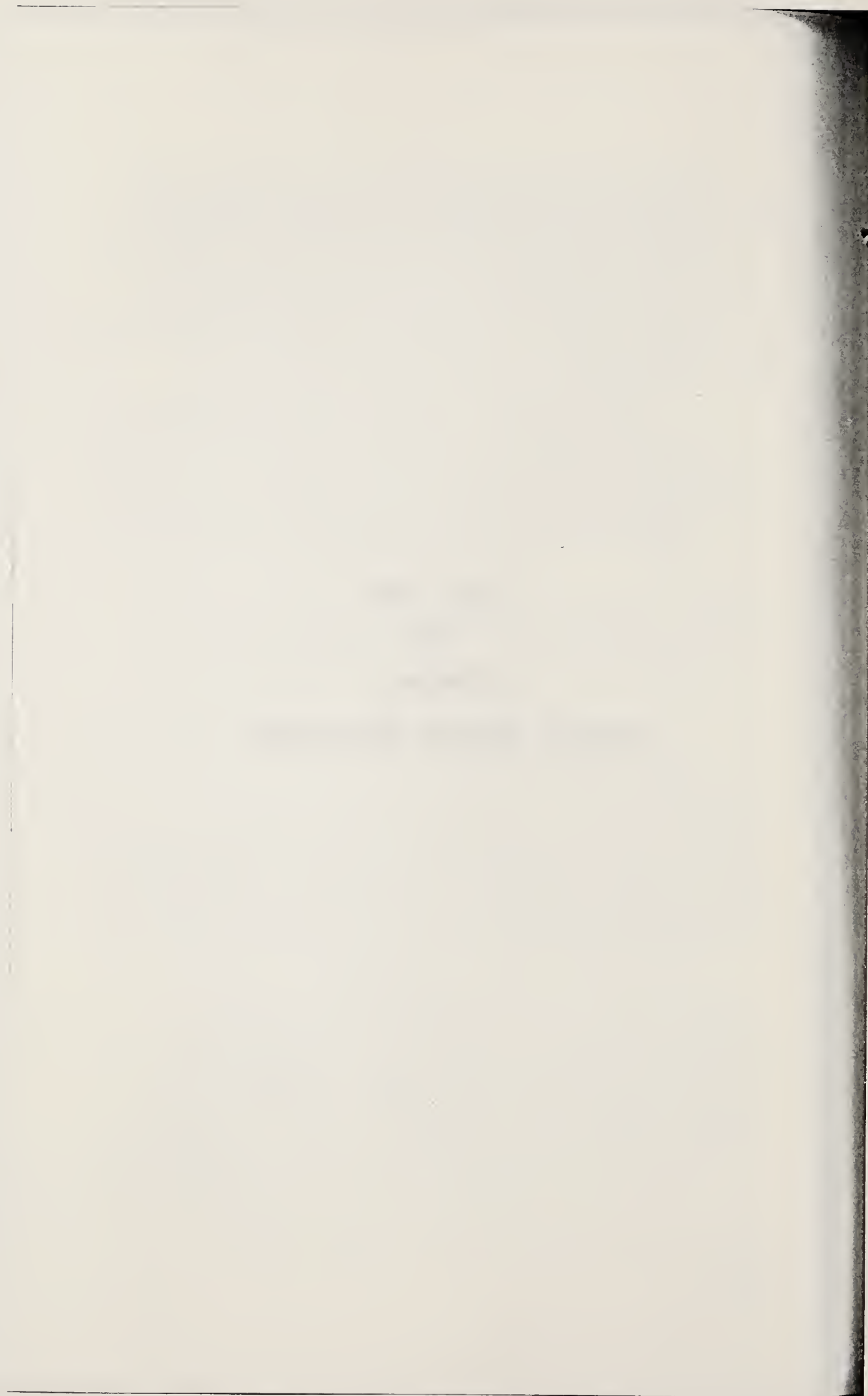


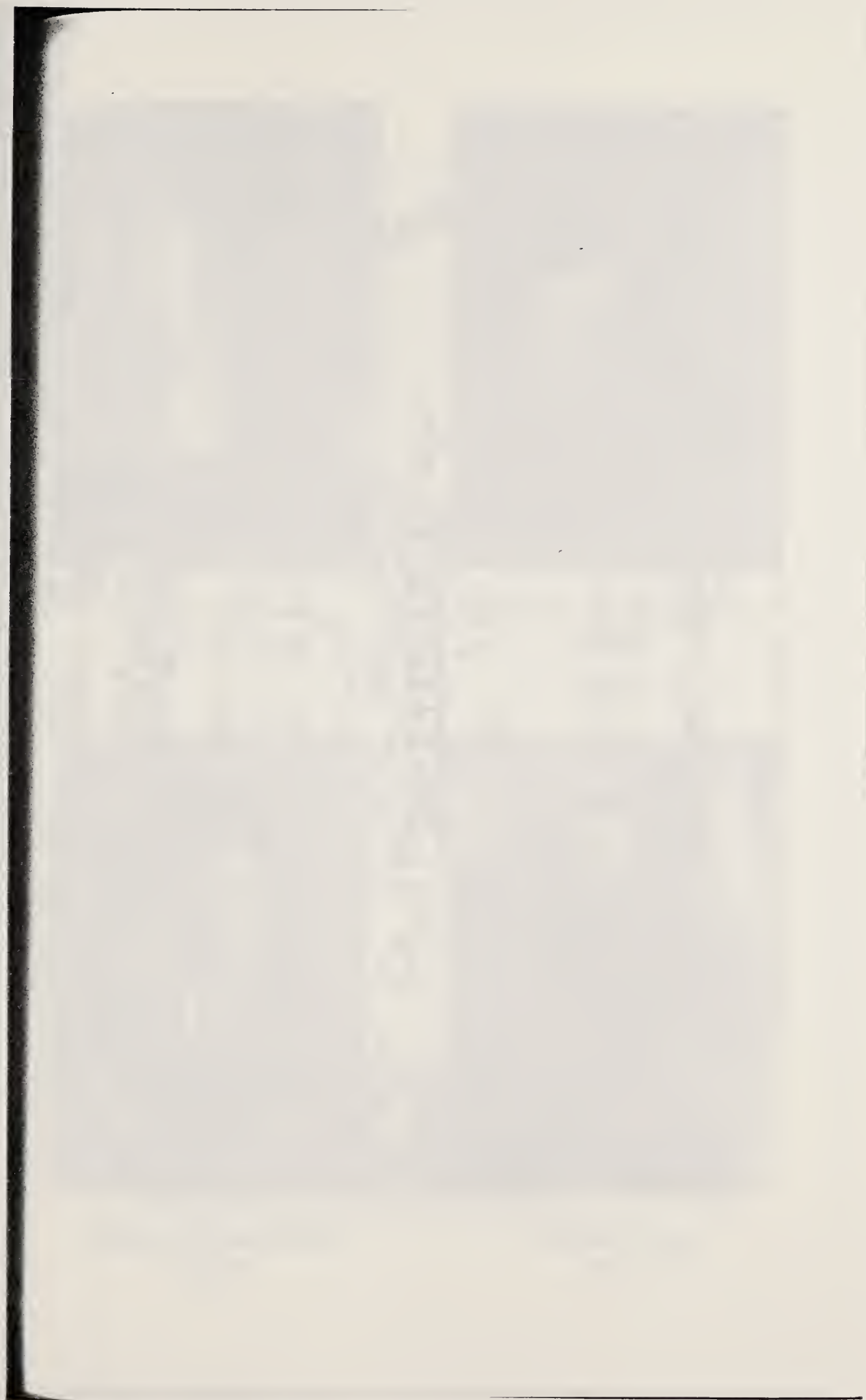
Part Two

by

Grandma

Mignon (Hale) Greenwood





WEDDING

That on the Twenty-fourth day of September
in the year of our Lord 1913.

Walter L. Greenwood.
and
Miss Mignon & Hale.

WERE BY ME
MARRIAGE

at Miller's Hotel. Melbourne.
according to the laws of

WITNESSES

Mrs. L. Greenwood.
Mrs. J. E. Hale.

W. H. Gillie.
(Minister)

Wedding Certificate of Mignon and Walter Greenwood



Loren and Hale
Mignon, 1899



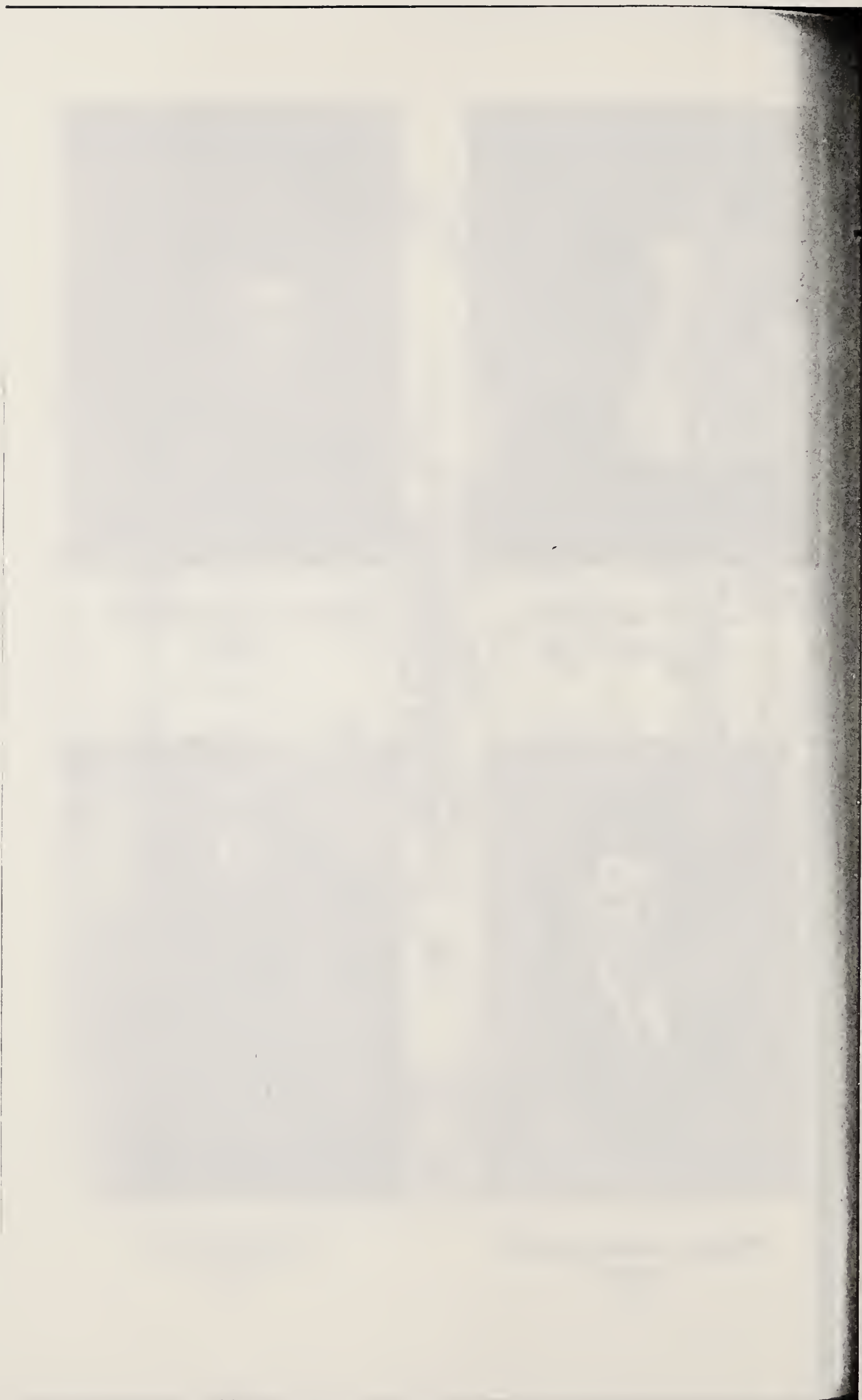
Walter Greenwood
1899



Walter Greenwood
1910



Mignon Hale
1910



MIGNON

Walter, Grandad Greenwood, feels this would not be complete without some of my background and early life included. I'm sure, since I am Grandma Greenwood, he is right.

I, Mignon Alvota Hale, am the daughter of the late Mary Blanche Hill and Frank Ellington Hale - very definitely pioneer stock.

Frank Ellington Hale was born on September 30, 1862, in Fulton County, Illinois. He was the only son of Lambert and Catherine Elizabeth Smith Hale. There had been another baby boy, but he died in infancy, and I have no record of his birth. There was one sister, Fanny Elizabeth, who was about two years younger than Frank.

When the children were quite small, Lambert, with a relative by the name of Bliss, moved his family to the frontier town of Chatoba, Kansas.

Here the men were partners in business for a number of years; I have never had it made clear to me just what the business was. I know Lambert made trips into Indian Territory at times, for I have heard my father, Frank, mention going with him. Sometimes they went for hay, which may have been for my grandfather Lambert's own stock. I do know the business was considered good and the families were

among the well-to-do in the community.

Indian raids were not uncommon; however, contrary to most tales of the times, there was seldom any one hurt. I remember one of the times my father told about. The Indians came into town one evening, all decked out in war paint and fancy regalia, feathered headgear, etc. First, they got something to eat, eating at various eating places. Suddenly it seemed someone surely gave a signal, for they sprang to their ponies and with 'whoops and hollers' went racing all about the small town. They swooped down on the depot; around and around they went, shouting, yelling, shooting. Where were the whites? They were keeping out of sight until it was over; then there were lots of brave ones. The raid stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Not one unbroken window was left in the depot. Not a single drop of blood had been shed. With the rising sun, life went on as usual.

Indians were expert moochers and beggers. They were great actors too, for they gave the appearance of being very dumb and unable to speak the white man's language, except on rare occasions when it profited them to do so. Any stock or chickens running around, they seemed to take as public property and would grab them up.

The worst raids seemed to be made on stormy nights. These were not always so harmless; seldom was any one killed, but

often fires were set, and in a small prairie town there was little means of fighting a fire.

Tragedy hit Grandpa Lambert Hale three-fold when my father, Frank, was about nine years old. The weather was threatening. Grandpa Lambert, taking young Frank with him, had gone down into the territory for a load of hay. The Indian men all seemed to be elsewhere; the women and children kept out of sight. My father did see the little Indian with whom he played, but the boy was stoically silent, his mother only answered in grunts when Grandpa asked about the hay.

With some uneasiness Grandpa and the boy, my father, returned to Chatoba. When he mentioned the happenings to some of the townsmen, they thought he was overly apprehensive.

It was well after lamp lighting time that evening that skulking figures could be seen in the shadows of the small town. Silently, they stole through the streets - some mounted on their ponies, others stealing along on foot near homes. Suddenly the smell of smoke drifted into several homes, and at the same time there was the well-known Indian yell - one that never failed to send chills down everyone's spine.

The clouds had begun to drip, causing a drizzly rain to fall. A few fires were quenched by it, but several homes were burned to the ground. The older boys and

men had to get out and subdue the Indians, and try to prevent them from starting more fires. That left only the women and children to fight the flames and to rescue what they could of the family possessions. Grandpa Hale's home was burned to the ground. Grandpa Lambert was with the men; his wife, my grandmother, took all she salvaged and loaded it on their wagon. They were forced to move in with friends. My father, Frank, always ended telling about the burning of their home by saying he lost his white mice in the fire. Even in 1871, boys had strange pets.

No one was killed by shooting in the raid. One old Indian chief was wounded, by, of all people, himself. Somehow he did not maneuver his gun right and shot himself in the leg. Many of the men and some of the burned-out women and children caught colds, which turned into pneumonia. In those days that was very hard to cure. Grandpa Lambert Hale was among the ones who died, leaving his widow homeless and with two small children, my father and Aunt Fanny.

Houses were small - not large enough for two families. Grandmother moved into a building on the main street of the town. She managed to fit the back up for living quarters, and in the front she ran an eating house. In this way she kept the wolf from the door.

One evening Indians began coming in. They ordered meals and Grandma served them;

she was truly frightened. Indians in any great number meant mischief. The lamps were lit, so anyone passing or in one of the buildings across the street could look in and see the diners.

Across the street was a blacksmith who often worked late. Grandmother could not think of a thing to do if the Indians started anything. She kept the children out of sight, for although there had been no kidnapping in the years she had lived there, she could never feel sure there would not be one, and she did not want to be featured in that one. In the midst of the meal, the smithy quietly entered the room. He walked directly to the Indian chief and said something to him, that no one else heard. Then he walked out as quietly as he had entered.

When the meal was over, the chief walked up to Grandma, paid the bill in full, and just about blew her over when he delivered what was probably the longest speech in the white man's language he had ever made; he told her she was a fine lady and a good cook.

Strange to relate when the estate was settled, although Grandpa's partner seemed to be doing well, there was nothing for the widow and her two fatherless children. Relatives and friends in Illinois sent her money for her return to Cuba, Illinois. Surely among friends and relatives she would have a better chance to make a living for herself and children.

It was after her return to Illinois that she met and married a widower, Alfred Wright. He had four boys. His wife and two daughters had died of consumption. When he was courting Grandma, he seemed a very gracious, kind, and considerate fellow; many of Grandma Kates' friends advised her to accept his proposal of marriage.

That was another tragedy in my father's life; for Alf Wright wanted a housekeeper and cook, yes, and a wife, but he wanted to be a 'dandy'. He was lazy and he did not want a stepson.

His boys were fine boys. The older two boys could help support him; the next boy, Charlie, and my father he did not want around, so the parents of his first wife took their grandson, Charlie, and also my father. Grandma and Grandma Christian were a fine couple, loved by everyone. Grandpa Christian was a Baptist minister.

Although my father, Frank, had had a lot of bad breaks for a boy of twelve, there had always been a wonderful woman to guide him.

The younger Wright boy, John, lived with his father and stepmother, my grandmother. Aunt Fanny lived with them, too. All of the Wright boys loved and respected their stepmother.

Once when my father was quite young, he told his mother that he wished he had

a hundred dollars. His surprised Mother asked what he would do with a hundred dollars. The reply was prompt, and he was serious. To the small boy who sometimes had been hungry, a hundred dollars looked like wealth. He told his mother he would go out and give everyone a dollar. I believe that shows my father's disposition better than any long description I could write. I marvel at my father's kind and generous disposition, for he really had a struggle growing up and had few of the pleasures even poor boys had in those days. Two little incidents in his early boyhood he recalls, although he never seemed to blame any one. Once as he sat on the sidewalk looking over some precious treasures which he had in a box, a man came along and kicked the box, then laughed and walked away. A marble and a penny rolled into a crack in the sidewalk and Father was unable to get them out. This was a real loss to the little boy, for both marbles and pennies were hard for him to get, and he had so few of them.

Another heartbreak in his young life, was the loss of a little dog, which someone had given him. It was just a little fellow and my father's constant companion. One morning some men, whom I suppose Grandmother knew, came and demanded the dog, declaring that it was killing sheep. Grandmother tried to talk to them and tell them the dog was with my father all the time and that so small a dog could not possibly kill sheep, but they declared it worried the sheep. They grabbed the little dog

and took it away. I suppose they called the dog an accomplice.

Proper behavior was sometimes carried too far in those days. Some pastors although they called on their parishioners and expected donations of some kind, did not stoop to become acquainted with the children of the family.

The Wrights (my grandmother and Alf Wright, my step-grandfather) lived on a small farm just outside of Cuba, Illinois. One hot summer day twelve year old Fanny Hale, my aunt, was trudging along with her arms full of groceries, when she recognized the minister of their church driving toward her. She stopped the parson and asked to ride with him, whereupon he plunged into a lecture about girls asking gentlemen for rides, and how it would ruin his reputation to be seen giving a strange female a ride. He clucked to his nag, and Fanny, speechless with surprise and indignation, was left standing in the hot dusty road.

Fanny, like her mother, was a born lady - always gracious, no one knew what her smile concealed. Upon arriving home, hot, dusty, and angry, what should Fanny see but the parson's rig hitched to their hitching post. Going in the back door, she deposited her groceries, bathed her face and hands, brushed her hair; then with the graciousness of a queen she entered the parlor. Her mother asked the parson if he knew her daughter, and the

parson was enough of a gentleman to turn red and stammer out a sort of apology.

Years later Fanny could tell about meeting the preacher and laugh, but at the time, she saw no humor in the fact that she had to be very kind and gracious and serve cool lemonade to a man who had in a way insulted her and let her walk a mile in hot weather over a dusty road.

Grandmother and Alf (my step-grandfather) had three children; the oldest were twins, Alfred Edgar and Mary Edna. He called them Uncle Ed and Aunt Mame. About two-and-a-half years younger, was Bertha - Aunt Bert to us children.

When my father, Frank Hale, was twenty-one years of age, he and Charlie Wright went to Nebraska. They went first to Nemaha County, but for some reason decided to try Gage County. My father bought the southwest eighty in a section, six miles south of Ellis, Nebraska. Just how long he owned that eighty, I do not know, but in December 1888, he sold or traded that piece of land for the northeast corner of the same section. I am fortunate enough to have the numbers of this land; East half of the Northeast quarter of section 16-township 2 North; Range 5 east of the 6th meridian, Gage County, Nebraska. Among my fathers old papers I find the original contract for this farm, written in long hand, on a single sheet of paper. The price was \$800.00. Other papers show he paid \$8.00 per acre, that

of cours, meant he paid \$160.00 for improvements, which consisted of a small story-and-a-half house, a smoke house, barn, corncrib, and a few other small buildings and farm fencing. All loans were for ten percent interest; my father bought this place on time.

This move put my father through the orchard and across the road from his cousins, the Emerys. So, although he was a bachelor, he did little of his own cooking. He took his meals with the Emerys.

In some respects time changes but little. Every generation has their full share of get-rich-quick schemes - one of these in my father's day was evidently the raising of flax, for among father's old papers of the 1888 and 1889, I find that he paid a firm in Chicago \$28.00 for 20 bushels of flax seed. He also had a contract, signed by a Beatrice Company, to buy the flax which he raised. The flax had to be clean and free from weed or any other foreign seed. Apparently two years for the limit on the adventure.

Although my father was only about five feet, three inches tall, the girls in the neighborhood did not seem to mind having a short dancing partner; they wanted a beau, short or tall. My father seemed to be a favorite. Once a girl by the name of Lyda, left her rubbers in my father's buggy. When he returned them, Lyda's mother teased him by telling him he should have returned them one at a time, so as to

have had an excuse for calling again. At that time, my father did not want too steady a girl friend.

My mother, Mary Blanche Hill, was the eighth of ten children born to Bethana Newcomb Ellwood and Rositer Allen Hill. Three of their boys died in infancy; two boys and five girls grew to adulthood; all except one girl married. Rositer and Bethana were married in Liverpool, New York, in 1845.

Grandmother's mother died when she was fourteen. Grandmother was the oldest living child in the family; an older sister had died about a year before the mother died, and a twin sister died when Bethana and her twin were about a year old. It fell to Grandmother to keep the family together, to cook, wash, mend, and sew for them. Just where she learned tailoring, I do not know, but she made men's suits, at first by hand, and later with a small machine, which she ran by hand - something like toy machines of the 1850's; only it made a lock stitch. It was her tailoring which won for her the love of a young man who came seeking a suit of clothes. By the time the suit was finished, he had fallen in love with her and asked for her hand in marriage.

Grandmother felt quite grown up at sixteen, when she fell in love with and married Rositer Hill, and few girls could have boasted of making their own husbands wedding suit. I do not know if Grandma

planned to stay and he both Mother for the sister and brothers, and wife to her husband. If she did, she had to change her plans, for before long, she and Rositer moved to Illinois. There were five boys and a baby girl younger than Bethana. Alice, the baby girl, was only two when their mother died.

My grandfather, Rositer Allen Hill, was a hot-headed, stubborn man. He was the only son; there were five sisters. His father had been well-to-do; the young people would have had a better-than-average chance for an education and well-mating. Gidian Hill, my great-grandfather, father of Rositer, went on a sizeable note of a friend, a very close and trusted friend. Just at the wrong time for the Hills, the friend took bankruptcy and left Great-grandpa holding the note, which he had to pay. Coming at a time when Great Grandpa had some large bills to pay, it really strapped the family. Grandpa Rositer seemed to take it as a direct hit at him, and he became soured on life. I have often wondered if he was a spoiled and pampered boy, being an only son with so many sisters. However that was, he seemed to think the world owed him a living, and he should not have to work too hard at getting that living. Rositer's mother, my great grandmother, was Martha Allen; she was either a neice or grand neice of Ethan Allen. She had one brother by the name of David.

From New York, Grandpa Rositer Hill and his bride moved to Illinois. Here several

of the children were born. The older ones grew up and at least two of them married while living in Illinois. This was before the birth of my mother, Mary Blanche.

In Kansas, Grandpa bought a prairie farm in Linn County, near a little inland town of Oakwood. Mound City was the county seat. By trade, Grandpa was a stone cutter and stone mason. If records are correct, he was a good one, when everything was to his liking. Just why he decided to farm, no one seemed to know. It could have been that he figured farming was something that the wife and children could do most of the work. He built a house of native stone. The farm was stony and had a growth of wild plums and shrubs which had to be cleared. There were snakes and lizards a plenty. Once when grandmother had the baby on a pallet on the floor, she found a snake under it.

One of Mother's fondest memories was the brook, the rock bottomed pond, and the spring. The spring was about a quarter of a mile from the house and for years all of the water had to be carried up the hill to the house. Sometimes they carried their wash water up the hill. In summer, Grandmother often built a fire under a huge iron kettle down by the brook. There they heated the water and did the family wash near the supply of water. Fishing and bathing in the brook were two of the summer's highlights.

Nails and pegs could not be driven into

walls or ceilings of a stone house, so, as the stone was laid, iron rings and rods were put in the wet mortar so there would be places to hang garments and to place shelves. Evidently some of the mortar Grandma used was not of the best, for in some places the mortar cracked, and became dislodged. Through these holes, mice, bugs, and even snakes, found their way into the house.

A good many household supplies were kept in barrels, such as sorghum, flour, salt, etc. When the barrels became nearly empty, it was hard for the smaller children to reach whatever commodity they were sent to get. Sometimes they became overbalanced and fell in, and had to be helped out by some of the older ones. Once when my mother was sent to get salt from the salt barrel, the salt being low in the barrel, mother grabbed for the ring which she saw in the wall. She intended to keep her balance by holding on to the ring. But the ring gave when she grabbed it; it was not hard like iron, but was cold and slimy. Before she realized what she had hold of, a small black snake flipped into the barrel. It's head and tail had both been in the hole in the wall.

When they finally got a water well, it was a dug well with an open top. The water was drawn up in a bucket, attached to a rope. There was little protection around the top. The well was similar to, but not as good as the one made famous by

the pond, 'The Old Oaken Bucket.' Grandpa felt the family should appreciate any well near the house. The stock all drank from the brook.

Can you imagine walking barefoot on a carpet of dead and dying grasshoppers. After the invasion of hoppers the year mother was five, that is what it was like in Linn County. The insects came, without warning, a humming, roaring, zooming cloud which darkened the sky. When they passed they left nothing but desolation. Not a leaf on the young trees Grandmother had planted, no garden, crops which had been almost ready to harvest, and even the prairie grass had been eaten. A dress of Mother's which had been hanging on the clothes line, was riddled. Grandpa was not a man to face serious problems. He did not like discomfort. To him there was but one thing to do. Grandmother had a brother in Gage county, Nebraska, living on Cub Creek. If they were there, they would find enough to eat; so by trading part of the stock, Grandpa managed a cover and other necessary equipment for the wagon, and with the five children, they started across the prairies to the north. They had four horses, a few chickens, which they put in a crate, and several cows; these had to be driven behind the wagon. The hogs, they turned out to forage for themselves on the barren fields, but hogs are good at rooting for roots and before long there might be moisture and the grass would grow again.

No pioneering family expects everything to go smoothly; when hardship comes they make best of it; so it was when the Hills camped on the banks of the Kansas river. Their campsite seemed ideal - water, fuel, shade and grass. The cows and horses could really have a good feed. As so often happens when one relaxes, something goes wrong. The next morning when the Hills arose, they found that all four horses had broken their hobbles and were gone. Seventy miles from their farm in Linn County, and farther from their destination in Nebraska, they were stranded. There was only one thing to do - find the horses. Grandpa and Uncle Ross started back to Linn County as soon as they could. They had no doubt that the horses were headed home. It was a long walk, the horses had a head start. Occasionally, they would meet someone who had seen them. A farmer had chased them out of his field, another had tried to catch them, some had just seen them. Grandmother stayed at the camp site with the younger children - twelve year old Hattie, eight year old Clare, my Mother, five year old Mary and the baby, two year old Edith. It was a long wait. Grandmother did manage to trade some milk and butter for some potatoes and bacon; that gave them a change from mush and milk and skillet bread three times a day.

When the men arrived, Grandmother killed one of the hens and everyone had a real feed. Have I mentioned that all cooking was done over an open camp fire? The long trek was resumed, sometimes Mother trudged

behind the wagon. Sometimes Hattie took her up on the horse with her. It was up to the three older children to keep the cows behind the wagon. The days passed in sleeping in the jolting wagon, peeking out the back at the miles and miles of plains, riding, and walking. Then came the morning when they came into an Indian Territory. No one had to tell Mother. She could not walk or ride for she was frightened. She had never seen naked children running around, nor had she seen squaws in blankets. There were few tents or huts - for the most part, these Indians lived in dugouts. It was the close of what was probably recess when they passed the Indian school, and that was the only real building my mother saw that entire morning. A white woman was apparently the teacher, for she was standing at the open door ringing a bell, with naked and almost naked children entering the building - not one of them hurried. Mother saw all this peering out from the rear of the wagon, but no one saw her.

When the Hills arrived at Grandmother's brother's place, he told them of an empty log cabin on the creek. Into this building, Grandpa moved his family. There was a fireplace, and a few pieces of homemade furniture.

Uncle Clare, then a small boy of eight, had teased my mother and told her that she would be going to school in a school just like the Indians. Mother was really worried, for although she was anxious to learn to

read, she certainly did not want to go to school with children with no clothes and with long black uncombed hair. School, when it started, was all any little girl at that time could hope. The teacher was a young man, who thought Hattie was pretty nice. He did not even have a bell - he whistled for the children when it was time to take up school.

A crop of corn had been raised in Nebraska, so there was work to be had, especially since the Hills had a wagon. Ross husked most of the winter, sometimes Grandpa did and sometimes Hattie had to stay out and husk.

By spring good reports had come from Kansas, so the Hills were once more on the go. They had managed to get some seed for planting their crops, and Grandmother's sister-in-law had shared her garden seed. Grandmother never knew what it was to go to the store and buy seed. She always kept some each summer, then if someone had something she did not have, but she wanted to try, they would trade seeds. The hogs were all gone, when they arrived home. They may have wandered away, but most likely someone had butchered them. A neighbor gave Grandmother a small pig, so she would have something to feed slop to.

School in Kansas for the Hill children, was about three miles across the prairie. The older children could go when there was no work for them on the farm. Neither of

the boys went beyond the third grade. Even with that sparse an education my Uncles, especially Uncle Ross could both read and write as well as many high school students today.

When just Mary, my mother, and Edith, the youngest of the Hill children, went alone to school, Edith often insisted on going a 'piece' with some girls who lived in the opposite direction from the school house than my grandfather's place. They usually went as far as a small brook. Then the Hill girls would leave their friends and start for home. This added about a mile to their long walk home. On this particular evening of which I speak, the girls had been told to come right home from school, no loitering, no 'piece going'; however Edith, the spoiled baby of the family, insisted on going to the brook with her school mates; then they could run to make up for lost time. When my mother at last consented, Edith went hopping, skipping and running down the dim trail-like road ahead of the others. She had won and she was happy. As she reached the foot of the incline, she turned and gleefully shouted to the others, prancing about first on one foot and then on the other. She had no premonition of danger, until in a flash a rope-like something flashed out. There was a hiss from the object and a scream from the child as she fell almost in convulsions to the ground. The others ran forward, just in time to see the frightful water moccasin slither away into the depths of the cool water. His terrible work was done.

Getting home was slow work. The other children had to go on to their own home. They were too young to know how really serious a thing had happened, nor did they have any idea of the slow painful trek across the prairie the Hill girls had before them.

The range cattle were the long horned Texas breed of cattle and both girls were afraid of them. Cattle have a strange way of investigating noises. Edith insisted she could not walk. She outweighed Mother a number of pounds; she was short and fat, and my mother was skinny and taller by several inches than her sister. So the two small girls made their way across the darkening prairie - Mary carrying the younger girl as much as she could - Edith screaming when Mother tried to get her to walk.

Almost home, they were met by their mother, my grandmother, who had become alarmed and started out, on foot, to try to find them. Home at last, their father at first tried some home remedies, then he sent Clarence, about twelve years of age, on a horse to Blue Mound, a small town which lay about five or six miles to the south of them, for a doctor. The doctor knew Grandfather, Rositer Hill, and refused to come. Home again, the boy was sent about fourteen miles to Mound City, the county seat of Linn County, and a much larger town than Blue Mound. The doctor from Mound City came; he said amputation of the limb was all that would save the

child.

The kitchen table was cleared, and things made ready; the amputation was accomplished right in the home. The life was spared, but it was days that the child lay in a coma hovering between life and death.

The Hill children, especially my mother, inherited Rositer's stubborn disposition. Grandmother Bethana was a determined person too, only she was very quiet and had little to say. The combination, mixed with a bashful inferior complex, made my mother different. One thing she was determined to do, in spite of ridicule and hardships. She was going to teach school.

When the Hill boys became twenty-one, they left home. Up until then their father could and did collect all their wages, then he usually meted out a very small bit of spending money. The oldest boy, Ross, had left home and gone to his uncle's in Nebraska. Here he fell in love with his cousin, Charlotte Elwood, and married her. By the time my mother was eighteen, she was through grade school; Ross and Lottie Hill in Nebraska were expecting their third child, so Mother and Ross came to an agreement. Ross would loan Mother the money to go to Teachers Institute, I believe it was called Normal in those days, in Mound City, if she would come to Nebraska in the fall and help them. He secured a school for her to teach not far from their place. Of course Mother was to pay back the loan. Her help was just interest on the loan.

Mother taught two terms near her brother's, then she was engaged to teach the Sears school. This was about eight to ten miles southeast of Uncle Ross'. They lived northwest of Ellis and the Sears School was a mile north of the Emery's, southeast of Ellis. Mother taught one term at the Sears school; her fourth term she taught the Elm Center school. This was a mile south of the Emery's and the district in which the Emery children went to school. It was also the district in which my father lived.

They met, fell in love, and married. Among my father's old checks is one made out to Mary Blanche Hill for twenty-two dollars. That was a month's salary. My father was secretary and treasurer of the school board. The money Mary earned, went in many directions. She had paid back the money she had borrowed from her brother Ross, paid board and room, sent some each check to her parents, and of course clothed herself. For her wedding she made her own wedding dress and traveling suit. I have the buttons from both the dress and suit. I remember her dress; she wore it for years, for best. It was a beautiful gray, rustly silk. Both sets of buttons were small metal shank buttons with raised designs.

My father's step-brother, Charlie Wright, was living and farming in the neighborhood, and as you would say now - double dating with Frank and Mary. His sweetheart's name was Anna Ward. The term that my mother had for the last school was M22

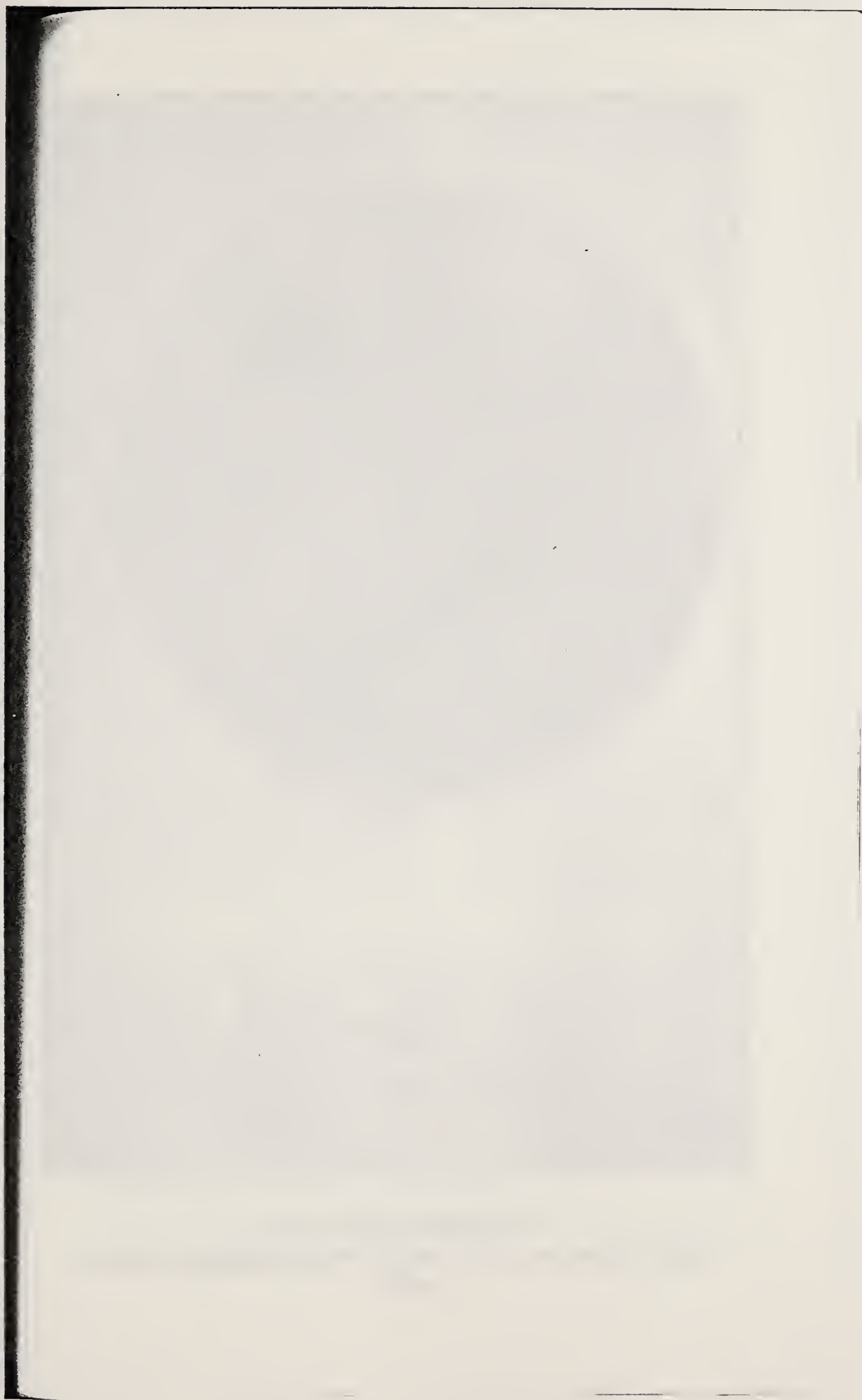
that my mother taught the Sears School, Anna was one of her older girls in the school. Anna was about three years younger than mother.

The young people decided on a double wedding at the home of Anna. They set the date for January thirteen, 1892. No one thought of the date when they set the day. They wanted it on a Wednesday and about the middle of the month. Wednesday was as popular in those days as Saturday and Sunday are today. At that time, Saturday and Sunday weddings were really frowned upon. The wedding was at high noon; they had to turn the clock back, because of a delay in the arrival of the minister, John W. Hill, from the Presbyterian Church in Diller. I do not know just why the Presbyterian minister, for none of the young people were Presbyterians. He may have been the minister who came to the Elm Center School once or twice a month to preach on Sunday afternoon. My father taught a Sunday School class and both he and Mother sang in the choir.

As was the custom, a dance followed the wedding. For a honeymoon trip, Frank and Mary, my parents, went to visit their people in Illinois and Kansas. My mother resigned from teaching - married women did not teach in those days. Another young woman would take her place.

On April 10, 1893, their first child was born, Frank Lorin, a blue-eyed blond, or near blond, healthy bouncing boy. Two

and a half years later, on August 31, 1895, I came along. I was also a blue-eyed blonde, but I was not bouncing with health. I was frail and almost at once required doctoring. By the time I was school age, Mama (we children always said Mama and Papa, as most children in our neighborhood did), had become well acquainted with all the symptoms of lung fever, pneumonia, because I had had several attacks. Mama certainly learned to use the thermometer, count pulse, make poultices, etc. Mama also used steam. For medicine, in the steam, she used pine tar. There was always a small can with just a little pine tar in it on the very back of the cook stove. To this, Mama would add hot water, set it where it was hot enough to form steam, and then with a funnel, made of paper, the treatment was ready. One end of the funnel was placed over the can and the other end was made to fit over the nose or mouth or the ear. Wherever the pain or congestion seemed to be. Steam was often used to relieve tooth ache; although Mama more often would put a drop of laudanum on a bit of cotton and put it in the cavity of the tooth to relieve the pain. Even hired hands came in for their share of steam treatment. Onion syrup was one of Mama's cold treatments. We made the syrup by slicing onions into a cup and adding sugar. The cup was put in a warm place, either on the back of the stove or in a not too hot oven. We usually finished by eating the onions as well as the syrup. As soon as we could handle a knife, we made our own syrup - Mama always said that did as much good as



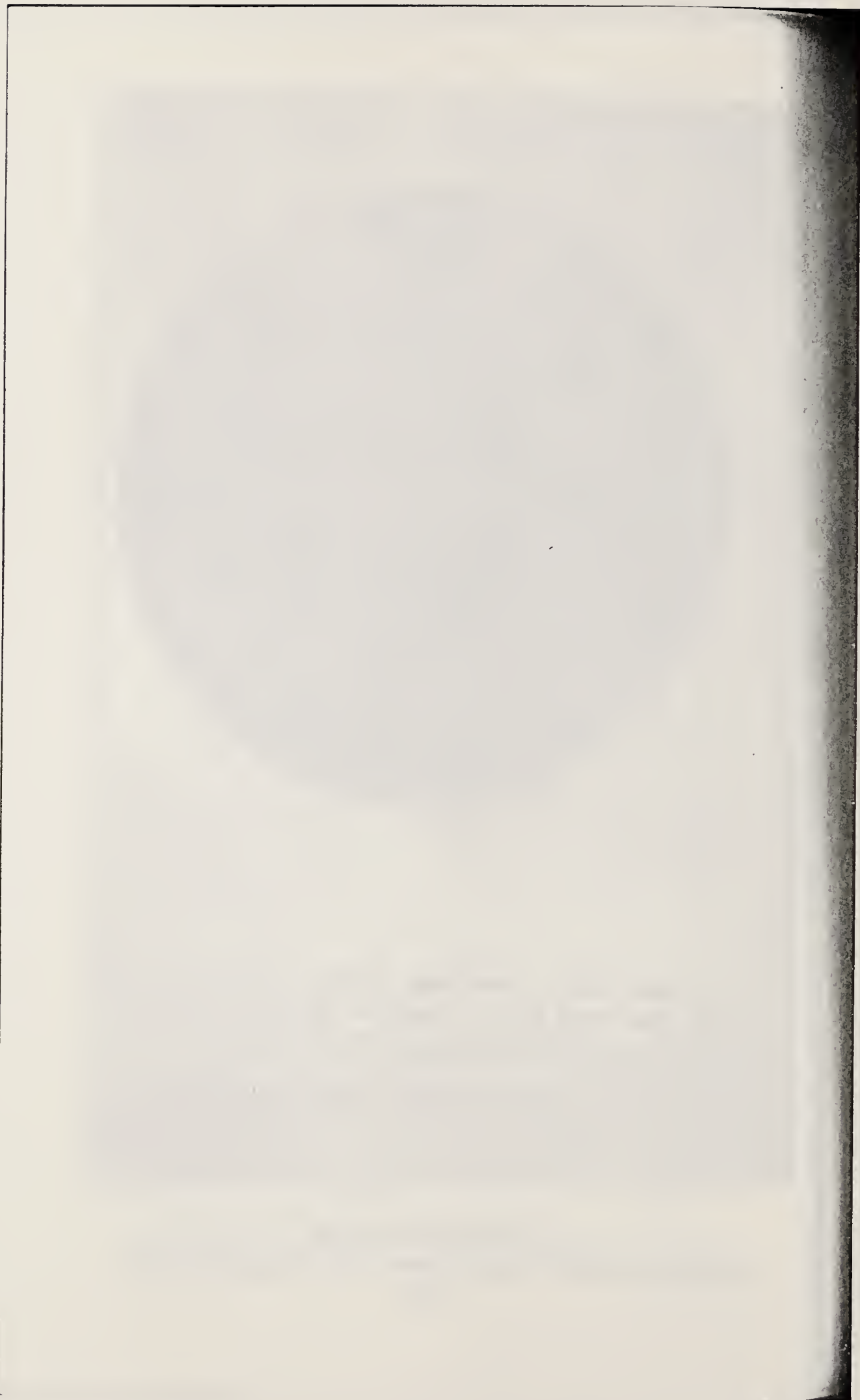


Wedding picture of
Mary Blanche Hill and Frank Edgington Hale.
1892



Frank Hale standing beside buggy; the horse 'Old Fly'. This is the rig in which he went courting Mary Blanche Hill.

Picture taken in 1900, Mignon in Buggy.



taking the syrup. We did shed a lot of tears from the fumes, and it always made our noses run a stream. Too much onion syrup at one time could make a child sleepy. Mama found that out the hard way, for Lorin really liked it and ate it in a big way when he was a very small child. He really went to sleep once; but no harm, except a very frightened mother, resulted from it, and Lorin's cold was better.

Mama never did things by halves. Once when she had what appeared to be a bad ringworm, that is a spreading sore round in shape, and it can become serious. Mama decided to try nicotine on the sore. She had heard that was a sure cure. This was her way of obtaining the nicotine. There were several men staying at our house, husking corn for my father and my Uncle, who lived with us. After the men had gone to bed, Mama took a broom straw and cleaned nicotine from the stems of the pipes which the men had left in the parlor, or in their coat pockets. This she applied to the sore. You have heard said of certain treatments, that 'it will kill or cure.' A short time after the application had been made, Mama began to think it was the 'kill' for she became deathly sick. However, there was nothing she could do except vomit, wash the stuff off, and vomit some more. By morning, she was weak but better and no one was any the wiser. Her ringworm was cured. She never tried that cure again, nor did she recommend that cure to anyone.

In these modern times, cod liver oil is given to babies in a fortified, emulsified form which takes only a few drops, and is not usually called cod liver oil. Adults take it in pill form. At the time Mama decided that cod liver oil might build me up, it was taken by the large spoonful. A neighbor lady told Mama about it, and not only did she show us the bottle, but she took some to prove how good it was and then gave me some. I was dumb enough to take it and claim to like it, because she was someone I looked up to and loved and admired. The stuff was about the consistency of freshly clabbered milk and a deep cream in color. Just opening the bottle would make a whole room stink. It was called 'Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.' I took several bottles of the stuff before Mama decided I was well enough to do without it. Another stand-by in most homes was the ever ready castor oil. (I think the threat of castor oil has sent more than one small boy scampering off to school.) Not only did it send a reluctant school boy on his way, but it has saved him serious trouble when he had overindulged in green apples. The castor oil in the early 1900's was not the emulsified, modified kind, it was given straight, without fruit juice or wine to disguise it.

Spring brought on the sulphur and molasses, the charcoal and molasses, and the sassafras tea. Cat-nip tea was used for colic. Asafetida was used in two forms. A dry form was tied in a small bag and worn on a string around the neck in the

winter as a preventative from colds. That was not one of Mama's remedies, so we children never had to suffer through that. Asafetida was also used in syrup form, often to quiet restlessness, it also caused sweating. In an old letter which my aunt had, I discovered that although Grandma Rositer Hill, my mother's father, was an only boy, there had been a baby boy whose birth and death was not put in the family records. He was the youngest and died in infancy. His mother, my great-grandmother, was visiting a neighbor and the baby was overly fretful, so the neighbor gave him a bit of asafetida, and he went to sleep and did not awaken. Evidently the syrup had condensed enough to make the medicine entirely too strong for safety.

Laudanum, a form of opium, and niter were in almost every home. Used properly, they were almost life savers at times. The laudanum was a pain killer, and the niter was used almost entirely for stock. However, in some communities, niter was used for flushing kidneys.

The men in our neighborhood in Gage county Nebraska, formed what they called a 'McKinley Gun Team'. The men formed the club, but the women and children usually attended. The women to cook, and fill in any over time they had with mending and sewing. Almost without fail the meetings were all day affairs. The attendance was good and they met at least once a month. At regular meetings the men shot blue rocks, clay pigeons; I never remember

seeing the traps; little girls, according to Mama, should not be around a bunch of men. Besides I was about the youngest in the group, and would have been a pest, and probably there was danger of my getting hurt. As I understand a trap, it was hand manipulated and shot the blue rocks into the air for the men to shoot at. The object was to see how many they could break.

I thought I had something very fine if there was one not broken and I fell heir to it. Blue rocks were made of clay and tar mixture; they were shaped like a deep saucer and were a dark gray in color.

When the team met in the evening, the entire family went, that made a full house. The adults either danced to someone's fiddling or played cards and checkers. I remember on January 13, 1897, we were eating supper when there was a noise outside. Suddenly there were lights swinging, figures jumping around, and whooping and yelling. I was scared, no end! Papa said it was a charivari. Later, I told someone that we had a 'shimmy' and then everyone laughed. I wanted to crawl in a hole, I never liked to be laughed at. The reason for the charivari and party was the folks wedding anniversary; the gun team gave them a large family Bible. The Bible is printed with two columns on each page, the left hand column is the 'King James version' and the right hand column is the 'revised Versions.' In the back of the Bible are the Psalms, written in sever-





Hale farm home, 1892 - 1900



House built by Frank Hale, 1901

WHAT THEREFORE GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER. LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER. Mat 19 6

This Certifies

That *Frank E. Hale*
Gage County
Nebraska

of *Mary A. Hill*
Gage County
Nebraska

WERE UNITED

IN HOLY MATRIMONY

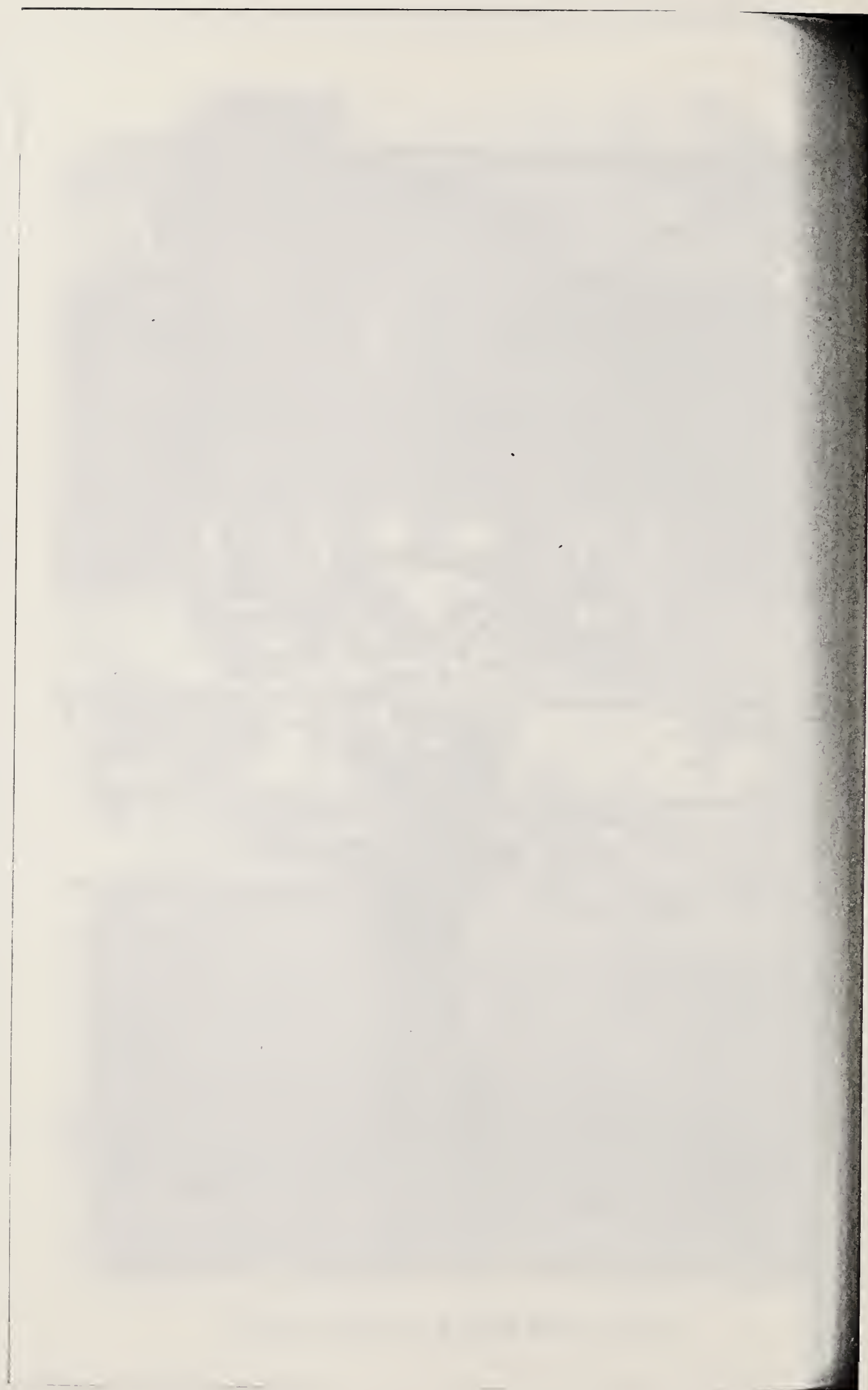
on the *thirtieth* day
 Our Lord, One Thousand Eight
 accordance with the Laws of *January* in the year of
Hundred and ninety-two in
the State of Nebraska.

Witnesses *L. H. Wright*
Anna M. M. Ward

John A. Hill
Minister of the Gospel

Copyrighted 1888 by C. Weston Patterson Co. Limited (London, N.Y.)

Wedding Certificate of Mary and Frank Hale



al different Metre.

I mentioned the men helping Papa and Uncle Clare husk corn, when I told of Mama curing her ringworm. You will never know what you missed by not seeing Mama make thumb stalls for the corn huskers. To me, it was really fascinating. She cut out several dozen stalls - these were thumbs for mittens made from heavy cotton flannel, which was fleeced on one side, and was sometimes called canton flannel. Mama would set down to the sewing machine, one run with a foot treadle, and sew the entire batch, never cutting the thread, so when she was through, there was an endless chain of thumbs. These were hung on a nail near where the men hung coats. The men would cut a small slit in the back of the thumb stall through which to run a strip of material to tie the stall in place. The mitten was then slipped over the hand. Mama made lots of mittens too, some of them had just one thumb hole and some had one on each side, so that a mitten had no front or back. By the time both sides were worn out, there was truly very little left to them. These, Mama also sewed in long chains, but somehow they were not as much fun to watch as the little stalls which accumulated so fast. The husking hook, fastened to a leather which fit across the palm of the hand, over the mitten, and was fastened with a buckle at the back of the wrist. Some husking pegs were used. These required gloves for the leather strap which held them on, slipped over the fingers.

Can you imagine husking one ear at a time, throwing it in the wagon, and getting a wagon heaping full twice a day?

Each season, each job on the farm left different but precious impressions. Corn husking always came in cold weather when the days were short and the ground usually frozen. There is no sound quite like a husking wagon at the break of day on a cold frosty morning, with it's steel-rimmed wheels - usually an old loose jointed wagon box with it's bang board on the right side, rattling and jolting over the rough frozen road on it's way to the field. The team of a morning, was frisky and in as much of a hurry as the men. I always add one individual memory to my picture of husking time. Our orchard lay to the east of our house, from our kitchen we saw through the dark naked trees of winter, the morning sky with it's first vivid rose and red tints streaking across the horizon. This belonged with the sounds of the husker's wagon. As the rumble of the wagon ceased, the sound of the ears hitting the bang boards followed, a busy day had begun. The day was not over until the husker had scooped his load of corn over the high side of the crib, and his team was cared for for the night.

In the fall of 1890 the doctor advised taking me away on a trip, almost any place for a change of air and surroundings. I had almost passed out of the picture the two previous winters with 'lung fever'. Uncle Clare lived with us and could take

care of the stock. Mama and Papa decided to visit relatives and friends in Kansas and Illinois. That was a long trip in those days; we, the four of us, went by train, we rode in the chair car.

The trains in the early 1900's were not the smooth riding trains of today. The fuel used was a sooty coal, the smoke and cinders were blown back along the train and passengers had full benefit of it. There was no air conditioning, the windows were loose fitting and let in dirt, along each side of a coach at the top were small narrow windows which the brakeman could open with a long stick that had a hook on the end. These windows tipped in at an angle. Rain could not come in, but smoke, soot, and cinders did. Some passengers, usually the men, opened the window by which they sat. Always when the train pulled into a station, windows here and there were opened and men and boys stuck their heads out to look around and to make 'bright' remarks.

I remember some of the trains were crowded, and on some there was plenty of room for Lorin and me to lie down and rest. Mama did not want us to drink the strange water - me especially, since I had been so recently sick. She carried some brandy and a small bluish gray enameled cup in her reticule. That was a small bag shaped like a satchel. We would call it a hand bag now. Every time we had a drink of water, Mama would put a bit of brandy in it. I know now that the water was far from

pure. As far as I know there was no inspection of wells, and the water on the train was cooled with river ice, which was far from clean.

Uncle Charlie and Aunt Anna Wright had two little girls, Cor, six weeks younger than me, and Bessie, about two years younger. They lived several miles from us, so although we visited back and fourth, they were not in our immediate neighborhood. Shortly before we left on the trip, Bessie died of complications of whooping cough and teething. The folks did not think there was any danger of Lorin and I taking the whooping cough if we went over there. It was surely their duty to go to the funeral. There was no place to leave Lorin and I, so it was decided to take us, but they would try to keep us well away from anyone who might have the whooping cough. Evidently someone there had a live germ, for Lorin and I both caught it. Lorin had so mild a case that if it had not been for my having it, no one would have known he had it. I surprised everyone by having a light case also, only I whooped for some time.

We started on the trip a short time after the funeral of Bessie, so we were away from home with the whooping cough, we were very fortunate that any place where we wanted to visit they were not afraid of the whooping cough.

It seemed to me that there was always a boy for Lorin to play with, but no

little girls. I was really used to this since there were no little girls at home either. However, everyone saw to it that I had a fine time.

The twins, Uncle Ed and Aunt Mame, and their sister, Aunt Bert, were at home. (They were my father's half brother and half sisters.) Uncle Ed was teaching school in the home district. Of an evening, they would gather around the piano and sing songs. Some one had given me a toy piano with eight white keys. The black keys were painted on, and were not really keys. One of my aunts gave me a sample hymn book; it was about three by five inches and three-fourth of an inch thick. So when they sang, I sang. How that must have sounded! Since I could not read, the book was just for effect. The aunts each had a miniature iron skillet, which they used as pin trays; the skillets had been part of their little girl dishes. I played and played with these. When we left, Aunt Mame gave her skillet to me; I still have it and the grandchildren have cooked gallons of sawdust in it.

Living at Grandma's was a young man whom they called Bonny (his name was Theodore Bonny). He, I know now, was definitely not real bright; he also had a bad impediment in his speech. In those days there was no place to get help for such people. Some kindhearted, or greedy soul took them in. Grandmother was the kindhearted kind. Bonny was a kindly

and ate with the family. He responded by doing all he could around the place. When no one else had time for me, he would try to amuse me and keep me happy. When he was in the house, he always sat in one corner of the kitchen. He would talk to me, and did not seem to mind if I tried to step on his feet or brush his hair over his eyes. He would even play checkers with me, a four year old.

Bonny helped in the barn. I think, looking back now, that he did all the barn work. When a driver was needed, he was the one to get the carriage out and hitch up the team; he seemed to really enjoy doing it; the horses seemed to respond to his wishes better than to any one else's.

While we were there it rained and rained. Rain in Fulton County, Illinois, is really something. At that time there were no surfaced roads and the clay fairly filled the wheels. It was Bonny who took us through the mud and the rain to visit Papa's old friends. I remember the carriage, two seated and with curtains, which could be put on to keep out the storm. The curtains were a sort of black oil cloth with small mica windows through which one could peek out and see the rain and mud. Child though I was, I can still remember the sticky, slimy, yellow clay mud which caught on the wheels and rolled up on them, dropping off in great gobs when there was room for no more. All the time, Bonny, so cheerful and the horses responding to his flow of

talk. They understood him.

Looking back now, I know Grandmother was far from wealthy; she would be classed as poor, but I thought the house elegant. It was larger than our house, but crowded with furniture; portieres hung between the parlor and dining room. A big base burner warmed the downstairs; floor registers helped to keep the upstairs from being too cold. A base burner was different from most heating stoves, in that it had what might be called a lattice-work of iron, around it, and in this was little mica windows so the fire glowed through. A base burner used Pennsylvania hard coal, it was put in the stove from the top and there was a cylinder (called a magazine) which held it; the coal fed into the fire from the bottom of this cylinder, making a bed of bright glowing fire and no smoke. I understand some people are now paying large sums for these old stoves to be converted into either electricity or gas and to use in mountain cabins. They really gave a friendly glow to a room on a winter day. The fire burned slow and steady with only one feeding a day. Even the base burner took second place with me, for I was really intrigued with the partially open stairway, wider than ours at home, and a carpet on the treads. Another wonderful feature was the landing and a turn, then two more steps before we reached the second floor. Right then and there, I resolved to have a house with just such steps, how wonderful they would be to climb and then descend like

a princess in a beautiful gown.

Dining rooms were seldom used as such. Kitchens were usually large, and were used as a family room; most families ate in the kitchen. A wood burning cook stove was in the kitchen and was used both summer and sinter. Some people had what was called a summer kitchen; this was one room built apart from the main house and used for cooking during the hot months and usually for laundry the year round.

We visited some time in Illinois. I know we stayed several nights with Aunt Fanny Nicholson's Papa's sister. Uncle George, her husband, worked in a coal mine. Their son DeVere, was two years older than Lorin. He was an only child. They lived in the town of Canton, no great distance from Cuba. I know now that Aunt Fanny was also poor, but her house was so shiny, bright and light that I thought she had riches aplenty. They had a piano so cousin DeVere could take music lessons. More interesting to me was their wooden pump, which was so easy to pump, one had to be careful or he would get too much water. I know now it was a cistern pump. Cisterns were not uncommon in those days, especially in that part of the country. Eaves troughs along the edges of the roof caught the water which drained off the roof when it rained. There was always a down spout which carried this water through a filter into the cistern. The pump in the kitchen had a zinc under the spout to take care of any overflow. I am not just sure

where the zinc drained: The zinc was shaped like our sinks today. It was made of wood and lined with sheets of Zinc. Zinc is softer than tin but resembles it in looks.

At home we did not have a cistern; we had a rain barrel. It was a large wooden barrel set under the eaves of the house. There was a board about a foot wide and six foot long to carry the water into the barrel. One end was stuck in the barrel and the other slanted along the side of the house to catch the water as it ran off the roof. It made a strange echoing sound if you bent over the edge of the barrel and hollered into it, when the barrel was only partly full. Mama used this water for washing when there was enough, for it was easier on clothes and hands than the hard well water, besides it did not have to be pumped.

Two things stand out brightest in my memory of this visit to Aunt Fanny's. Uncle George took us to the mine; I did not get to go into the mine but I saw the burros hauling the little cars of coal from the mine. I could see way back in the tunnel and see the men working, or rather I could see the little carbon lights which were attached to the front of every miner's cap.

Second in memory of that particular part of our visit was a street fair. The noise, the crowds, the carnival like music, were nothing compared to the beautiful lady in tights and short fluffy skirts, she walked and danced on a tight rope. I

thought she was out of this world; she might have been had she slipped and fallen for her performance was done above the crowd. I would have given almost anything for a fluffy skirt and the swift grace which was hers. Perhaps that is one of the reasons the girls wide skirts and full petticoats now in 1960 look so beautiful to me. When we got back to the house the women, Mama and Aunt Fanny, really gave the men a lot of teasing about this beautiful Tady. I got the impression that there was something I had not seen so I kept very quiet about admiring her. I did feel sorry for Uncle George and Papa, not too sorry though for they seemed to be enjoying the ribbing.

Uncle George and Papa went several places which seemed to be strictly for the men, sometimes they took Lorin with them. On one of these occasions they came back with gold colored ribbons pinned to the lapels of their coats, I have Papa's ribbon, on it is printed, "Cantom, Ill. --Oct. 6, 1899 McKinley," Papa was a republican. I know now that some of the places they went were republican caucuss and rallies. The ribbon not only sets the date of our trip but it shows how long ahead of election electioneering began. It was a year from that November before the election was held, then it was March before the president took office.

When we left Illinois I had acquired several toys - a toy piano, a sailor doll who was doomed to be a sailor all its

life for Johnny's clothes were securely sewed on him. (They were his very body, legs and arms.) Two tiny dresser-type pieces of doll furniture. One was made like a miniature dressing table; it was really a small cardboard box with a lid and a small oval mirror at the back. The box and lid were covered with pretty shells. There were small shells framing the mirror. The lid opened for jewelry or dolly clothes. It was about $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches in size. The other was a small chest of three drawers; the drawers were about $3 \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches in size. Just as we were leaving someone gave me a small red sprinkler can. It was entertainment on the train. At Gailsburg, Illinois, we got into a crowd and somehow the sprinkler lost its little sprinkler end but the spout was unharmed and I had it for years. Imagine Mama hanging onto two kids, a satchel, a box of lunch and of course the sprinkler can.

Our luggage consisted of a trunk, which was checked through to our next stop, a satchel, this was a sort of grand-daddy to a gladstone bag, it was large and instead of just opening at the top it would open clear up and lay almost flat. I do not have to remember that bag back to little girl days for we still had it when we were married. Of course Mama carried her reticule and my sprinkler can, and a large box of lunch. Carrying lunch was customary in those days.

From Illinois we went to Kansas to visit friends and relatives of Mama's.

Aunt Edith, the one who lost her leg by
snaked bite, was at home. She and grand-
ma and grandpa lived in a small two room
house. It had a small dingy sleeping at-
tic above the two rooms. The house was the
one they built to replace the stone house.
I never understood why they moved from
the stone house.

Here they had an open well and water
drawn by a windlass. I had strict orders
to stay away from the well. For fuel they
burned plum and hedge brush. It was 'spr-
ang ly and stickery' and grandpa told me
not to touch it for fear I'd get it in my
eyes. He would drag it up to the house
then it was the women's job to break it up.

Four things stand out in my memory of
that visit in Kansas. There was not room
for all of us to sleep at Grandma's so I
slept at the home of a family by the name
of Powell for at least one night. Mrs.
Powell was an old school chum of Mama's.
They had a daughter about twelve. I
considered her very grown up. When we
went to bed she lit the tiniest lamp I
had ever seen. She carried it up some
steep attic steps to a little room, whi-
ch she called hers. I thought this real-
ly grand.

The next morning some one loaned Papa
a horse and buggy, we spent the day visit-
ing old friends of Mama's. The weather was
dry and sunny here. Linn County
Kansas is prairie country. One place we
visited there were two boys, one a little
older than I, decided to play with me. We
had a wonderful time sliding down the

cellar door. We had a cellar door at home but it was not smooth like this one. Perhaps a good companion made sliding more fun too.

A third event that stands out in my memory was at the Orhms; there Lorin was hauling me around in a little wagon, when suddenly a big herd of Texas Long Horns were being driven into the yard where Lorin and I were playing. Lorin used his head and later received high praise, which he surely deserved. He pulled me, wagon and all, under a farm wagon which was close by. Then he crouched there with me until the cattle with their vicious horns were in the corrals. Needless to say there were some mighty frightened grown ups around there. I don't know if I was too frightened to beller, or if I was too dumb to know the danger I was in. Cattle like those would trample any one on foot.

Fourth in my memory was an event at grandpa's. Just before the noon meal, I saw Grandpa reach to the top of the cupboard get his store teeth and put them in his mouth. I had seen him do it every meal, so I asked to see on top of the cupboard. He lifted me up and I looked it all over; there was nothing there. "There's none there," I told him. Of course this called for an explanation, and when I told them I thought it was all covered with teeth up there, they all laughed. I didn't think it was funny. Grandpa always got his teeth before he ate and I had never seen him put any up there. What was a four year old to think?

If Mama took us to the brook and pond I do not remember it. I wish we had visited the school where she had gone to school.

Back home again we found things in rather a sad plight. Papa had a large bunch of hogs and just before we got home they developed cholera. A fast acting contagious disease among hogs. Almost all of the hogs died before Papa got it stopped. Also Papa took sick right after we got home, the doctor said Papa had been living on too rich a diet.

There were few young men who did not have a secret desire to own a gold watch and chain, my father was no exception. When a young man stopped and chatted friendly like with Papa for a spell, telling his woes and winding up showing a fine gold watch and explaining he would like to trade it to someone for a cheaper watch and a spot of money to boot, because he so desperately needed a little cash right then, he asked Papa if he knew of any one who might help him out; Papa was at once interested, and soon he and the fellow struck up a bargain. Papa had a gold chain which Mama had given him as a present, this was his Sunday chain, he used a braided leather chain for 'everyday' use. Papa was just interested in the watch. Neither Mama nor Papa thought any thing about the fellow going to his buggy while Papa went for the cash to boot, which Papa was to pay plus his own good silvercased pocket watch. All men's watches in those days were pocket watches.

The young people enjoyed the gold watch

M-42

for about two weeks, then not only did the watch begin to give trouble not keeping time but the gold wash which covered the case began to wear off. The fellow had showed Papa a good gold watch, but when Papa had gone for money, the man had gone to his buggy and exchanged it for a worthless watch. He was just a scalper going through the country cheating people out of hard earned cash.

Beatrice, Nebraska, was our county seat. was fourteen long miles away. I was never in Beatrice more than a few times when I was a child. On the rare occasions when Mama went she usually left me with a neighbor. However I do remember one very eventful trip; we went to have some pictures taken.

There were lots of awesome things to see and hear. Beatrice is on the Big Blue river it was considered quite a small city, with its flour mills, a factory or two, big stores, brick paving on the streets. One of the first things I remember was the clip clip clip of the horses feet on the paving; then crossing what seemed like a long, long bridge, with its railing, and overhead supports and a place along one side for people to walk. Mama warned me to hang onto my hat, and it was well she did for there was naturally a strong breeze blowing down the river and to lose a hat crossing the bridge would be goodbye hat.

There was so much to see, hear, and smell. There was the dam on the south side of the

bridge, with its spillway, where the big mill wheel was turning. On the North side were house boats; these really interested me. I always wanted to get on one and see inside, but I never have.

Our first stop was the livery barn. This was the first stage of off the street parking. Here we drove into a long building. Mama and I got out and went into the ladies waiting room. It was warm weather so there was a screen door for coolness and to keep out flies. I peered through this to see what was happening to our rig. A man came and helped unhitch the horse. They took a small sack of oats from the buggy. Papa had brought the grain for the horse because it was cheaper than having them supply the grain, hay was furnished, it cost from ten to fifteen cents per day for a horse. Papa and the man took the horse out of sight, Lorin was with them. I learned later that there were stalls for the horses in the back of the building. The buggy was then grabbed by the shafts and pushed back against the wall where there was a long row of buggies, carriages, and spring wagons.

Then the men folk came back we started for down town; the livery barn was quite some distance from the main part of town. Along the outside edge of the sidewalk were hitching racks where persons could tie their teams, but most people who were spending the day in town put their team in the livery barn as we had done.

Papa had a cousin by the name of Harry McBride living near Filley, Nebraska, a
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little town east of Beatrice. There was one girl, Lillian, who was a couple of years younger than I. We were to meet them in Beatrice that day.

The stores were awesome. All I could really see and hear were the package carriers zooming back and forth across the store above peoples heads, and the 'tin cans' which slipped into a pipe and carried our money away. Then back they came with the change.

The big reason for the trip was to get Lorin's and my picture taken. Mama had made me a beautiful white dress with a square embroidered yoke run with blue ribbon. It had darling little puff sleeves, the cuffs were eyelet embroidery run with blue ribbon. Of course there was a long sleeved gimp, but for the picture I was to wear it without the gimp. Naturally I had long black hose and high buttoned shoes. Lorin was just as elegantly dressed. His three piece suit was of navy woolen, the weskut buttoned down the back. There was two rows of gold braid around the straight band collar and across the bottom of the front. The coat had long sleeves, turn-back lapels; on one lapel was a gold colored badge with McKingley's picture on it. Lorin had gotten the badge in Illinois. It was about the size of a dollar. The coat had no pockets, gold braid trimmed the sleeves. The trousers were short, with buckles at the knees. Lorin also had long stockings and high buttoned shoes. When little boys did not wear coat and weskut they usually had fancy blouses with large ruffle trimmed collars. Mama brushed my yellow curls until they shone; Lorin had a manly hair cut. We really got some very good

pictures.

After our pictures were taken the pinch came. I had ^horn my dress to Beatrice for fear of musing it. After the pictures were taken we went again into the dressing room to change, so far so good; then Cousin Abbie McBride, Cousin Harry's wife, took my lovely dress and started to put it on Lillian. No one had said a word to me about it, so I howled, at the very top of my lungs. I thought I was losing my dress. It was really just a loan, and if they had asked me before hand I would have been glad to have loaned it.

The year 1900 proved a big year for our neighborhood. For us one of the most wonderful events was the arrival of a baby boy, Delmar Smith Hale, born June, 19th, 1900. Papa sold the farm where we lived and bought forty acres just one mile west and in the same section; that made Papa having owned three of the four corners of that same section. He also bought 80 acres across the road north of the 40, making us 120 acres. The forty was known as the Crum place. There was no house; it had burned down a number of years before. So there had to be a house built before we could move onto the place. At one time a family had lived in the granary side of the barn. Mama had no intention of trying that. The barn was on the south, the granary on the north. The north side was at least eighteen inches off the ground, with a rock foundation. There were four bins, two on the east and two on the west with about a six foot wide passage between them. It was in these four

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bins that the family lived. The north east bin had been their main living room for it was the one in which they had had a stove. One could see where the stovepipe had been taken out, and a piece of tin put over the hole. It was in this bin Papa stored some large sacks of shorts and bran for stock feed, and these I was playing and having a grand time one day, when I suddenly heard a great sigh, and looking up found myself looking right into the face of one of our cows, who stretching her neck long enough to look into the doorway of the bin, boy! did I let out a scream, I began yelling, "Ol cow out, Ol cow out," at the very top of my lungs. Mother heard me and came to my rescue, I think she would have been disgusted if it had not been so ridiculous; my being afraid of an old cow which I had been around for as long as I could remember, and what old cow would have tried to climb into the granary, so again the family had many a laugh at my expense. Papa hired a man by the name of Frank Teagraden to help with building the house.

A man whom everyone called "Idaho Smith," because he was a promoter of land in Idaho, came to our neighborhood and talked a number of farmers into buying land in Idaho, near Idaho Falls. He had samples of things that could be raised there. Among other things he had a pint jar of gooseberries that were about the size of wild plums. He told of the wonders of irrigating. He declared there was never any dew on the grass, yet with irrigation there was no danger of drought.

The ones buying which affected us most were

were
the Emery's. They Papa's cousins who lived
through the orchard and across the road east
of us. They were a lively family, eight in
all, four children, all older than us.
Lizzie was the oldest. She married a
young man by the name of Homer Clark, and
she and her husband went to Idaho with the
family. Bill was the youngest. He was four
or five years older than Lorin; they played
together a lot. Jim and Ella were the in
between children. The other four members of
the family were, Cousin Hiam and Sadie.
Sadie was Papa's cousin, and Cousin Hiam's
parents, we called them Aunt and Uncle;
Uncle died before the move to Idaho.

What ever we had to do there had always
been an Emery to fit in; from Bill, the
youngest, upsetting the bee hive and getting
Lorin stung, to Aunt helping when we children
were born. On days when we thrashed or
shelled there would be a bunch of men to
cook for, it was Sadie who helped Mama in
the kitchen. There were often other ladies,
But Sadie was the 'always there' one. Dress-
ing chickens was always her job, she said she
liked it, so when she arrived I would lead
her to the slaughtered fowls.

The Emery's had dogs, big ones, little
ones and inbetween ones. Our yard was fen-
ced and we did not want dogs in the yard.
The little dog of Emery's would dig under
the fence and come in every time one of the
family, and especially Sadie, was at our
house. One day I became disgusted and told
Cousin Sadie that if Flossie didn't quit
digging and coming in our yard we'd just
wring her neck(that was what mama did to

with the chickens) and pick the feathers off of her and eat her. I was a big girl before I lived that down.

Flossie seemed to live a charmed life. When the emigrant cars were being loaded at Diller, for the move to Idaho, the dogs were right there. A switch engine caught Flossie and threw her about ten feet in the air, when she landed she started to howl and run. When the men came home they told Cousin Sadie that there was one dog that would never see Idaho, for it had been killed. Cousin Sadie said, "What do you mean killed? If you are talking about Flossie, she came to the door too tired to even whine, and is laying right here behind the stove." Evidently Flossie decided they could get along without her help if she was going to be thrown around that way. She did not go with another wagon while they loaded the car, and when it was time to leave, they had to carry her into the car, she refused to follow any of them.

Time out from the Idaho move to mention several dogs. We had a nice little long haired black dog, we called him Brian, he was a great companion to us children. If mother wanted to punish us by switching, she had to shut Brian out doors, for he would not let her touch us. He was terribly afraid of thunder and lightening, when there was an electrical storm came up there was just one place he wanted to be, that was under Papa's rocking chair, that was one time he wanted to be left strictly alone, We should have known better, but we delighted in poking a stick or even just our finger at him on such occasions; he would snap and growl something fierce, it is

a wonder we did not get Bitten. One night a storm came up and Brian was out doors, no one thought to let hem in, in the morning he was gone. We never saw him again. When we were building our new house Frank Teagarden brought Lorin a small Rat terrier pup. Lorin named him Carlo. He was a wonderful little fellow and we had him a number of years. Once when Papa was tearing down an old shed he discovered th at it had enough rats under it to almost carry the shed away; Carlo was, right there, he would grab a rat by the neck and shake it to death, then be ready for the next one, if I were to tell how many I remember Papa saying Carlo killed you would not believe me, I can hardly believe myself, but it was over twenty, by then the little dog was too worn out to shake any more rats that day. Charlie Hood's lived a quarter of a mile east of us, he had dogs, the three I remember was Minnie, the pug; Patience a medium sized slick haired black dog, and Jack, a big shaggy yellow dog, very cross and really dangerous to have around children. He followed Charlie everywhere and the neighbors dreaded to have him come. One day he followed Charlie as far as our place and then stopped to make a call on his own, if Papa had not seen whath happened we would not have knowr. When Carlo saw Jack coming he went frisking to welcome him, Carlo was a friendly little fellow, not afraid of anything; as he came close to Jack, the big dog made one grab, caught the little fellow in the back and shook him to death; our entire family was broken h earted. Lorin and I were in school, Delmar not quite four, insisted th at Papa wait to bury the little gog until Lorin got home.

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That is enough d@gs. Let us see who else moved to Idaho. Uncle Charlie Wright, Papa's step brother, bought land and moved to Idaho at the same time the Emerys did. Only Uncle Charlie did not like it out west so a year later they were back in Nebraska looking for a place to buy. Uncle Clare, who lived with us, also went to Idaho. He did not buy land at once, he worked on farms until he decided he liked the country; then he bought a farm for himself, he also fell in love with and married a local girl.

About the year 1900 was the beginning of the Rural Free Delivery for us. Before this we had to go to town for the mail. The mail route came from Odell. A town perhaps ten or twelve miles south east of us. The government laid out the routes. First a couple of men came with the mail boxes. The boxes were made of tin and were red in color, a hinged door was in one end. There was a small red tin flag riveted to the side of the box; this was a signal flag. If we wanted stamps or stamped envelopes we watched for the carrier, but if we had a letter to mail we put it in the box and put up the signal flag. Then the mail man would stop and take the letter even if he had no mail for us.

The carrier who delivered our mail was a Mr. Hill, no relation of Mama's, but because his name was Hill I remembered it. His wagon was painted red; it was like a big tall box with a door in each side. There were pigeon holes in the front end for the mail. These had to be built around the front window. There were small holes below the window for the lines, (a horse's steering wheel.)

In good weather one horse was used, but in stormy weather he drove a team. In real cold weather he managed a stove, very small indeed, the stove pipe stuck out the side of his box-like wagon. The seat for the mailman was across the back of the wagon. Before the advent of Rural Free Delivery, RFD, we were fortunate if we received mail once a week; we did not go to town often. Now the mail came daily. Papa at once ordered a newspaper, "The Omaha Bee."

Our meat consisted of wild game, chicken, and pork. Papa never butchered beef, we had no sheep and even if we had had Mama did not like mutton.

I was really very proud and felt quite grown up when I could hold the hind legs of a rabbit while Papa skinned and gutted it. Besides rabbits Papa killed prairie chicken, ducks, a few quail and on rare occasions a wild goose. Any time was open season, but most wild game was killed in cold weather and never in breeding season. Fishing was left mostly to the boys, I think some families fished more than others.

I do not remember much about butchering until after the Emerys moved to Idaho and we moved into our new home. Butchering time was a busy time, and always had to be done in cold weather. It was a neighborhood job, three or four men shared the job. Each seemed to excel in certain parts of it; Frank Vieths was the best butcherer in our gang. They spaced butchering days far enough apart so that the neighbors could share the fresh meat that

could not be cured. In this way there was no spoilage. Almost no one butchered less than four hogs. Early in the morning a fire was built under two or three huge iron kettles which had been filled with water. By the time the helpers arrived this water must be boiling, so the hogs could be killed, scalded and the scraping off the hair begun as soon as possible. Skinning a hog was unheard of in our neighborhood.

Under Frank Vieth's leadership most of the lard was fried out on butchering day. Up until our move this had been left for the women folk to do. Some people put the sausage in casings. At that time one could not go to the store and buy casings, you had to clean them yourself. A job few people liked, casings are the outside covering of the pigs intestines. There is a real knack in cleaning them. Mama always put our sausage in little pats, the Vieth's always put theirs in casings. When this was fried, it was cut into about three inch pieces, and the heat of cooking made the meat come out at each end, forming little ball of meat on each end, naturally I thought this was much better than our way. The hams, shoulders, and side meat was put down in salt brine, later it was hung in the smoke house to be smoked. There was, as far as I know, no liquid store boughten smoke in those days. Just outside the smoke house was a place fixed to build a small smoldering fire, a pipe carried the smoke into the smokehouse, and the meat slowly absorbed it. Either hickory wood or coals were used for fuel.

Sometimes Mama fried down the sausage and

Sometimes Mama fried down the sausage and a shoulder or two. She would make the sausage into pats and fry it, cooking it through But Being careful not to get it too brown, the shoulders she would slice and fry as she did the sausage. After cooking the meat was put in large stone jars, usually a three gallon size, when the jar was full hot lard was poured over the meat and a plate was placed on top of the meat to hold it down until the lard was cold. Mama usually left the plate on, if it was removed a little more lard had to be poured on to complete the seal. Canning meat was unheard of.

Canning in glass was almost unheard of when I was quite small, there was little done in tins; for the most part food kept for winter was either dried or put in pits or the cave. Corn, apples, peaches, and pumpkins were among the most common foods dried. Some corn and string beans were put in salt. Stores in town carried factory canned foods, mostly fruits, tomatoes and corn. I remember the first canned pear I ever ate. We were each served half a pear; when we started to eat them we discovered they were hard. One almost needed a foot on them to keep them from slipping and scooting across the table when you cut them with your spoon. I liked them.

Sauer-kraut was made in the fall in a large stone jar. Cabbage was cut finely, and layers of cabbage and salt were put in the jar and tamped down to form a liquid to cover the cabbage; when the jar was full a weight was put on the cabbage, then it was left in a warm place to sour. It made the whole house smell, (stink).

Home made hominy was one of our favorites, for this we shelled corn, put it on the stove in a large iron kettle and cooked it in lye water until the hulls loosened, then it had to be washed in gallons and gallons of water to get the lye out and to remove the hulls, Mama was really an expert at this and it was one of our best winter foods. After the washing it was returned to the stove and cooked for a long time, until it was really tender. It was stored in a cold place, usually where it would freeze. Mama always concentrated lye, she was very particular to get Eagle Brand.

Grandmother Hill felt the only kind of lye to use was the liquid home made kind, that was made from wood ashes. This was made by filling a stone or wood container with wood ashes and covering with water, in about twenty four to thirty six hours the water is clear and red, this is then drained off and used where ever lye is used, in early days it was used to break wash water, make soap, hominy, and many ways I do not remember.

Papa kept his gun at the head of the stairs. Our upstairs did not have a hall; the stairway led into the north room. We went through that room to the south bedroom.

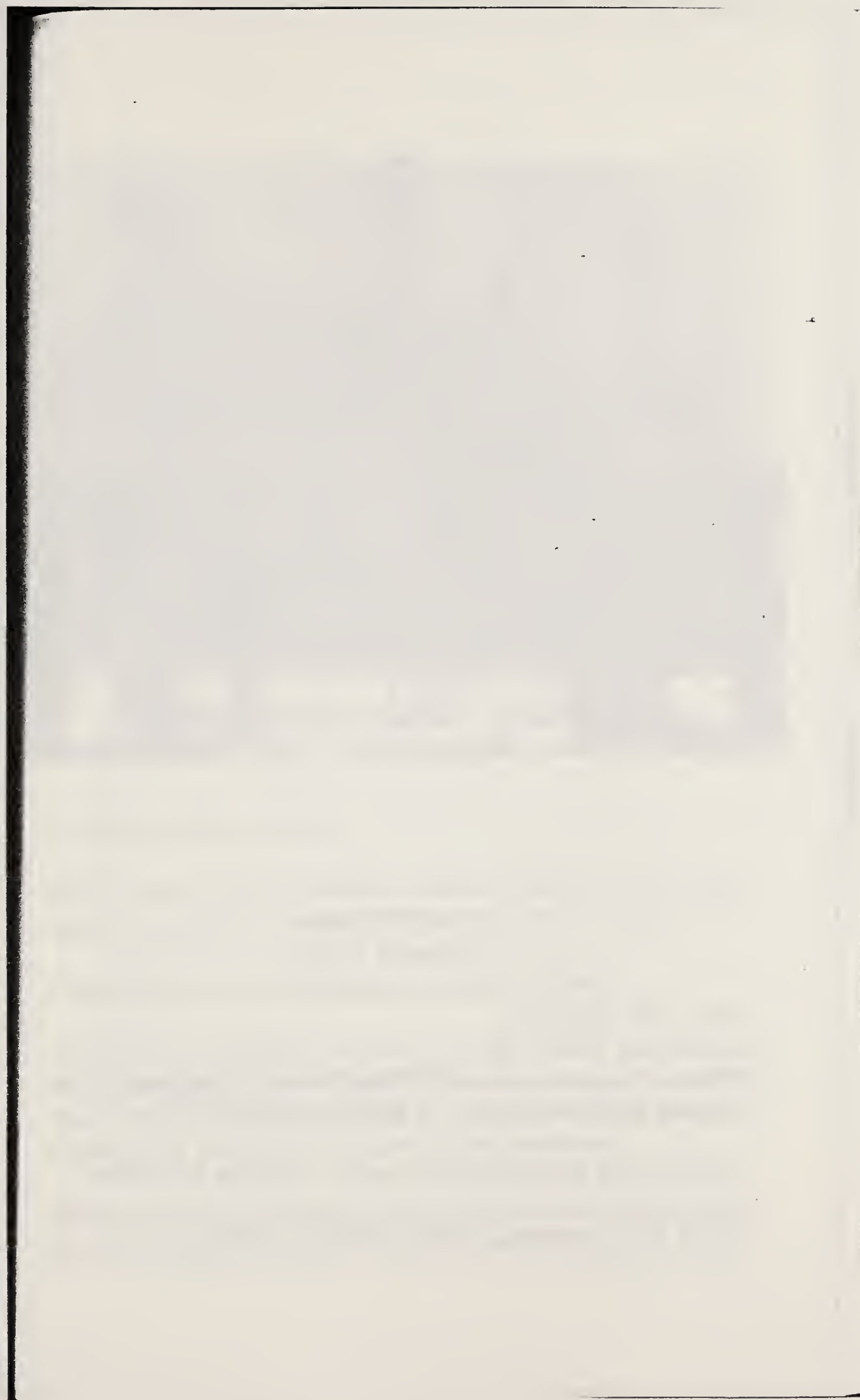
Hobos and peddlers of all kind were common. They often asked for something to eat, and sometimes asked to sleep in the barn. Papa usually took them into the house for he was afraid they might get to smoking in the barn and set it on fire. In summer they usually slept out, in cold weather hobos were scarce; they had gone to a warmer

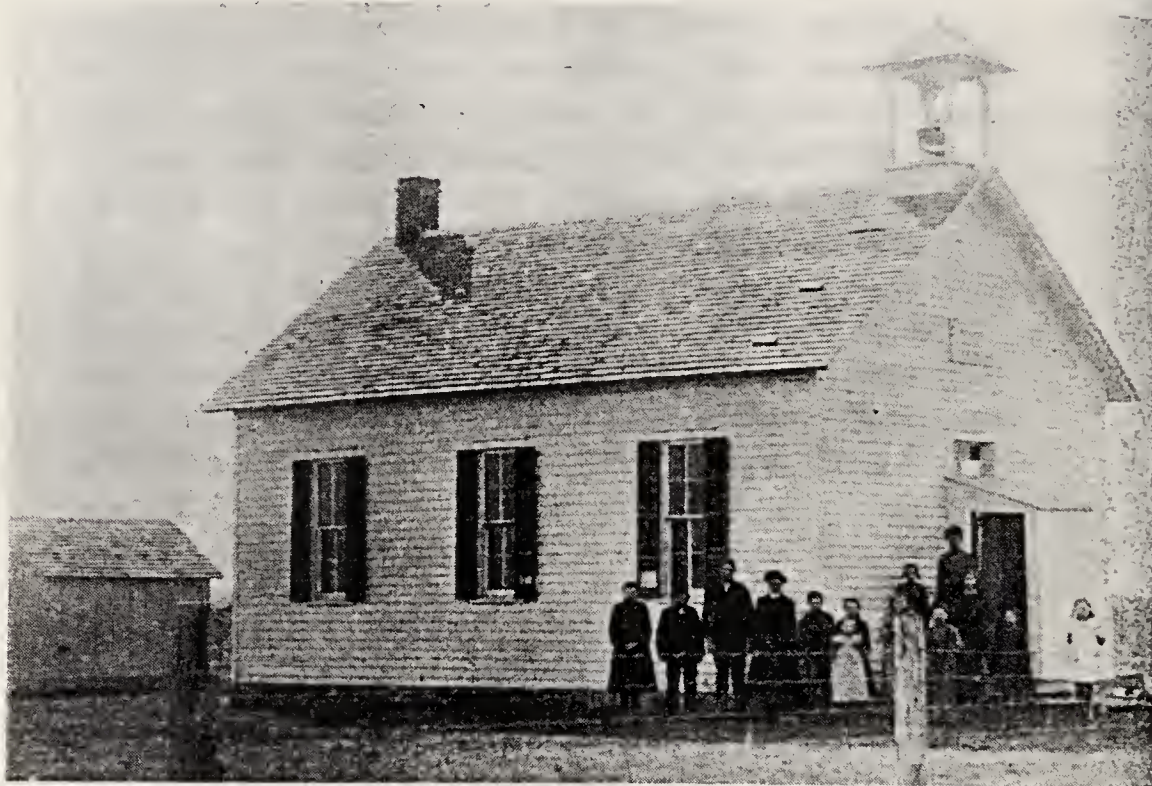
climate. Some peddlers of patent medicine or of notions, such as pins, needles, beads, lace, etc., came any time of the year. Sometimes they would sleep on the floor by the stove and more often mother let them sleep in a bed. One such peddler after staying all night with us gave me a very pretty necklace of crystal glass beads. Every other bead was clear yet milky white, and every other bead was a pretty blue. They were really very nice and sparkly; I had them for years.

Once when Papa had let a little Greek peddler stay all night, Mama had had him sleep in the bedroom where the stairs went up. Early the next morning Papa went running up the stairs and grabbed his gun; Boy! how that little peddler began to squirm and beg, he thought surely Papa was going to kill him. Papa had spotted a wolf after the chickens, and he had no intentions of letting it get away.

We moved to our new house on April first 1901. As usual when any excitement was going on, I was sick. In addition to the usual cold and fever, both ears were infected and abscessed. I could not hear and I have heard Mama say I acted positively stupid. Mama fixed me a bed in a big rocking chair in the kitchen. This served two purposes; I was not always squawking for Mama, and the bed in the bedroom could be taken down and moved. Naturally we moved by wagon and hayrack, no big trucks in those days. But lots of willing hands. The neighbors, men and women, were on hand early and helped until

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Prairie College School 1902
Mignon at far right

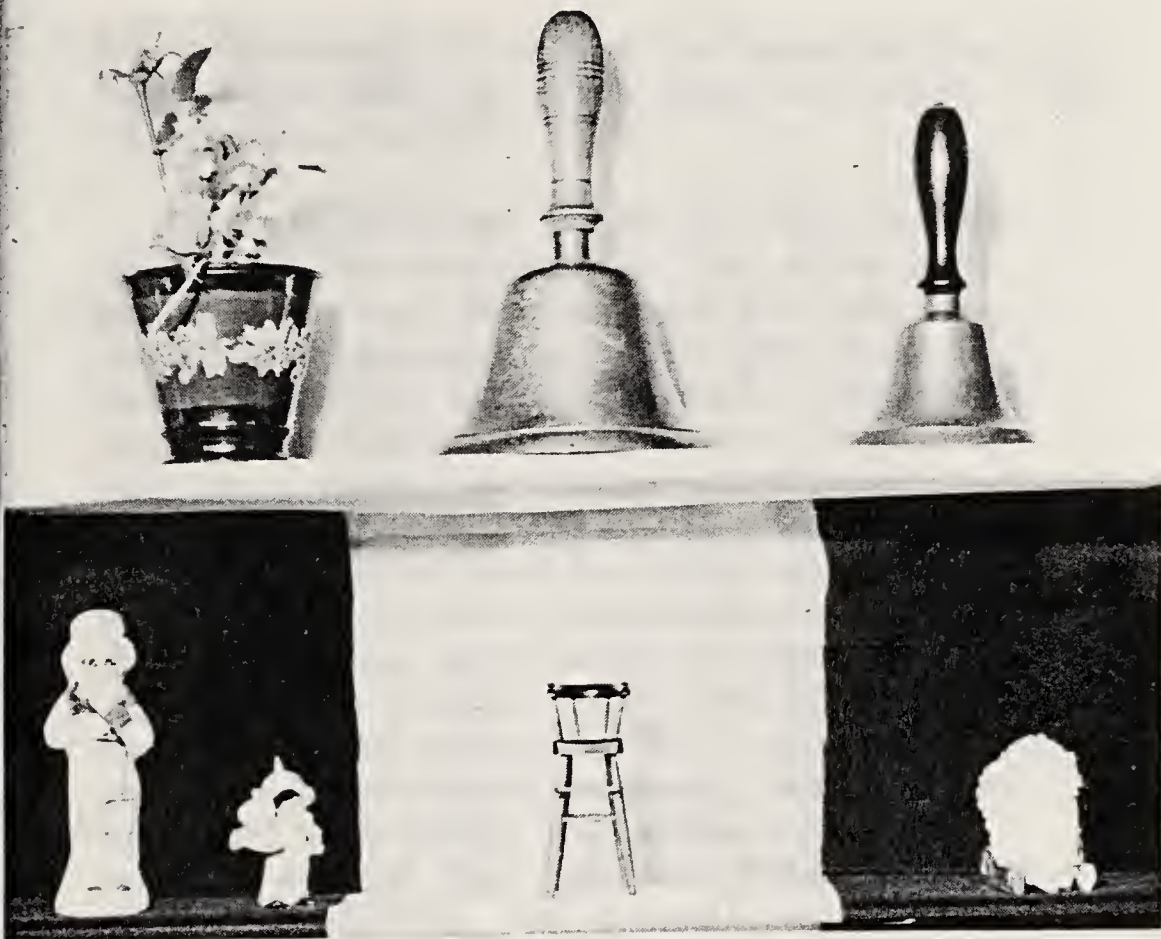
PICTURES
Opposite Page

Top, left to right

Mignon's great great Grandmother Ensminger received this vase when a bride; about 1787.

Greenwood Farm dinner bell - 1870s to 1880s.

Mary Hill's school bell - 1887 to 1892



Bottom, left to right:

China doll, with glasses given Walter by Father shortly before Father's fatal injuries, 1889.

Campaign doll, William Jennings Bryan.

Miniature, 1/8 inch to inch, of high chair purchased at Sandwich, Illinois by Phillip Greenwood in 1870. The chair has been in use for three generations, now being used by the Lynn Greenwoods.

Baby doll with nursing bottle, in Easter egg basket, given by Walter to his Mother in 1908.



we were moved. We missed the Emery's, they had always been the first ones there when help was needed.

The new house was no larger than the one from which we were moving. The folks had plans for a much larger house but they were building just what they could get along with and intended to build on later. That later never came for us. As the years slipped by and there seemed no chance of building on to the present house, mother had the back porch sided up, and we used the 7x11 foot porch as a kitchen. Modern conveniences were unheard of in that day or at least in that part of the country. A wash stand held the usual wash basin and water bucket, a cook stove, in which we burned cobs and wood, was used for cooking, both winter and summer. Outdoor cooking was for the gypsies. Water was heated in a teakettle, and a small reservoir at the back of the stove. When it was time to start sweetpotatoe plants, in the spring Mama would set the box of dirt on the reservoir to keep it warm. Wash days in winter the water was heated in a boiler on top of the stove, in summer Mama usually made a fire out doors under the big iron kettle which we used at butchering time, or in a boiler which mother placed on a sort of out door fire place which she rigged up herself. Soap for washing was made from lard cracklings and lye, this was made in the big iron kettle and stirred with a long stick. Mother tried to keep this stick from year to year, she called it her soap stick.

Our kitchen cabinet was made from two boxes the lower one was about 30 by 36 inches on

top and about 24 inches deep, the upper part was a narrower box, this left a table space for mother to work. Curtains were used in lieu of doors. Once when Delmar was just a baby, he had reached the creeping stage, mother had bathed him and put him on the floor while she stepped out to do something, but she was gone too long, when she came in the baby was having the time of his life in the middle of a sticky mess, he had crawled into the lower part of the cabinet and managed to upset and open a gallon can of sorghum. He really was enjoying spitting his hands in the goosy mess, it tasted good too and felt grand in his curls, but poor Mama had the mess to clean up, she had not yet emptied his bath water so she picked him up and set him in the tub, clothes and all.

When we moved into the house it was far from finished. No plastering had been done; only part of the lath were on. Lath in those days were strips of wood, about 48 inches long three eights of an inch thick and a inch and a half wide. They were rough unfinished lumber, the nails were ones especially for the purpose of nailing lath, they were about the size of three penny nails. The lath were put on with about three eights of an inch between them.

The kindly neighbors were very sure that the airy house and the moisture from the wet plaster, when it was plastered, would be my finish. As usual I did not follow the natural pattern. My ears broke, my fever vanished, and before long I was being a regular nuisance getting in every ones way.

From west of the house to the road was a

dense plum thicket. When Papa got this grubbed out we realized the house was a long way from the road, but Mama liked it. Just west of the north west corner of the house was a beautiful huge crab apple tree. The apples made wonderful jelly and pickles, the tree was fine for climbing and for bird's nests. When I learned the poem 'Under the spreading chestnut tree,' I thought of our crab apple. Under this tree Mama sometimes spread a picnic lunch for herself, Delmar and me when the others were away from home. This was lots of fun, and I know now it saved on dish washing. About midwas from this tree to the road was a low growing apple tree. The apples were green in color, and if they had a name I never heard Mama say what it was. The main attraction was that the tree had low hanging branches, easy to climb and easy to find a place to sit and pretend. I really enjoyed this tree even before the thicket was cleared. Perhaps I should say especially before the thicket was cleared, for it was so quiet and deserted, like being in a forest. The birds liked it for nesting. One day however it lost a lot of its glamour, the birds were making a terrible fuss: Papa went to investigate and found a big snake after bird eggs. I was shy with that tree for a long time.

Another tree which we walked under when we went to the mail box was a large thorny locust. The branches were high and the thorns long and terrible to step on, when the soles of your shoes were thin or when you had bare feet; which youngsters always had from April to September. We started going bare foot before we took off our long winter

underwear, we rolled the legs up above our knees so the did not show. In spring when the locust tree bloomed it was covered with clusters of white sweet smelling flowers. After the flowers came long seed pods, which resembled huge bean pods. These were lots of fun to use in playing house store. The thorns were often five inches long with smaller thorns branching out from the main thorn. These grew on the trunk of the tree and also on the branches. They were terrible to step on but lots of fun to use as hair pins, no bobbed hair in those days. Sometimes we used them to fasten the larger leaves of rhubarb, (pieplant) on our heads for hats. We also used the larger leaves of catalpa for hats. The seed pod of the catalpa were round and long, we used them for play bananas.

To the south of the crabapple but still in the fenced yard was a row of four American elm trees. High up in one of these was a branch which grew horizontal to the ground. On this branch Papa hung a rope swing. Between another two we had a slat hammock, that is a hammock made from a piece of slat fencing. Many evenings in summer I lay there and listened to the birds goodnight chirping and the locusts' see saw song.

The windmill was just south of the house, we had no well house. Along the south side of the well platform Papa built a heavy plank tank. It was up on about two foot legs, the tank was about eight feet long, about two plank wide and deep enough that a gallon stone jar with a plate on top of it. This was our milk tank, in this we kept milk and butter. If a crock or bowl was too shallow

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to set in the tank without having the water run in it mother would set the container on a brick to raise it up to a safe height. Perhaps I should explain the system of cooling this tank. A pipe ran into the tank from the well, and another at a higher level ran from the tank into a stock tank. In this way the water was constantly changing and stayed cold. We used this tank except in freezing weather, sometimes then we kept meat or hominy in it.

The stock tank into which the pipe from the milk tank ran was just a short distance from the well.

It seemed that there were always bugs skipping across the water. We usually had two or three fish in the tank, the sides of the tank were always covered with semi soft snails. These were tiny little snails, interesting to watch, to feel, and to mash.

One morning as I watched the fish, Lorin became interested in trying to catch the 'skippers.' Soon we were both grabbing and reaching far over the edge trying to catch these little darting flies. Suddenly I over reached and into the tank I went. How I yowled and scrambled. Lorin thought it was funny but I certainly did not.

Lorin had his turn of falling in the tank, under quite different circumstances. In the winter when the tanks froze over the men would break holes in the ice so the stock could drink. The ice around these holes became thicker and thicker,. The hens would fly up on the edge of the tank or on the

ice to get a drink.

On this particular morning Lorim had seen several hens trying to reach the water, he decided it would be fun to see one fall in. He kept shooing and reaching trying to frighten them enough to make them fall in, they would fly over the open place in the ice every time, then suddenly Lorin overreached and into the icy water he plunged, he lost no time scrambling out and running for the house, dripping and near freezing. Mama stood him in front of the oven, told him to get his wet clothes off, then she dashed out to make sure her hens were all right.

Mama always had lots of chickens. Butter and egg money was supposed to feed and clothe the family. Mama liked chickens, but she did not want them every size and color. Most people when they saw a good big healthy rooster would buy it to head the flock. This never suited Mama. She was the first person for miles around to get full blood chickens. Mama sent to a chicken farm near Blue Springs and got several setting of full blooded barred Plymouth Rock eggs. They were fifty cents for a setting for a setting of fifteen eggs. Later the price went up to seventy five cents a setting of thirteen eggs. Eggs at the time were bringing from six to ten cents a dozen in trade at the stores.

There was always a demand for Mama's eggs, several people tried to get them at market price, by asking Mama to trade eggs with them, another way was to get the merchant to save Mama's eggs out when she took eggs to the store.

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Mama never got away from setting eggs under hens, when incubators first came in she did not think they were a good idea. One or two people in our neighborhood who did get incubators would set them and after a few days would candle the eggs and any that did not seem to be germinating would be taken to town and sold for consumption. There were no pure food laws in those days.

In the fall of the years there was always a demand for pullets and roosters. During the winter Mama took good care of her chickens and was rewarded by getting eggs when no one else did.

Even the skunks loved Mama's chickens. Across the road to the west of our place, was a huge straw stack. Several skunks or polecats, had burrowed holes in the straw and settled down to raise families. They evidently planned on having plenty of chicken dinners.

Mama had made a 'setting' place for the hens by taking one by twelves about eight foot long and making a series of runways, at least eight in all. At one end of each runway was a nesting box, with a lid on top, this lid could be lifted up to check the hen. The top of the runways were covered with woven chicken wire. Mama sometimes used some of runways for an old hen and her baby chicks. At this particular time Mama had been putting unhatched eggs all in one unused nest, the lids on all the nests with hens in were weighted down but the empty nest had no need of a weight.

One night Mama was awakened by a noise

which at first she thought was a gun being fired,, then there drifted into the window the strange awful smell of a skunk. Mama knew at once what was happening , and she and dad grabbed both the revolver and shot gum,, lit the lantern and sallied forth. The skunk had gotten into the first nest, in which was nothing but spoiled eggs, Mama picked up a rock and put it on the lid, in an endeavor to keep the prowler in, the hens in the other nests were most of them out in their runways fussing and trying to escape. Needless to say they got the skunk, and with the revolver,, for in such close quarters they did not want to use the shot gum. What an aroma ! The mixture of rotten eggs and skunk remained there all summer .

Growing up on the farm in those days was really lots of fun. In a quiet,, relaxing , busy way.

From September until the first of May was school. Our school, Prairie College, was a one room school. The teacher taught all eight grades plus bookkeeping to some of the older young people in the district. School kept from nine to four. We had a mile and three quarters to walk that required an early start. We were dressed for it, sturdy shoes and plenty of clothing. I really enjoyed the frosty and the foggy mornings. Some mornings the fog was so thick we could only see a short distance. On frosty mornings, the weeds, trees, and even the barbs on the wire fence were diamond decked. Those mornings I loved, there was so much beauty and quiet aloneness, I was always glad when we did not happen along at the right time to walk with the

neighbor kids, on those mornings. I loved snow storms too, if it was not too bitter cold. Jack Frost always painted our windows with his beautiful designs in the winter time.

If weather was terribly stormy either Papa or Frank Vieths, our neighbor a half a mile south of us, hitched a team to the wagon and took us to school. That was indeed a rarity.

We carried our noon lunch in a tin pail. Some few had regular lunch pails they had purchased. Usually when there was only one child in the family. Most of us had syrup pails- usually the gallon size. In families where lots of syrup was used and not too many kids in school there were new dinner pails during the year, but most of us were lucky to have a new pail once a year.

In nice weather we ate outside, but in cold stormy weather we sat at our desks to eat. When we ate outside we sometimes sat on the stile; this was lots of fun.

Our school yard was fenced and the stile was where we came into the yard. The top of the stile was a platform about four planks wide and eight feet long. It was about three steps high: There were steps the width of the platform at the end of it, and on the outside of the fence, on the inside the steps ran the entire length of the platform. There was no back to them so we could slide our legs through, usually we sat on the top step and used the platform for our table.

Many of the schools had hand bells which the teacher or some of the pupils rang when it was time to call the children in, our

school had bell tower and a bell which rang by pulling a rope. Sometimes the boys would pull the rope and flip the bell upside down. Then it took patience and jerking the rope just right to turn the bell back. The schools where my mother taught used hand bells. I have her old bell. It looks small setting beside mother Greenwood's dinner bell. But it rang clear and loud, so clear and loud that the clapper was removed for us children to play with it. The original clapper has been lost.

The first year or two that I went to school we little girls had a play house laid off with small rocks outlining it and dividing it into rooms. We used the west fence for one wall. Large rocks, left years before when the school house had been built, were our furniture. Gradually we worked into playing games with the older children, especially when the large boys and girls were out for farm work.

One of the games was 'ante-over', this was played by dividing into two equal groups. Each group then took opposite sides of the coal house. The object was to throw the ball over the building and have the opposite side try to catch it. If some caught it then that team came sailing around the building and tried to touch one of their opponents with the ball. I held my dress to catch the ball, for I was not large enough to catch it by hand. We were not allowed to play over the school house because there was danger of hitting a window.

There was knock up flies and one old cat.

These as you probably know were played with bat and ball. We did not know what a botg-hten base ball was. Ours was home made, it really took real skill to make one that would stand batting. The center of the ball was either a chunk of rubber from a worn out roller of a clothes wringer, or a piece cut from the bottom of a worn out overshoe or boot. Around this center wtring was wound, very firmly and very evenly, it really took a lot of know how and a lot of patience to make a trully good ball. After the ball was large enough, than a sort of blanket stitch was used to cover it with, this covered the entire ball with what looked like little squares. If there was colored string in our collection of string it was saved for this purpose. It took a lot of string for a ball, you may be sure we trully hoared string when were kids.

I wonder it 'Pump pump pull away,' or another old timer, 'What time is it old witch', is ever played today. To me best of all, and really the most chance of getting hurt, was tin can hocky. This was played by making a circle of holes in the ground, the circle was about ten or twelve feet in diameter, there was one hole in the center. The players each had a stick with which to hit the can, one player was it, and his job was to keep the other players from getting the can in the center hole, also to get his stick in one of the other players holes while they were hitting the can. Shinny was another name for the game, and believe me that was a pretty good name, for we certainly got whacked on the shins. We furnished our own sticks, some of the boys cut sticks along the creek, most of us brought broom sticks or any other

stick we could find at home.

Just where we found our pep to play those games after walking to school is a mystery to me. We all had chores to do when we got home from school.

Our games were all for fun, perhaps a couple of times in the seven years I attended country school a neighboring school was invited to join us in a last day of school picnic. Then we had foot races and a ball game. But the schools were not competing. To meet someone four to six miles away was quite a thrill.

After Uncle Charlie Wright, Papa's step brother came back from Idaho he wanted to locate someplace in our neighborhood, he found a place about half a mile east of the school house. Elm creek ran through the farm the house was on the west side of the creek. Cora and I were the only ones in our class the first two years we went to school.

As I have previously said ours was a typical one room country school. The door to the school house was to the north, the little anti room over the door opened to the east. I cannot decide what one saw first as they stood in the doorway, the big round stove or the two rows of double desks, facing the teachers desk at the south end of the room. The organ in the south east corner, the slate black boards across the south end, and of all places for maps, they were in long cases above these boards. The maps pulled down like window shades, and I, to this day, have trouble getting my directions straight. Almost seven years with maps reversed from what they should

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have been truly confused me. One thing we had which is absolutely out in these modern times, was a table in the north east corner on which was our water pail and a wash basin; Can you imagine about twenty little urchins dashing in at the sound of the bell, each making a bee line for the water bucket, grabbing the dipper, guzzeling a few swallows, some emptying the left over in the basin but most of them slapping the dipper back into the bucket. The water was carried from a farm well across the road from the school house. To be large enough to go for water was really considered quite an accomplishment. Usually two went together, seldom was three allowed to go.

We had three things which was not found in many country schools, first was a world globe with a sun and moon to rotate; in this way we really learned a good deal about the earth's movement. Second was a good up to date dictionary on a regular stand, it was in perfect condition. To a small girl the box of hard wood blocks was the most wonderful, these were for older pupils to learn about squares, cubes, triangles, etc. As a rare treat the teacher let us build with them.

I got into very little trouble in school. Occasionally I would have to stay in for whispering or to study spelling, when I had missed too many words. Once a neighbor boy, Arthur Vieths, and I started feuding. To keep us from going into a battle royal on the way home from school the teacher would start first one and then the other of us home early, so we would not be walking together. I do not.

think this lasted over a week. To me, who usually did not mind being alone, this was the wrong kind of being alone, and I doubt if Arthur liked it. Kids soon forget their differences.

Lorin being older and a boy, did get involved a little more than I. Once when the big boys and girls were in school, the boys tried to explode some gun powder, they had rigged it to blow up a can. The fuse did not burn to suit them, so they got Lorin to blow the smoldering string into flame. He did not realize the danger and little boy fashion he was anxious to win favor with the big boys so he did what they asked him to do. The result was, the powder blew up in his face. Miraculously it did not injure his eyes. It did fill the flesh on his face with powder. Which the boys tried to pick out with their pocket knives.

Telephones were rather new in our part of the country at that time, they were the old fashioned wall phones which rang with a crank, and when we wanted some one on a line other than our own, we just rang central and told her to whom we wanted to talk, I suppose they had numbers but we never thought of using them. Our ring was three shorts and a long.

The evening after the powder episode Lorin and Arthur were late home from school, when Mama noticed Lorin's face he said he had fallen into some brambles. Knowing Lorin I well imagine he did, on purpose, so he could give that alibi and

not be lying. However he did not reckon with the telephone.

We had company, star boarders to be exact, Papa's sister Mame and her husband, Ross Argo, were at our house. Mame had her hands more than full with the extra work. Cousin Harry who had lived at Filley, Nebraska had sold his place there and purchased the farm across the road from the school, they were boarding the teacher at this time. That evening cousin Harry called Papa and it was not just a call to visit, but to report on what happened at school. Naturally everyone was shocked, I had known nothing about it or the family would have heard it as soon as I got into the house, for I was a great reporter of news.

Uncle Ross Argo had some tweezers and also he knew a little something about things being sterile, so he set to work on Lorin's face and removed a lot of the powder, some of it was too deeply imbedded to get out. Lorin was lucky that it did not infect his face.

We had a very early and severe spell of weather about the year I was nine. It started with snow and a drizzly rain, and left us with a sheet of ice almost everywhere. The roads were too icy for horses to be driven on them unless they were sharp shod, none of the neighbors had a team that was sharp shod, the storm had come too early for those who usually had that done for winter driving.

What a wonderful time for any one with

skates. I did not have a pair but I put in an order for a pair for Christmas. All games were abandoned, we played out on the road on the ice, some pupils skated to school, what fun.

I got my skates for Christmas, not shoe skates we had never heard of such things in our neighborhood. Girls skates with the ankle straps and toe clamps, were wonderful and would fit almost any shoe. Our shoes were sturdy with heavy soles. Christmas day was warm and sunny, there was no snow or ice on the roads and the ice on the water in the draw was not too thick, however Mama let Lorin and I go to try out the new skates. The draw was about a half mile from the house. Before we started out I had learned to put my skates on.

Lorin skated and for the most part I tumbled, but I was thrilled; when our stomanhes told us it was getting dinner time, and the water on the ice warned us the ice was getting soft, we decided to go home. It took me longer than it did Lorin to get my skates off so he spent the time sliding on the ice. Ice close to a bridge is never as thick as farther down or up stream, we both knew this, but did not heed it, presently there was the well known pop of breaking ice and the next thing Lorin found himself waist deep in icy water. He managed to break the ice to shore and crawl out.

Just how teachers taught us as much as they did is a mystery to me, we got our reading, writing, arithmetic; besides grammar, spelling, history and geography. Then there

were several programs during the school year.

I well remember when we first began studying rivers, tributaries, islands, isthmus, and the like. I would stop on the bridge over Elm Creek and look down at the shallow stream trickling along and pick out all the things we had studied. It really helped too. At home I made a game of it, by digging little ditches in the orchard and filling them with water.

Our programs always had songs, dialogues, 'pieces,' etc. I always spoke a piece, and once I remember we had one musical dialogue which was called 'Annie Laurie,' for it we had a sheet fastened up on a wire, for us to stand behind, there were holes cut in it just the tight size for a face to stick through. Around each hole were paper petals representing a sunflower. We practiced and practiced and I think everyone had a turn trying to teach me to sing my stanza with the music. Came the thrilling time for my debut in singing; my stanza wound up with, 'and her shoes were number nine.' I got the words all in by the time the organist hit the first key of the verse. Of course each child's Mama thought her child real cute and quite a hit.

Clothing in those days was for protection, Mama had read or been told about cotton batton jackets for any one threatened with lung trouble, therefore with the first cold, damp east wind of late fall I was encased with a cotton batton javket. This was a sleeveless jacket made from a cotton bat, (a roll of

cotton) and worn under the clothes. Mama also had read that red flannel was healthier than knit underwear, so Mama got some red wool flannel and made long sleeved long legged underwear for me to wear. Mama never did things by halves.

Cousin Harry was always finding some new gimmick to sell, once is was an Edison phonograph, I think there were three pieces he had to play. One was His little Wife went with him all the time, another was an Uncle Josh piece, the third I do not recall. An evening was supposed to be enjoyed listening to these three pieces being played over and over again, none of them much more than aquacks and squeeks, and the like. I don't thing Cousin Harry sold any phonographs. However when he came out with an oxygenor Mama bought one of them, and she thought it well worth the money. It was supposed to cure anything from insanity to ingrown toenails. I wish I could fully describe this wonder gimmick. It has a nickel plated cylinder almost four inches long, this is capped at both ends with little screw caps from which wires come, from one end green and from the other end red. On the cylinder proper are three screw caps, each location marked with a letter, "M" "W" "S", one of these caps has a black covered wire leading from it. Your sickness or disability determined which place the cap with the black wire was fastened. About ten inches from the cylinder the three wires join in a common connection. Here the black wire stops but the green and red continue. These wires are at least

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six foot long, and on the end of the green is a zinc plate about the size of a half dollar, the red wire is adorned with a copper plate. The zinc plate must be kept warm to extra warm while in use, I do not believe I explained that these plates are to be attached to the body, in my case one to the ankle and one to the wrist, the copper plate was to be kept cool. The cylinder was to be kept cold, either by putting it in cold water or in the winter time just laying it on the floor. This gimmick was supposed to help circulation so very much that all the germs would fairly ooze from the body, so much so that no one should sleep with the patient for fear they would pick up some escaping germ. The temperature of the cylinder determined the strength of the treatment.

Evenings after school there was the never ending job of picking up pig pen cobs. Pigs were fed ear corn and of course their chomping slobbering and rolling the ear until the kernal was eaten made the cobs really dirty. For the most part pigs are what might be called clean animals, for they choose one corner of the pen for 'eliminations.' So there was not too too many droppings on the cobs. However on winter evenings when it was dark and cold sometimes you thought the droppings were everywhere.

Along the creek and by the road was a slippery elm tree which we youngsters fairly skinned of its bark to get the inside bark to chew. We girls faired poorer than the boys, for we could not climb the tree, and we did not have knives. It took a lot of coaxing

and bartering to get any elm bark from the boys, then when they did give us girls some it was usually some they had had for some time and it was dry and hard. Sorghum cane was another juicy tidbit. This had to be handled with care, for the outside of a stock of cane is as sharp as a knife when you break it and try to peel it off, but oh how juicy and sweet the core is.

Summers on the farm were wonderful. I don't exactly know why, but I know I always liked them, to me the entire twelve months of a year were all right.

North west of the house was a grove of tall slender oak trees. I would hunt up bits of string and tie them into a long string then I would use this to stretch from tree to tree to outline a play house. It took lots of imagination for table, chairs, stoves beds etc. Sometimes we found boxes, boards, stones or just marked off places on the ground. The little caps from fallen acorns were used for cups. My dollies had to be taken in after each playing. Another playhouse was the corncrib, by summer it was always empty, ours was a double crib with a driveway between the cribs. Corn cribs were built of one by sixes, rough lumber, there was about an inch to an inch and a half crack between each two boards, this was for circulation of air, which was fine for corn but at times made a very breezy playhouse. Boards also one inch thick and six inches wide were used to close the opening to keep the corn in; these were taken out one at a time as the corn was used. I

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used them to concoct an upstairs to my play house. By using the cracks for toe and finger holds I would climb up to the rafters. some way lugging these boards one at a time, I placed them across the rafters. They did not quite fit, they were a bit longer than the space between three rafters, one had to exert a great deal of care not to step on the protruding end. Up here my dolly and little piano and a few such toys, could be left without fear of wind, rain, mice, or rats spoiling them.

One summer I turned the corn crib into a school room for a few weeks. I had found a piece or two of black tar paper which had blown off the sides of one of the chicken houses. These were my black boards. The teacher always gave us small scraps of chalk at the close of the term so I had some treasured pieces of chalk, a worn book or two, a small amount of paper which had been used on one side, and two slates. Two little neighbor girls, one almost five the other just past six and Delmar almost five were my pupils. I guess you might call that baby sitting, I know I felt very important "teaching."

When I was nine Mama purchased a beautifully toned Kimble organ. Lorim and I began taking music lessons. Arthur Vieths and two of the Madden girls were taking lessons that summer. The Maddens lived across the creek about three quarters of a mile west of us. They had a piano. The Vieths lived a half mile south, at that time they had an organ. We all took lessons from a Mrs Watson; the depot agent's

wife, in Diller, Nebraska. They lived over the depot.

Lorin and Arthur usually drove into town alone, five and a half miles, on the day they took lessons. Mama took the Madden girls, Lucy and Grace, and me in. I loved the organ, but I learned slowly, Lorin and Arthur protested so much that about one or two terms was all they took. A term was ten lessons, one hour long at fifty cents a lesson. We took once a week in summer, not at all during the school term.

As your grandpa Greenwood told you there was one stretch of elevated walk over a low spot just north of the railroad. A railing was on one side of this walk, and here town boys perched like crows on a fence. This was the most dreaded time of the week. Mama never wanted to drive down that near the tracks and of course we girls went one at a time to take our lessons. I'd grasp my music books tightly and with my eyes staring straight ahead I'd walk just as fast as I could past those boys. Fearful one of them might snicker or say something. I think if they had I'd have dropped my books and ran.

Mrs. Watson helped me with a few of our simpler school songs so that at the end of the second summer I could take my turn playing for the school to sing. I never got good enough to play a march for the school to march by. There was no simplified music in those days. I did manage to play

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a simple little duet with one of the Blythe girls, for one of our programs. I thought I had really arrived.

Papa often announced the arrival of a new litter of pigs or a new calf. We often found baby bunnies, or watched a nest of baby birds. Baby chickens were common, but Papa did not have a breeding mare until he purchased Topsy. Topsy as you might guess was a beautiful glossy black. The first summer we had her she tore the under side of her belly on a nail. The sore did not heal, proud flesh set in, to make matters worse the chickens would get in the barn where Papa was keeping her and jump up and pick the sore. Mama soon took over, she made a gooey salve of rosin and lard, this she applied generously, then she covered it with a wide belly band which went the entire way around the horse. The band was white. On the black horse it really looked funny. In no time at all Topsy was well on the way to recovery. Rosin and Lard was quite a family salve at our house.

One morning several months after the purchase of Topsy Papa announced she had a baby, a mule. I had seen a few baby colts but never a baby mule. They are the cutest little fellows with their long ears and their awful 'hee-haw' voice. The following Sunday Arthur Vieths came to play with Lorin and to see the mule. Papa had told us to stay out of the lot where Topsy and her baby son were.

When the boys started to the barn lot I started to follow, Arthur did not mince

words in telling me to stay at the house for they did not want a girl tagging along. But I tagged, and we all headed for the lot to see Jack. Not just to the lot but into it. Who could see a baby mule without touching it. The boys looked him over discussing his wonders in a boys superior was. Finally I ventured close enough to touch his soft velvety nose,

'bang' his rear end swung round and he was more emphatic than Arthur in telling me he did not like girls. If he was playing when he kicked it was indeed rough play. One little hoof caught me just below the eye and all but knocked me over. I was wearing a sunbonnet so no one could see my face very well. I made tracks to the house and managed to get upstairs unseen. I knew where some salve was, gooey brown stuff, but who was I to quibble about the kind of salve, I wanted something for a badly bruised eye.

I did not do so well getting out of the house, Mama had gone into the kitchen to get dinner and she told me to set the table. She spotted my eye at once, and boy, did I get a tongue lashing. I will admit, the cold compress which Mama put on my black eye felt good. I still say, Jack was one of the cutest babies we ever had on the farm.

Another cute baby was a runt pig which one of the neighbors gave to Lorin. She was named Pocahontas, because she was red. Papa hadn't black pigs at the time. The first thing for Pokie was a good scrubbing with soap and water applied with a

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brush. Then Mama rubbed her dry with a rough cloth. At first Mama fed Pokie with a spoon, but before many days she began eating out of pan by herself. Mama made gruel for Pokie mixing milk, eggs, oatmeal, and bran. Just the thing to get her off to a good start. The pig had the run of the place; so did Jack, for a while. Jack got a bit too frisky, he would chase Delmar, the chickens, the cats and anything that would run from him; Pokie would not run. The two soon became friends, Pokie was as fearless as Jack, only in a quieter way. Once when Lorin had just sharpened his pocket knife, he started to show Arthur Vieths how sharp it was by, he thought, nipping Pokie's tail, the knife was sharper than he knew and instead of just a nip, the end of the tail was cut off.

Pokie soon became the finest pig on the farm, she was very sly and determined. Her favorite sleeping place was the back porch right by the door. The cats loved to crawl on top of her to sleep. What a picture that made; there was enough half grown kittens of various color combinations laying cross wise to completely cover Pokie from 'stem to stern.' Papa said she had grown too big to run loose and Lorin was to shut her up with the others pigs. At first they thought they would just shut her up in the evening and let her run free part of the day. Wise Pokie would disappear of an evening, calling and searching were of no avail. Shortly after lights were out for the night she would come to the porch where she and the cats enjoyed the night. I think she really enjoyed having a blanket of cats as much as they

enjoyed her warm body for their bed. If the cats happened to stick their claws in, Pokie fussed. Sometimes she even got up and then the cats tumbled off, however as soon as she laid down they came right back.

We had one exceptionally scrawny tiger grey kitten which Mama called Tag-a-long because it was always with us where ever we went. One evening Mama sent me to shut the chicken house, it was dark and I did not much like the idea. Of course Tag-a-long was with me. There was a rail-road tie prop to hold the door open. A rail-road tie is about eight by eight inches and about five feet long, why mother used such a I don't know. There was a wooden button to turn and hold the door shut. I heaved away at the heavy tie and with a thud it fell to the ground, I knew at once what had happened, for the thud was not just the thud of falling on ground, and the queer sound told me what the log had fallen on.

There was one less cat to sleep on Pokie that night, and the next morning there was a cat to be buried. If a cat has nine lives it had not taken that one long to live out its nine. Yes, I shut the door before I went sobbing to the house.

Delmar was our adventurous one, he began when he was only a toddler to climb any ladder his short legs could manage. The lower rung of the windmill ladder

had to be removed. No one was supposed to leave any ladder against the house, barn, or shed for he found them and climbed; the top was the limit. Once when Grandma Wright, Papa's mother, was visiting us Delmar disappeared just at dusk, Mama had told him he could go to the road and watch for Lorin and I to come from school. Grandma said she had just seen him playing near the corn-crib. Mama thought of an empty crib across the road from our house, it was surrounded with acres of corn. She started to search, she did look around and in the run way of our own cribs which were full to the very top with corn. No Delmar in sight, she started to the road but stopped short when she heard Delmar talking to himself. He had climbed to the top of one of our cribs and was setting on top of the heaped up corn. Quite a climb for a near three year old. If he had started the corn rolling it most certainly would have sent him tumbling to the ground.

Once in a long while Papa would take a load of wheat to the Endicott mill to be milled into shorts, bran, and flour. On one of these trips he decided to combine business with pleasure and take Lorin, they and some friends by the name of Ambrose May, the Mays had been neighbors but now lived in Endicott, would go fishing in the Blue River.

Lorin was thrilled and excited, he got out fishing poles, long bamboo ones, and rigged up the lines with hooks, lines and sinkers. The poles, with lines attached ready to fish, he laid across the box of the buggy. That should have been a fine place for the buggy was in the buggy shed.

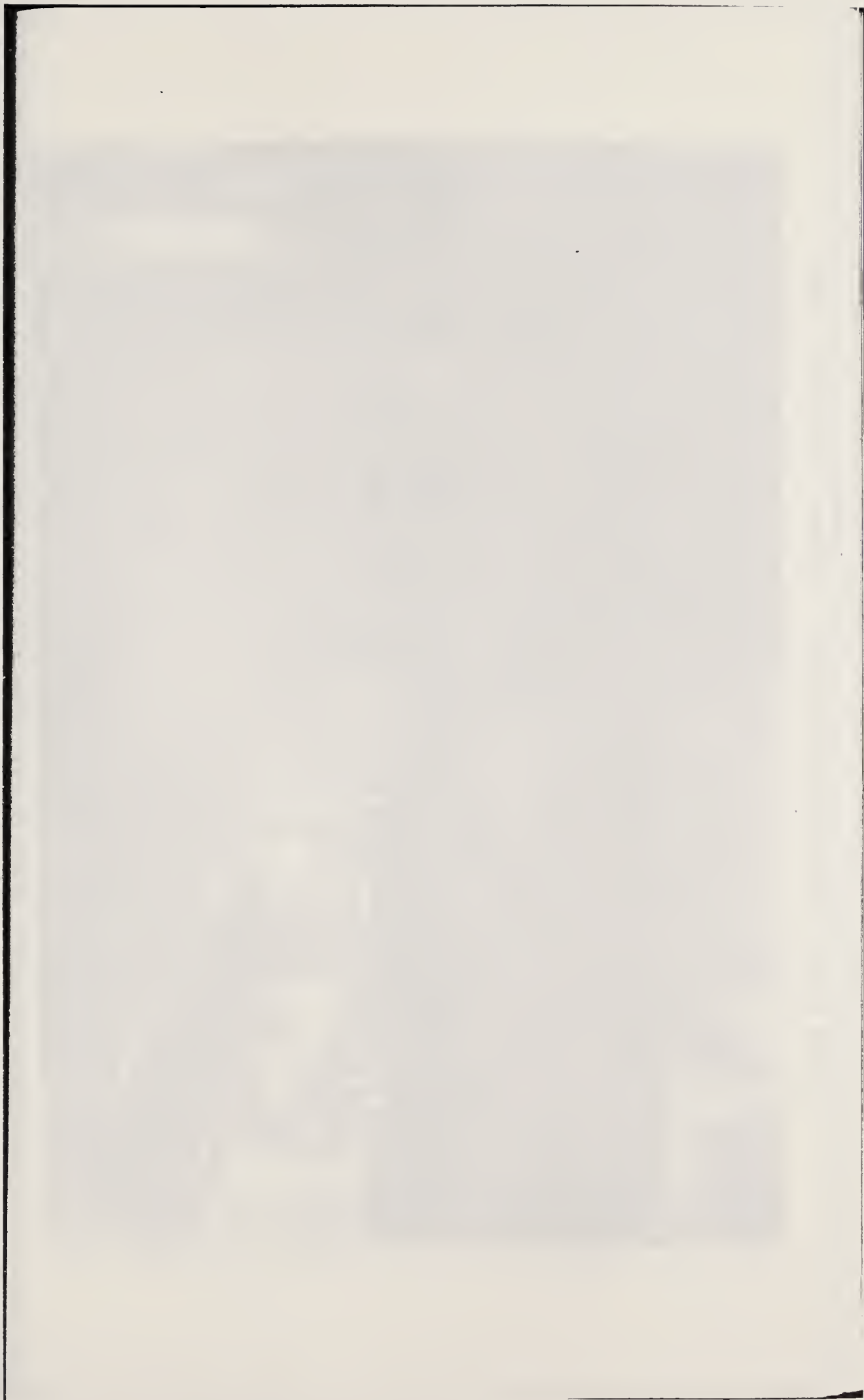
Lorin then decided to be real good to me,

and offered to play 'hide and seek.'
One of our favorite hiding places was the
buggy shed. One of the doors was short
so there was a space of about twelve to
sixteen inches below it. By laying on our
bellies we could wiggle under the door.
That was the place I decided to hide on that
fateful day. I wiggled under the door scr-
ambled to my feet then ducked to go under
the fish lines. An instant later everyone
knew where I was for I yelled at the top
of my lungs when a fish hook pierced my
ear; there I was hooked for sure. The
biggest dry land flounder ever caught by
man, with a small fish hook.

Papa had an almost new tool, a combi-
nation pincher and wire cutter; he had
hardly used it, we youngsters had played
with it some, on the sly. This was the
tool that saved me a lot of pain that day,
you cannot back up even a small fish hook,
it tears the flesh. Papa cut the hook in-
two where the wire was smooth and removed
it. I was petted and pampered and made to
oay down for an hour or two. Lorin prob-
ably as frightened as I, or maybe more so
was scolded and threatened with not getting
to go on the trip if he did not calm down.

Not too long after that the buggy was
put in the machine shed and a brandnew two
seated carriage was put in the buggy shed.
Although the carriage shed had a good
roof and door, the carriage was also kept
covered with a white canvas cover for some
time.

One evening when Papa was doing chores
he thought he could smoke. There
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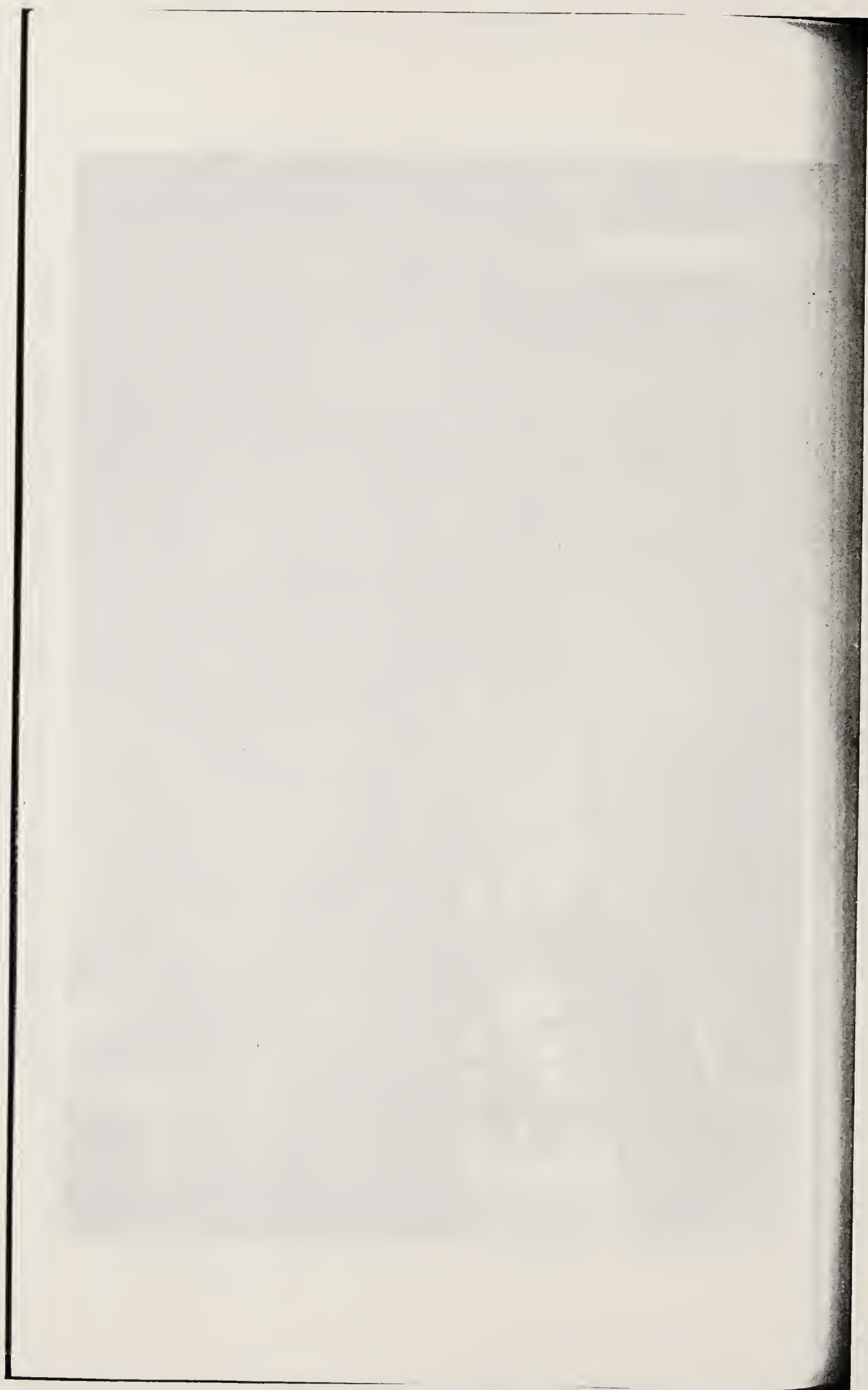




Thrashing wheat in Hale neighborhood in the late 1800s



Frank Hale's grain elevator office - Diller, Nebraska, 1908



was no wind so he did not think it was from the house chimney. Then a little wisp of smoke curling from the carriage shed caught his eye. Hastily he opened the doors and found, to his surprise, the canvas over the carriage on fire. Had he not discovered it we would have had the loss of the barn, grain bins, with grain in them, stock, carriage, buggy and machinery. There was much talk about the starting of the blaze. Usually one thought first of a hired man smoking in a building, but Papa knew small boys, and he soon found out that Lorin and Arthur had been trying to smoke in the carriage shed.

Now a days when we want a straw through which to drink we go to the store and buy a whole carton for a few cents. Probably they had them in town, but on the farm the only way we had of getting them was to go to the straw pile and hunt until we could find one that was long enough between the joints and not crushed.

I never knew what a mattress was until I was in my teens. We had ticks filled with straw, when they were freshly filled they were like young mountains to look at but when you crawled up on them to go to bed they squashed down, always more in one place than another, it took at least a week to get freshly filled ticks so they would sleep level; making a bed in those days required real skill. One learned young to work the straw around in the tick to make it sleep comfortably. Another household use for straw was to put it under the carpet. It was spread on the floor evenly, then the carpet was

carefully spread over it and the stretching began. It had to be really stretched good and tight, the carpet was tacked down all around the room. Boy, then it was really fun to walk on the soft floor, yes to lay on it too. Our best bed tick was filled with corn shucks, but that took a lot of shucks and we did not dump it and refill it like we did the straw ticks. Mama did add to it at times.

Our toys were mostly home made, whistles, tops, popguns, nigger shooters, darts, bows and arrows were among the most common. Whistles were made from willow branch, to one who knew how these were not hard to make. They were about three inches long. The tops were made from spools, the pop-guns from elder berry cane, these were a rare treat for us, because we only went where elder berries grew about once a year. The nigger shooters were made from a tree crotch. Here again these were hard to make, for although the small tree crotch was easily secured, we also had to have a small piece of stretch rubber, and that was hard to find. There were for boys. Bows and arrows were also home made. I believe we enjoyed what we had more than most children do what they have today, making our own play was fun. There was soft sand stone around almost every place, I think it had been brought there for foundations. Every kid had a turn at carving it; an open book was surely about the easiest to make, for I made several of them.

Once one of our hired men took a small piece of soft wood, it was about three

inches long and three fourths of an inch square. When he first began whittling it looked like he was going to put little windows up near one end, and on each side of the block. He left the corners for posts and the end of the block for the top. He kept whittling and to my surprise when he had finished he had a little ball which would turn round and round in the block, but it would not come out. He then gave it to me and I had it for years.

One Christmas I remember some of the class just older than mine made presents for their parents, they worked some at their noon hour. Two of the cute things I remember were, a small pair of overalls with sandpaper patches; a verse read something like this, 'scratch your matches on these patches.' The other was a blotter cut out the shape of a shoe sole. One side was writing paper on which was written a cute verse about blots on the sole. Of course pen and ink and matches were in common use at that time. Pen wipers made in fancy shapes were quite a common gift in those days.

One year we had a big Christmas tree at school, our teacher had decided to have our program at night. Our school house had kerosene lamps in wall brackets between each two windows for night meetings. Someone cut a plum tree and brought it to school. The trunk and main branches we wrapped in cotton, wax candles, popcorn strings, and paper ring-strings were used to decorate the tree. We also made long strings of paper rings to hang across the room.

On the middle blackboard Hazel Vieths put a big picture of Santa on the house top. We had some rich colored chalk, the picture was really beautiful, for a long time I thought Hazel had drawn it, then I discovered that it was a stencil, she used for outline, then she colored it.

At that time the Boxes of treats and some presents were hung on the tree. Our school room looked real nice. We never had our night program, chicken-pox broke out in the neighborhood and so many had them that there were not enough left to present the program.

Our Christmas treats were almost always home made candy, sometimes popcorn or popcorn balls, and on rare occasions some peanuts. One year Mama and Hazel Vieths made almost all of the candy. Peanut brittle, fondant and taffy are the ones I remember. Sacks were not common in the early 1900s, sometimes a netting was used to make sacks, often in the shape of a a sock, but usually small boxes about like animal crackers come in now in 1960, were purchased and the treat was put in these.

One time Mama made enough popcorn balls for the entire school, I was one proud gal helping lug them to school. Everyone, the teacher included, enjoyed them.

One year at home I made a pretend Christmas tree, that is I took the branch

of a tree and decorated it as best I could, I had no candles, but I choose little items, from my keepsakes, for everyone. Mama's mother and sister Edith were with us that winter. After supper I slipped away from the table before any one else and brought my tree in through the almost unused front door, I had spent the entire afternoon fixing it. Then I got everyone in to my tree, even busy Mama went along with my game; everyone except aunt Edith took it as a game, they took their gifts and smiled and thanked me for them, then saw to it I got my trinkets back, Aunt Edith kept the one I gave her, it was a much prized little china cat. I used to wonder what she did with it.

One summer day when Lorin and Papa were cultivating corn, Delmar and I were home with Mama, Delmar and I had been outside playing most of the day. Mama saw a strange dog in our iris bed, just west of the house, earlier, we had been playing near there. As soon as Mama saw the dog she called us in the house, and well she did. Toward evening, but before Lorin and Papa came in from the field, the dog moved on, snapping at chickens and some ducks Lorin and I were raising. He went down through the south field by the hog lot. It was not too long after that that we found out he was a mad dog; he had bitten almost all of the hogs in the lot, one by one they went mad and there was no saving them. We lost all but two of our ducks, and any chicken he managed to bite died. We heard later that a farmer several miles

south if us had shot the animal. Fortunately he had bitten no person, we were not the only ones to lose stock.

Sunday School and church is taken for granted now, but when I was a small girl and on the farm it was hard to attend. One or two summers there was afternoon Sunday School at the Wells school house, that was a mile north and a mile west of our place. There was preaching every two weeks. The minister was the one who preached in Diller and Ellis. The two towns were ten and a half miles apart, quite a distance in horse and buggy days. The minister preached every other Sunday morning in Diller and the in between Sunday in Ellis. It was not out of his way from Ellis to Diller to preach in this school house.

He lived in Diller and preached every Sunday evening in Diller and had prayer meetings every Wednesday evening. The collection taken on these church Sundays was the pay the pastor received for stopping. It was never much, but it was that much more than he would have received and his pay was very meager at best.

Lorin and I usually went to Sunday School. We always drove a horse named Mat, to the single buggy. She was a good buggy horse except she was excitable. On this particular Sunday a small piece of paper blew into the road and she shied so suddenly that Lorin could not stop her. Up on a high bank she ran, and over went the buggy. We were not far from the Wells home, they heard the noise and came to our rescue.

Even the top of the buggy was not too badly damaged, the Wells men repaired the buggy and harness while I was at Sunday School boy fashion Lorin stayed to over see the job.

June was the month that Sunday Schools observed Children's day. Always with a much rehearsed program. Joe Madden's, about three quarters of a mile west of our place, had a lovely grove of trees. We had our program and picnic here one year. Clarks were brought out from town via lumber wagon, for seats and a raised platform. The planks were returned after the program. Almost everyone in the Sunday school spoke pieces, were in dialogues, and joined in group singing.

We would gather to practice on week days. The youngsters who were allowed the use of buggies would pile the neighbor kids in and come. Delmar and I walked. The King's drove horses which were skittish and really unsafe for adults but they were used to them. Often when the seat overflowed a board was put across the box of the buggy and kids would sit facing those on the seat and with their backs against the dash board. Before we got the carriage Lorin and I rode this way. That was the way the King girls came to practice.

All went well until one afternoon as they went by Blythes, the dogs came charging out, barking and snapping. The ponies took off, and twelve year old Cecil could not manage them. Everyone was spilled out with only bumps and bruises except Bertha,

she was sitting on the board across the box, the lines caught her and dragged her out right onto the ponies flying hoofs. Miraculously she was not killed. She was seriously injured, she suffered a broken arm, shoulder and jaw, besides innumerable bumps and bruises, and cuts. Her jaw had to be wired in place, she had to live on liquids fed to her through a tube. No one thought of her going to a hospital, she was cared for at home and since there was no broken leg, by the day of the program they considered it safe to bring her along.

The day of the program came and everyone turned out,, first we had the program and then the picnic dinner. Delmar, four years old that month, had learned two short poems to speak, when the time came for his first one he refused to go up on the platform alone so I went up with him,, then he did real well; when he was to say his second poem I again had to go up with him, then he repeated the first poem but refused to give his other one. The four year old Davis girl did the same thing and her sister had to go up with her,, so Mama sis not feel too badly, the crowd thought it real cute.

Papa never really liked farming, he did a good job of it and made a living for us but he liked people and to be with people. While still on the farm, he wrote fire, wind and hail insurance, also he sold page fence. Mama liked the farm, but she wanted us children to have a high school

education. High schools were just beginning to be common in those days. Diller had the tenth grade, and there was strong talk of its becoming a twelfth grade school.

One day when Papa was in Diller he heard that the Farmer's elevator was in need of a manager. Mama and he talked it over and decided Papa should put in an application for the job. In no time at all Papa had the job, the current manager was ready to walk out at once. So Papa took over, the pay was 60 dollars a month. A young man who was an exceptionally good farmer, was getting married and he was very anxious to rent our farm, but he did not want it until Spring; that was the custom, in those days farms were rented from the first of March.

Papa wanted to rent a place in Diller but Mama insisted on buying a place. Papa was to stay in town and Mama with the help of a hired hand was to manage the farm until Spring when we would have a sale and then the rest of us would move to Diller.

The plans were fine, and except for an accident would have worked out. One evening as the cows were being driven into the feed lot where they spent the night, Mama was standing by to close the gate; one of the cows in some way kicked her on the knee. It was a week or ten days before Mama realized that the bump she had received was more than a bruise. The knee absessed, a doctor was called and he lanced it, then Mama had to keep hot bread and milk poltice

on it. All this she managed without keeping any of us children out of school. I was twelve. Lorin fourteen and Delmar seven.

Papa got someone to move into the house and care for the stock until we could have a sale; Mama Delmar and I moved into town. Lorin insisted on staying on the farm until after the sale. He promised to stay in school, however he quit as soon as we moved and Mama never got him to go back to school. This was a big disappointment for her, because she felt we all needed an education. That was the big reason for the move.

The house we purchased in town, was only a block from downtown, across the street north from the Methodist Church, and two or three blocks from school. There were four rooms downstairs and three rooms upstairs. Upstairs there was a hall from which the three rooms opened, and downstairs there was a pantry and a small windowless room where Mama put the wash stand where the water bucket and basin were. In one end there was room for the washing machine.

It was in November 1907 that we moved, Delmar and I entered school at once, we did not even get to help move. Delmar seemed to fit in perfectly, but I had two definite phobias, I was afraid of being laughed at and afraid of being wrong.

I was in the seventh grade when we moved. I was sure we had covered all that the seventh grade in Diller had had and more to.

The teacher allowed me to move over with the eighth grade. A big big mistake, it put me with older children, I missed a lot of work I really needed, and it did not please either class to have a green kid from the country pull such a stunt. Mama thought it showed how smart I was; poor love blinded Mama.

Shortly after we moved to town Uncle Charlie either sold or rented his farm and came to town. Cora went at once into the eighth grade, so we were together once more.

Although the abscess on Mama's knee drained and apparently healed she was on crutches for a long time. That was surely hard for her because she was expecting another baby. He, Lloyd De Vere, arrived January 20, 1908. He was a handsome blue eyed curly haired blond. The folks had planned if the baby was a girl to name it for Papa's sister, Fanny. They did the next best they named him for Fanny's son, Lloyd De Vere.

Over the years I had been attending country school my health had built up until I was as robust as any of the other children. Almost as soon as we moved into town I began to slip. Before long I was coughing worse than I ever had and catching cold was the easiest thing I could find to do. No one, myself included, realized I was almost blind. When I first complained about my eyes Mama thought I had seen someone else with glasses and thought it would be nice to

have some. Then she decided that all kids about my age found something to complain about so she dug out a pair of glasses they had gotten for Lorin about two years previous. Lorin had refused to wear them. Those glasses only made matters worse, finally Mama sent down to a rather poor excuse of a doctor who sold glasses. He sat me down in a chair, gave me a newspaper and began trying glasses on me. When none of them fit, he began losing his temper. I became frightened and frustrated and finally said one of the pairs fit.

The following summer Grandpa and Grandma Wright (Papa's stepfather and his mother) came to visit us. They had planned to go on to Los Angeles, California to visit Uncle Ed and Aunt Fanny, they had recently moved from Denver, Colorado to California. Grandma took sick and died at our place. Uncle Ed and Aunt Fanny were sent for and they and Papa went to Illinois for the funeral.

Mama decided that a change might clear up my cough and so it was decided to let me go home with Aunt Fanny and Uncle Ed. I was to live with Aunt Fanny. Half way across the continent was a long way in those days.

We stopped in Denver for a day. We visited a cousin and some friends of Aunt Fanny's. Uncle Ed showed me the lake in city park, the museum and the capitol. The city park was just a few blocks from the capitol. Cousin Lizzie lived a few blocks from the park.

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there were no street cars beyond the park, we walked from the park on just a dirt street, no side walks that far out.

Everything was so new, the trip was aonderful, I had my first view of the mountains, once we went back on the observation platform, we could look down on the clouds below us and see it raining. The snow sheds, the tunnels, the high, high mountains which towered so far above us, were indeed awesome to a small farm girl. There was crossing over the great Salt Lake, oh yes and we could see the Morman Temple from the train. Once, I think it was probably when we reached San Francisco Bay, the train was run onto a Ferry and ferried across the bay to the city. We got off and stood along the railing, it was evening and the lights of the city looked to me as though we were surely entering Fairy land.

We had to spend the night in San Fransisco we were too late for the evening train. Uncle Ed wanted to stay and see some of the sights in the city the next day, but Aunt Fanny vetoed it, she knew how nearly out of money they were. Uncle Ed figured that as long as they had their tickets home it did not matter if they spent their last dime. As the train pulled out of the city, we could see lots of the distruction caused by the earthquake in 1906. It was also evident why one could see so many lights from the ferry. The city was built on the side of the mountains and there are lots of homes way up above the city.

It was night when we reached Los Angeles, Aunt Lu, Uncle Ed's wife, Uncle George and Cousin DeVere were to meet us. Uncle Ed made arrangements for my trunk to be sent out the next day, we took our hand luggage caught a street car and went home. Aunt Fanny and Uncle Ed lived in different parts of the city, so Uncle Ed and Aunt Lu took a different street car than we did. I was so awed I could not find much to say, the lights, the noises, the people, the big buildings, the hustle and bustle, everything was so different than anything I had ever seen.

Aunt Fanny lived in the upstairs of a two family flat, the owner lived downstairs. It was a strange coincidence, the owner's name was Nichol, and Aunt Fanny's name was Nicholson. Uncle Ed owned a home in what was then the outskirts of the city. It was several days before I met Aunt Lu's sister Grace and her cousin Vera, they worked downtown but lived at Uncle Ed's.

Aunt Lu came over the very next day and brought the most important member of the family, Ruth Virginia, their little ten month's old daughter. She was younger than DeVere but I think my getting to see her quite often kept me from being too lonely.

It was three weeks before school began. In that time someone managed to take me to the ocean; we took the interurban, (a street car which went to the beach) it cost fifty cents the round trip, by

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taking our lunch we could stay all day. Once someone loaned us the use of a beach house and we spent the week end. It was at Redonda Beach, then just a place of Beach houses. That was wonderful, we walked miles along the beach, waded in the ocean, Aunt Lu found what she thought was clams, she was already for a feastm she had gathered a bunch in her apron, when a local boy came along and told what she had was not clams but mussels and not good to eat. Early in the morning was a good time to find shell and moon stones. I gathered quite a few, and still have some of my small moonstones.

After school began we often managed to go someplace on Saturday afternoon or Sunday, once Cousin DeVere and I took a one day conducted tour. It took in a number of interesting places; Costins Ostrich Farm, large orange, lemon and olive groves, one of the beaches, and an old Spanish Mission were among the places we stopped. At the mission we had our pictures taken, as a group.

Bimini Baths was an enclosed swimming place. There was a large pool, a smaller deeper pool where only married couples went, and a smaller shallow pool for children. I loved to go there, but the car farem admittance fee, and renting a bathing suit made it cost more than a trip to the beach.

The ladies and girls swim suits made very much like the cartoons show the, did not keep swimming from being fun. They were the black middy, bloomers and long black stockings.

Once Grace and Vera took me to the foothills, we took the interurban to the end of the line and then we too the trackless trolley to the foot of the hills. From there we climbed to suit our fancies; so long as we were back in time to get the trackless trolley back to the interurban. we climbed to the very top of several hills, we could hear roosters crowing in the valleys beyond the hills. One of the highest hills was called Eucalyptus hill, because at the very top was three very tall Eucalyptus trees. One had to follow the paths because of the B rush growing everywhere. A shrub they called Holly was one of the things growing on the hills.

I really disappointed Cousin DeVere and Aunt Fanny the time DeVere got Matinee tickets to the opera Il Trovatore. We had to take them in about the fifth balcony, for two reasons, price and demand for seats. I was naturally thrilled at the big opera house, I had never seen anything like it. The part of the opera I enjoyed most was the Anvil Chorus. DeVere was thoroughly disgusted; I was supposed to be enthused about the singer who could sing (scream) in a high key while saying on her stomach, and other such stunts. I never have cared for high pitched voices, and when I hear singing I want to know what is being sung.

School began in September, oh what a school; I went to Polytechnic High school, about sixteen blocks from our M-100.

house. The steps to the main entrance led on to the second floor. There were between two and three thousand on these steps and in front of the building. This building was a block long, and three stories high, except for the part opening on the other street. The shops were here and I'd say they extended about a third of the length of the building. This part was only one story high. From the back door of this block long building, it was only a short distance to another three story building, On top of this building one or two bungalows had been built. These one room buildings were used for class rooms, I had a class in one of them.

There were eighteen courses to choose from, the subjects I had taken in Nebraska did not seem to fit in any one course, if Aunt Fanny had not been with me I would probably either wound up as a freshman or not gotten registered at all.

Uncle Ed was a teacher in this school, he taught book-keeping and I managed to get in his class.

If I had not gotten those ill fitting glasses in Nebraska I would have been much better off. After subjects, time of classes, etcetc were worked out I was assigned a time to go before a school nurse. This was perhaps a week after school began and I was on my own. If I had not been wearing glasses my eyes would have been carefully checked, but since I had on glasses I was marked with having eye care.

I really needed gym, but I managed to squirm out of it, I have no idea what excuse I gave. I loved school, I found a girl to walk to school with, she lived only three doors from Aunt Fanny's. Her name was Ellery Friend, it was for this girl that we named Ellery, the name in Brush seemed confusing, so Ellery changed the spelling to Ellauree, so the teachers would not always change her name from the list of girls names to the list of boys names.

By the time I met Ellery we had moved into a house just a little over a block from where we had lived. An elderly lady and her widowed daughter lived in two rooms and we had the other five. All the rooms were large. Cooking in Los Angeles was done with gas, lights were electric. There was what was called a cooler in the kitchen wall, this was just a cupboard with narrow slat shelves so the air could circulate through it. Food in this cooler really kept nice and cool.

Uncle Eds had a cooler but they also had an icebox and Aunt Lu was always letting the pan which set under it to catch the drip of melting ice, run over.

When it rains in California it pours. I walked to school, the street car line a half block from Aunt Fanny's did not within five blocks of the school, I would have had to go down town and transferred to have gotten any closer to school. I really liked to walk, so I walked, to me it did not seem far.

One day it was raining when I started home from school. Grant street was a short half block from school, I thought I would catch a street car there and then I would only have four and a half blocks to walk in the rain, I just missed the car, so I decided to walk over to Maple and get the car there, then I would only be half a block from home. Here I again missed the car, so I walked, sixteen blocks in drenching rain and no umbrella; by the time I arrived home I was as wet as I had been the time I had fallen in the tank. I was thankful I had my books in a rainproof bag.

There were few automobiles, none in the family. Streetcars and walking was our way of getting places. Uncle Ed lived three or four miles from our place. Once Uncle Ed had a big comfortable chair he was going to dispose of, Uncle George always sat in that chair when we were visiting Uncle Eds, so he offered the chair to Uncle George. Uncle George not only accepted the gift he carried it home. He claimed he carried it upside down on his head, when he got tired he simply set the chair down and sat in it. When he got home with the chair, Aunt Fanny was so surprised she was speechless, Uncle George was winded, he sat the chair down, sat in it, and went to sleep. The chair was a lot like the platform rockers of today, and was really quite heavy.

Everyone was afraid I would get homesick at Christmas time, but I didn't. Christmas fell on Sunday that year. Aunt Fanny had all the relatives at our house

for dinner. Quite a crowd, there was, Uncle Eds, Grace, Vera, (Vera boarded and roomed with us now. We shared the same room. We all called her Veve, both Es long) Aunt Lus parents, the Williams, and her aunt and Uncle, the Mitchels. The Mitchels had a car. They lived in Mobile, Alabama and liked to come to Los Angeles for the winter. They would rent a furnished apartment, buy a second hand car and was then ready to enjoy life. When they went home, they sold the car, packed their trunks and was ready to go. There were no really good highways in those days.

Christmas day Mrs. Mitchel brought her knitting, but just as she got it out ready to work she remembered it was Sunday. We had a wonderful ride in the car in the afternoon.

I think I received my first real lesson in economy while I was with Aunt Fanny. Almost everyone wore long coats in the winter time, Aunt Fanny had only a short jacket, which had been quite chic in its day. It had a small waist and the back below the waist was cut circular making the back full and bouncy, the front was plain. Papa sent me money to get a new coat for Fanny. Fanny refused to spend the money for a new coat saying that as long as she owed debts like, gas, electric, moving etc she would not go into those places wearing a new coat, it would be like having them buy it for her. She did take part of the money to apply on the bills. I never forgot what she said nor the way she said it. Uncle George used to walk to and from work to

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car fare.

The first semester of school had been wonderful. I passed all my subjects and registered for the second semester by myself. In the entire eighteen courses every girl was required to take home economics, cooking and sewing, every boy was required to take shop for one year. I decided I better wade in. Fine, I got a choice class with wonderful teachers in both sewing and cooking. I was extremely green at this, the local freshman girls had had cooking and sewing in the grades, I had had none, had never seen the inside of a cooking or room before. Even so I think I would have struggled through but for one big blunder. One morning the teacher asked if any one in the class could switch to another period. It seemed that some girl could not get certain needed subjects unless she could take home ec at this period. No one offered, probably because those who could have changed knew the class they would be getting into, but dummy me, I finally held up my hand and said I could change to the other class, it came at eight in the morning. Sewing would have worked out, but Miss Owen, the cooking teacher was one of these gals who failed everyone that was not extra smart or extra good at apple-polishing. I was neither, I could not see what the teacher wrote on the board, Everything was so new and strange. I was dreadfully scared and confused. The second day in cooking Miss Owen told me I was failing and would not pass. That was all it took, I worried myself into fever and chills

and wanted to go home.

Mama wrote and explained what a definite step I would be taking if I came home before school was out; I'd miss out on school, I would be getting home in cold wet part of the year, (March). I would not be able to return to California no matter how badly I wanted to. She really wanted me to finish my term of school before I came home. Papa was delighted, he had not really wanted me so far away from home. Lorin, who would be eighteen in April, had married Daisy Colman February 13, was not at home, Delmar and DeVeres wanted me home. Mama also wrote the big news that there was to be a new baby in May.

It was the first part of March when I boarded the train for home. I was on the Pulman and did not have to change trains until I reached Kansas City. I had either two or three nights on the train, Aunt Fanny had put up lunch for me, she had planned carefully so I had something tasty to eat every meal. Only a few people ate in Diners at that time, they was too expensive for me, and a small girl alone would have had no business in one.

Papa met me at Kansas City, he did not want me to change trains in a big city alone, although I had been thoroughly instructed on getting a redcap to help me, so I would not blunder.

The subjects I was taking in Poly High, such as Spanish, advanced book-M-106

keeping were not taught in Diller school. There was nothing for me to do but wait until the next fall to go to school.

The new baby was a sister, her eyes were dark blue flecked with brown, her hair was so dark a brown it was almost black. Mama named her Fanny Clare. To me she was the most wonderful sister any one ever had. Mama was a firm believer in shoes for babies and long sleeves in their dresses. In late summer after Fanny Clare was a year old I talked Mama into letting me get Fanny Clare a pair of patent leather strap slippers, and I patiently made her a little blue dress with short sleeves. To me Fanny Clare was like having a Live doll in the house.

School in September, by checking all my credits I discovered I could graduate with my class.

In the few years that Diller had been a four year high school it had climbed to the top. We had one outstanding progressive school board member who worked for a good school. Diller was not only a grade 'A' accredited school, graduates could enter the state universities and colleges; it was also a Normal training high school, and pupils completing this course could take the teachers examinations and go out and teach. I took the course except I did not take practice teaching, so even if I had wanted to take the teachers exams I would not have been allowed to do so without a short course either at Peru teachers college at Peru Nebraska, or at the University in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Graduation time came, I was given the class poem as my part in the class day program. I honestly think no one else wanted it, but that did not dampen my joy. I know now, I knew then that what they expected was for me to get some well known poem and give it, but I had other ideas, I had always wanted to write, my trip to Aunt Fanny's and my time in Poly High had only whetted the desire, so I made up my mind that I would write the poem and without any help from any teacher or from Mama. Mama was an excellent poem writer.

Class day stands as my day in all my school life, I not only wrote the poem, I received praise from teacher and classmates alike. I was really happy.

You do not need to read it if you do not want to, but for those who would like a copy I am putting it in, why not? It was a big day for me. It was printed in the local paper and one stanza was used on our graduation programs.

Diller 1912
Class Poem

Just as the Spring is opening
With beauty and splendor fair,
So are the Seniors commencing
The life so many must share.

Four long years we've been seeking
Knowledge we'll gladly retain;
Now as the harvest we're reaping
We hope for a balance of gain.

Yet as we journey onward
With pleasure our thoughts will turn,
And our eyes be directed homeward
Where success we truly earned.

May those who fill our places
In a series of future years,
See a bright and sunlit future
When their departure is near.

We stand where the roads are parting,
We've gained the crossing at last
We may each choose a different pathway;
Though together we trod in the past.

Out toward the future we're gazing
On the Battle field of life,
Though we know we can't all be winners.
We're eager to commence the strife.

Now to the friends we're leaving
And our teachers kind and true,
Our kindest regards and wishes
We give with this last adeau.

Our motto is rowing not drifting,
Our colors are purple and white,
The white rose the flower we've chosen
Our highest desire, "do right."

Following is a stanza I wrote to be
used in place of the above last stanza,
This makes the poem fit the class of
1927 of the Brush High school. My
sister, Fanny Clare Hale, was a graduate
of that class and she wanted to use my
poem. Few of the class know I wrote the
poem as I did not sign my name.

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Last stanza of the Class Poem for class
of 1927, Brush High, Brush Colorado.

Our class flower's the black-eyed Susan,
And our colors are black and gold.
"Each attainment is only a camp for the
night"
Is our motto firm and bold.

Lorin and Daisy, or perhaps I should
say Lorin had become very enthused about
getting a homestead in Colorado. In years
he was not old enough to file, but being
married gave him the right. He went on
trip to Colorado with another fellow and
found just what he wanted, it was already
being homesteaded, but the man on it was
wanting to sell his relinquishment, so
Lorin bought it, the semi dug out, one
room sod homesteader's house on the place
was about two miles from Walter Greenwood's
Your grandpa Greenwood. The man he bought
out said it was getting too crowded and he
wanted to go someplace else.

In January 1912 Lorin and Daisy loaded
an emigrant car and headed west. Lorin had
romantic dreams of getting his farm and be-
ing a cowboy of the great west. He dream-
ed, as many a homesteader did, of the rail
road being built, perhaps on his land and
having a town of Haleville spring up. All
except the farm dream evaporated and drift-
ed away.

Mama's heart went with him, she could
scarcely wait for school to be out so she
could go and spend the summer.

As soon as Spring came Lorin started
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a two room sod house, their present abode was down on the creek but the new one was located on a hill north of the barn and pump. It is still there, and they still live in it, they raised their seven children there.

Mama came up with what seemed like a wonderful idea for my future, she knew that a high school graduate could teach country school in Colorado, it did not disturb her one bit that the law required any one to be eighteen years of age, and that they would have to pass a teachers examination and attend institute in August in Akron. All she could think of was how fine it would be for Lorin and Daisy, and me. I could board with them and drive from their place.

We arrived in Akron early in the morning on a bright June day. Lorin and Daisy met us with the lumber(farm) wagon. There was Mama, Delmar, DeVere, Fanny Clare, and myself. I had a big straw hat, and Mama had a parasol to protect us from the sun, but we needed more than that for the Colorado sun burns not only from above, but from the reflection on the buffalo grass; the constant wind blowing across the prairie burns too.

My nose turned red and peeled, baby Fanny Clare was the one most hurt, her face, hands, and arms had huge blisters form on them and Mama had quite a time with her before they healed. I wonder now that they did not become infected. Delmar and DeVere peeled some, but they

rode mostly in the protection of the seat, so they did not get the wind, reflection nor sun that we did. I think Mama had thought of Colorado being like Kansas, however the Kansas sun was not so intense, nor the distance traveled in open vehicles so far, and the reflection and wind not so byrning.

A

Almost forty miles in a lumber wagon is a good days drive, it was evening when we topped the hill and saw Lorin's place for the first time. I did not mention one member of the family. We had brought Lorin a young Collie pup, which he had asked us to do.

Even the roof of most sod houses are covered with sod. First there are boards laid on, then a covering of tar or building paper, last comes the blocks of sod. A regular cutting machine was used to cut the blocks of sod, so they would be uniform in size. The machine was usually home made. Walter Greenwood had made the one Lorin used.

The day after we got there Lorin and Daisy moved into the new house, they had slept there the night before. Mama and we kids had slept in the little one room homesteader's house. Walter Greenwood, your grandpa, came over to hang the door and to help move. This is when I met my future husband.

Not many nights after we arrived it rained. The roof leaked above the bed where Mama Fanny Clare and I were sleeping Add DeVere to that for he was sleeping

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across the foot of the bed, Mama fixed Delmar a place to sleep on chairs at the foot of the bed. No one wanted to sleep on the floor, which was just the ground leveled off, because of centipedes.

Part of our luggage was an old telescope suit case, it was like two boxes, one fitting over the other. Mama took the lower part of this and in some way tied it to the rafters under the leak and over the bed. That was fine, we were nice and dry and went off to sleep. Then suddenly one end of the telescope became too heavy with water and it pulled loose. We were thoroughly soaked, so was the bedding. Then we moved our bed, but had a hard time to find anything dry to put over us.

Mama was anxious for me to go school hunting, Lorin loaned us a horse and buggy. Walter Greenwood knew the people and where they lived, So your future Grandpa and your future Grandma sallied forth to find a school for me to teach.

What an eye opener for a green kid from Nebraska. The first day out we got sly glances, and evasive answers from the school board members of the school we contacted. We did get a good noon meal. We stopped about noon and asked about a meal. Sure they'd fix us a dinner, they took a long time doing it and had a lot of fun among themselves while doing it.

There were two rooms, we sat down in one room to wait, the gang were in the

kitchen, except for the smallest talking member. She perched on a trunk between the two rooms and told us everything that was going on. She had nothing to report about us, except "They're just setting."

I did not get that school and I was not sorry. That gang would have run me out within a week. I did take a picture of them and had it among my souvenirs for a long time.

The next day we went to the school board of the district in which Lorin's homestead was located. One member was more interested in my civic grade than anything else, his boy was an eighth grader and had failed his civic test the previous year, he wanted him to pass so he could go into Akron to high school the next year. The next place was Kosiers and here I was met by Mr Kosier's sister, 'Aunt Ide,' I had gone to the door here for my escort, your grandpa, was quite sure Newt Kosier would not be at the house.

Aunt Ide was more interested in telling me the wonders of her grandson, or son I have forgotten which, and prying to see if Walter was my steady, than she was in finding out about my teaching ability. Finally I found out where her brother was and we went to talk to him, he was fixing fence. I got the school, but of course they thought I was eighteen and not almost seventeen.

Walter Greenwood went back to Diller to work on a thrashing rig, and I settled
M-114

down to enjoy the wide open spaces. Sometimes I put Fanny Clare in the baby go cart and wheeled her across the prairie to the mail box. The mail carrier only came three times a week.

Once Daisy and I went to Harrisburg store, it was over ten miles, mostly east, of Lorins. We had no trouble going, when we were ready to start home we decided to buy some cheese for our lunch, to eat on the way home. We had not gone far when Daisy discovered the cheese was full of skippers, so full it could almost have taken off on its own power. Back to the store we went, the best substitute we could get for the cheese was some dried almost petrified bologna, but we took it. Before we left the fellow running the store had broken the cheese in pieces and he and the kids were enjoying it, skippers and all.

I have always believed the laugh we were enjoying over this was what made us take the wrong fork in the road about a mile west of the store. We went on mile after mile, before we began to doubt our judgement, then we came upon a small grove of trees, and we knew we were lost. The trees evidently was a deserted tree claim, there was no house, and no way of telling where we were headed, moreover it was beginning to be late. We decided on the direction we thought home must be and started out, finally we spotted a shack where someone lived, they gave us directions, as we feared we were a long way from home. How thankful we were to get home and that before dark.

Walter Greenwood, your Grandpa, had made a deal with Lorin Hale, my brother, to do some breaking on his homestead. The law required a certain number of acres to be broken and in crop before one could prove up and get a title to the land. Lorin put Delmar to doing this breaking. It was hard work and lonesome for a boy just turned twelve. Delmar took his lunch and stayed all day, I often went with him, so he would not be alone, with only the prairie dogs for company. The breaking plow was a walking plow and hard to keep going straight, I know for I tried plowing a round or two one day.

I began to worry about teachers institute and the examinations and the having to give my age a year older than I really was. My kind of worry always brought results, I was soon really sick, Mama decided it was the high altitude, Papa didn't care what it was, he did not really like any of the plan, so again he was glad to have me home. Mama stayed aor another month or six weeks.

Papa was glad to have someone cook his meals, he had been living on hard boiled eggs, bread and coffee. Now I took over the house, laundry etc. It was about this time that we children began calling Papa, Dad, it really fit him much better. Dad it stayed for the rest of his life.

Diller had an annual picnic in August, there was a merry go round.

speakers, icream and pop stands, concessions where you throw balls or shoot at targets to win kewpie dolls and the like. There were always some fortune tellers, and I believe that year they had their first ferris wheel. The day always closed with a balloon ascension. I loved the merry go round.

One afternoon I met Walter Greenwood on the street and we stopped for a chat, and wound up with a date for the picnic. Walter did not like the Merry go round, or the ferris wheel so we just walked around, first the picnic grounds and then around town. That was the beginning of our going steady. The following December he gave me a ring set with ruby and pearls.

The next summer Walter was up near Lincoln building a set of farm buildings for a young married couple by the name of Willis, Hubert's brother Albert was a home-stead friend of Walters. He was there too, and both he and Walter were planning on getting married. Half in fun and half seriously they decided that the first one to have a baby the other was to buy a buggy for them. We were married first and had the first baby, but we never got our buggy.

It was a dry hot summer, no rain for months, dust chokingly thick, when one drove even slowly along the roads. Dust or no dust we loved to go buggy riding when Walter was in Diller. We always had the same little sorrel team from the livery stable.

We decided to get married that fall, just in time for Walter's return to the homestead. That helped us to set the date as September 24, 1913.

Although we were both Methodists, we were married by a Presbyterian minister. September was the month for Methodist ministers to attend conference. Reverend Hadsel, the Diller Minister had gone to conference, and because of the serious illness of his mother he had stayed on in University Place, Nebraska to be by his bedside. Reverend Gillis of the Presbyterian Church did a wonderfully perfect job of tying the knot.

It was a quiet wedding. Walter's mother, Lucetta Greenwood, My parents, Frank and Mary Hale, my brothers, Delmar and DeVere, and my baby sister, Fanny Clare, were those present at our house for the sunrise services. To me there was also the divine Presence of Jesus just as much as any other guest. That presence at our wedding kept me steady more than once.

From now on this is a merging story. It was raining when we arose that morning, the first rain of the entire summer, so it was a blessed rain, we did not see a rainbow that day, but we did see a beautiful sunset, as the train, which we boarded in Diller, Nebraska at five O Clock that evening sped us westward toward our honeymoon house on the plains of Colorado.

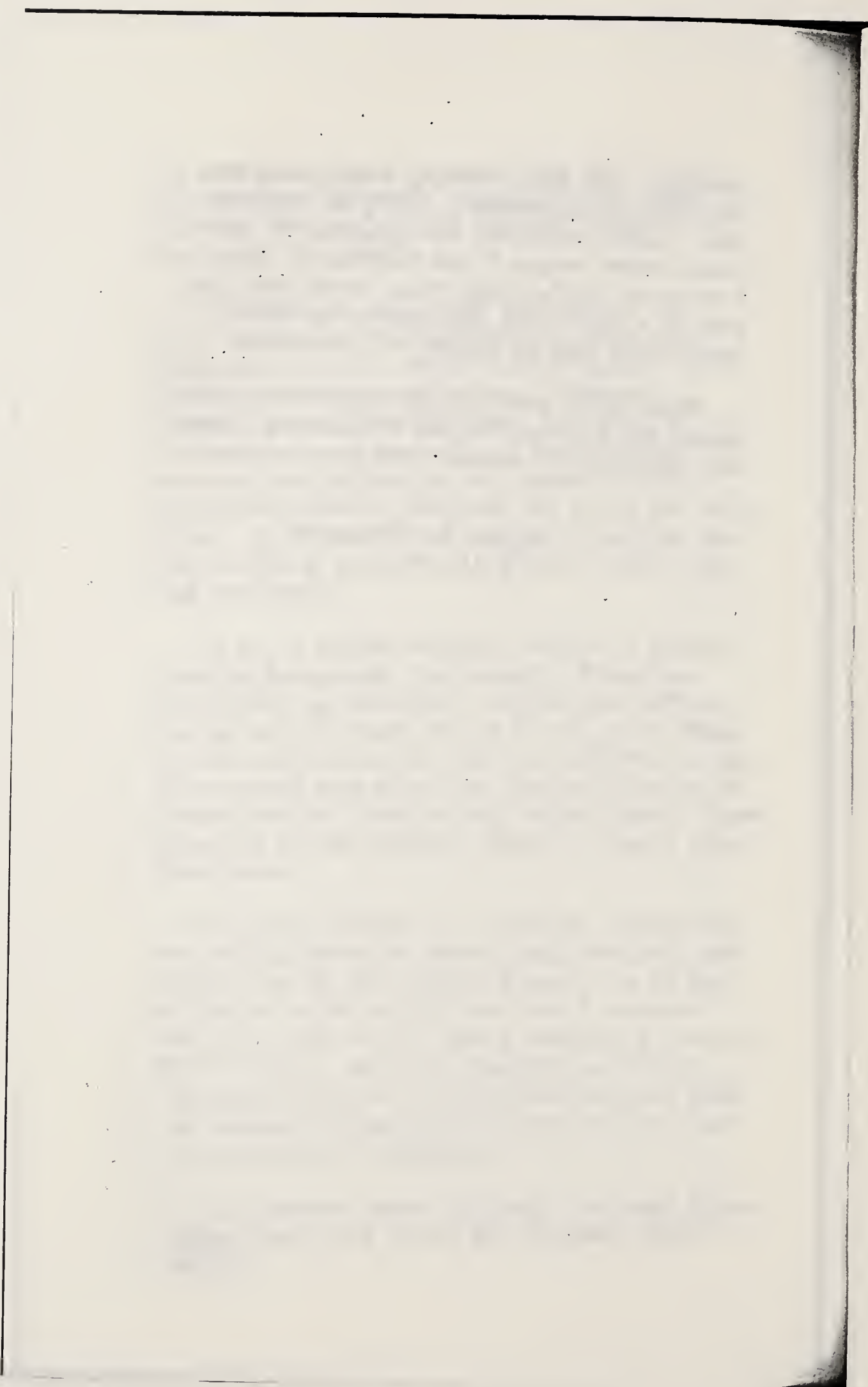
We reached Akron Colorado the next morning. Lorin and Daisy got to town that.

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evening; the next morning which was, the 26th day of September, 1913, we started the long trek over the prairie in the same lumber wagon I had ridden in the Summer of 1912. This time Lorin had rigged up a cover for the wagon, so this time there was no danger of sun burn.

Thus ended the life of Mignon Hale and began the life of Mignon Greenwood, who was destined to become your grandmother.

Mignon A. Greenwood



PICTURE INDEX

Between Pages

My father, Phillip C. Greenwood 8 - 9
 has more hair in his whiskers
 than I have on my head.
 My mother with Addie, a short time 8 - 9
 before she was fatally burned in
 a field fire in Illinois.
 Stage Coach 8 - 9
 Homestead kitchen during blizzard, 8 - 9
 We were building the Abbott
 church at the same time.
 I am the one in the light shirt 8 - 9
 in the Brush Car. Ed Giles was
 driver. Stanley OKane in the
 rumble seat.

Our Father and Mother Greenwood's 12 - 13
 wedding certificate, note the
 civil war Revenue stamp. At that
 time mother was called Setta,
 which she did not like, Father had
 given her name as Setta to the
 Minister, Mother changed it to her
 full name later.
 Greenwood's farm home, Nebraska 12 - 13
 Mother Greenwood house in Diller 12 - 13

The picture of the homestead 92 - 93
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 painting of mine.
 Abbott Church 92 - 93
 The homestead pump don't have 92 - 93
 laryngitis; it simply froze and
 cracked open.
 Mignon in door of shack; my tool 92 - 93
 box with lid open, beside door.

Pictures Cont'd

Between Pages

Wedding Certificate
Walter and Mignon

Part 1 - Part 2
" "

Wedding picture
Mary B. Hill and Frank E. Hale
note the misspelling of the
name Ellington.

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Frank Hale beside buggy

M24 - M25

Wedding certificate
taken from original which was
in color.

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Farm Home, facing east
Dad with lawn mower, Lorin
and Mignon on porch, Mama
standing near.

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Home Frank Hale built
front door to west.

M28 - M29

School house
Keepsakes

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M56 - M57

Thrashing in the 1880s
Note horse power. Papa,
Frank Hale, and some of
Emerys in the crew.

M84 - M85

Elevator Office, Diller Nebr.
about 1908. Some stove! On
desk is telephone, bell on the
wall has wire leading to
batteries on high shelf.

M84 - M85

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who helped with this book.

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Greeley, Colo.

A typewriter that often typed
with a hop, skip, and jump.

Grandpa and Grandma Greenwood
did the mimeographing, part of the
stencil cutting, folding pages, and
assembling in book form, and almost
all of the mistakes.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is illegible due to extreme blurriness and fading.

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